

THE
Fayre Mayde of the
Exchange :

With
the pleasaunt Humours of the
Cripple of Fanchurch.

Very delectable, and full of mirth.



L O N D O N

Printed for HENRY ROCKIT, and are to be sold
at the shop in the Poultry vnder the
Dyall. 1607.

Eleaven may easily acte this Comedy.

Berry <i>an old man</i>	}	for one.
Bobbington		
Gardiner		
Officers		

Mal Berry	}	for one.
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Flower <i>an humorous old</i>	}	for one.
Bennet (man)		
Scarlet		
Ralph		

Cripple	}	for one.
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Barnard	}	for one.
Flowers <i>wife</i>		
Vrfula		
Boy		

Anthony Golding	}	for one.
<i>Gentleman</i>		

Ferdin. Gold, <i>gent.</i>	}	for one.
<i>and Wood.</i>		

Franke Golding.	}	for one.
<i>Gentleman.</i>		

Bowdler <i>an humorous</i>	}	for one.
<i>gallant.</i>		

Phillis <i>the faire</i>	}	for one.
<i>Maide.</i>		

Fiddle <i>the Clowne.</i>	}	for one.
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Prologus.

THe humble Socke that true Comedians weare,
Our Muse hath don'd, and to your fav'ring eyes,
In lowest Plaine-song doth her selfe appeare,
Borrowing no colours from a quaint disguise :
If your faire favours cause her spirit to rise,
Shee to the highest pitch her wings shall reare,
And prowd quothurnicke action shall devise,
To win your sweet applause she deemes so deare.

Meane while shore up your tender pamping twig,
That yet on humble ground doth lowly lie :
Your favours funneshine gilding once this sprig,
It may yeeld *Nectar* for the gods on hie :
Though our Invention lame, imperfect be,
Yet give the Cripple almes for charity.





THE
Faire Maid of the Exchange.

Scene. I.

Enter Scarlet and Bobbington.



VEN now the welcome twillight doth
salute
Th'approaching night, clad in black fable
weeds.

Blacke as my thoughts, that harbour nought but
death,

Thefts murthers, rapes and such like damned actes,
The infant babes to whom my soule is nurse :
Come *Bobbington*, this starre bespangled skie
Bodeth some good, the wether's faire and dry.

Bob. My scarlet-hearted *Scarlet*, gallant blood,
Whose bloody deeds are worthy memory
Of after ages, let me imbrace thee : fo
So now me thinkes I fold a richer gemme,
Than wealthy *India* can afford to *Spaine* :
There lies my treasure, and within thy armes
Security that never breedeth harmes.

Scarlet. Brave resolution, I am proud to see
So sweet a graft upon a worme-wood tree,
Whose juyce is gall, but yet the fruite most rare ;
Who wreakes the tree, if that the fruit be faire ?

Therefore resolve, if we a booty get,
It bootes not whence, from whom, when, where, or
what.

Bob. Well (God forgive us) here lets take our
stands,
We must have gold although we have no lands.

Enter Phillis and Vrfula.

Phil. Stay *Vrfula*, have you those futes of Ruffes,
Those stomachers, and that fine peece of Lawne,
Marck'd with the Letters C.C. and S.

Vrfula. I have.

Phil. If your forgetfulnesse cause any defect,
You'r like to pay for't, therefore looke unto it.

Vrfu. I would our iourney had as safe an end,
As I am fure my Ladies ruffes are here,
And other wares which she bespoke of you.

Phil. Tis good.; but stay, give me thy hand my
girle,

Tis somewhat darke, come, let us helpe each other :
She past her word one of her gentlemen
Should meet us at the bridge, and that's not farre,
I muse they are not come, I doe assure thee,
Were I not much beholding to her Ladiship
For many kindneses : *Mile-end*, should stand
This gloomy night unvisited for us.
But come, me thinks I may discerne the bridge,
And see a man or two, in very deed,
Her word, her love and all is very honorable.

Bob. A prize young *Scarlet*, Oh, a gallant prize,
And we the Pirats that will seaze the same
To our owne uses.

Scar. But hold man, not too fast ;
As farre as I can gather by their words,
They take us for my Ladies Gentlemen,
Who, as it seemes, should meet them on their way,
Then if thou sai'st the word weelee seeme those men,
And by those meanes withdraw them from their way,

Where we may rifle them of what they carry,
I meane, both goods, and their virginity.

Bob. Tit well advis'd, but *Scarlet*, give me leave
To play the Gentleman and welcome them.

Scar. Inioy thy wifh.

Bob. Welcome you facred starres,
That adde bright glory to the fable night.

Scar. Excellent, by heaven.

Bob. I am forry your beautie's fo difcomfited,
Treading fo many tedious weary steps,
And we not prefent to affociate you.

Scar. Oh, blessed *Bobbington*.

Phil. Sir, I doe thanke you for this taken paines,
That as your worthy Ladie promifde me,
We now inioy your wifhed company.

Scar. Shee's thine owne boy, I warrant thee.

Bob. And I am proud, too proud of this imploy-
ment,

Come M. *Scarlet* take you that prety sweet,
You fee my Ladies care ; ſhe promifde one
But hath ſent two.

Phil. Tis honourably done.

Bob. This is your way.

Phil. That way, alas fir no.

Bob. Come, it is : nay then it ſhall be fo.

Phil. What meane you Gentlemen ?

Vrfu. O he will rob me.

Phil. Looke to the box *Vrfula*.

Phil. & *Vrfu.* Helpe, helpe, murder, murder.

Enter the Cripple.

Crip. Now you ſupporters of decrepit youth,
That mount this ſubſtance twixt faire heaven and
earth,
Be ſtrong to beare that huge deformity,
And be my hands as nimble to direct them,
As your deſires to waſt me hence to London.

Phil. & Vrfu. Helpe, helpe, heeleravish me.

Crip. My thinks I heare the found of ravishment.

Phil. & Vrfu. Helpe, helpe.

Crip. Marry and will, knew I but where, and how.

What do I see ?

Theeves full of lust beset virginity !

Now stirre thee Cripple, and of thy foure legs

Make use of one, to doe a virgin good :

Hence ravening cures ; what, are you at a prey ?

Will nothing fatisfie your greedy chaps

But virgins flesh ? Ile teach you prey on carrion,

Fight & beate them away.

Packe damned ravishers, hence villaines.

Phil. Thankes, honest friend, who from the gates of death

Hath fet our virgin foules at liberty.

Crip. Give God the glory that gave me the power.

Phil. I do, kind Sir, and thinke my selfe much bound

To him above, to thee that treads this ground :

And for this aid, Ile ever honour thee ;

My honour you haue fau'd, redeem'd it home :

Which wer't not done, by this time had beene gone.

Crip. Hereafter more of this ; but tell me now The cause of these events, th'effect, and how.

Phil. Ile tell you fir ; but let us leave this place. And onward on our way.

Enter Scarlet and Bobbington.

Bob. It shall be so, see where they walke along,
Ile crosse the other way and meet them full,
Keepe thou this way and when thou hearst us chat,
Come thou behinde him snatch away his crutches,
And then thou knowst he needs must fall to ground,

And what shall follow leave the rest to me. *Exit. Bob.*

Scar. About it then.

Crip. Yfaith she is an honourable Lady,
And I much wonder that her Ladiship
Gives intertaine to such bad men as these.

Enter Bobbington.

Bob. Stand thou that hast more legs than nature
gave thee.

Crip. Mongrell, Ile choose.

Scar. Then go to fir, you shall.

All, All. Murder, murder.

Enter Frank Goulding.

Frank. Stay there my horse :
Whence comes this eccho of extremity ?

All. Helpe, helpe.

Frank. What doe I heare, a virgin call for helpe ?
Hands off dam'nd villianes, or by heaven I sweare,
Ile send you all to hell. *Fight and drive them away.*

Crip. Hold, forbear.

I came in rescue of Virginitie.

Phil. He did, he did, and freed us once from
thrall,
But now the second time they wrought his fall.

Frank. Now you distressed objects, do you tell
Vpon what mount of woe your sorrowes dwell.

Phil. First get we hence away, and as we goe,
Kinde gentleman, our fortunes you shall know.

Crip. Thanks worthy fir, may but the Cripple be,
Of power to gratifie this courtesie,
I then shall thinke the heavens doe favour me.

Phil. No more now for Gods sake, let us goe
hence.

Crip. If I doe live, your love Ile recompence.

Exeunt.

Enter Mall Berry.

Mall. **N**ow for my true-loves hand-kercher ;
 these flowers
 Are pretty toyes, are very pretty toyes :
 O but me thinks the Peascod would doe better,
 The Peascod and the Bloffome, wonderfull !
 Now as I live, ile surely have it so.
 Some maides will choose the Gilliflower, some the
 Rose,
 Because their fweet cents doe delight the nose,
 But very fooles they are in my opinion,
 The very worst being drawne by cunning art,
 Seemes in the eye as pleasant to the heart.
 But heer's the question, whether my love or no
 Will seeme content ? I, there the game doth goe :
 And yet ile pawne my head he will applaude
 The Peascod and the flower, my pretty choice.
 For what is he loving a thing in heart,
 Loves not the counterfeit, though made by art ?
 I cannot tell how others fancy stand,
 But I reioyce sometime to take in hand,
 The simile of that I love ; and I protest,
 That pretty peascod likes my humour best,
 But ile unto the Drawers, heele counsell me,
 Heere is his shop : alas, what shall I doe ?
 Hee's not within, now all my labour's lost,
 See, fee, how forward love is ever croft,
 But stay, what Gallant's this ?

Enter M. Bowdler.

Bowd. A plague on this Drawer, hee's never at
 at home :
 Good morrow sweet-heart, tell me, how thou dost ?

Mall. Vpon what acquaintance ?

Bowd. That's all one, once I love thee, give me
 thy hand and say, Amen.

Mall. Hands off, fir Knave, and weare it for a favour.

Bowd. What ? dost thou meane thy love pretty foole ?

Mall. No foole, the knave, O grosse ;
A gentleman and of so shallow wit !

Bowd. I know thou camst to the Drawer.

Mall. How then ?

Bowd. Am not I the properer man ?

Mall. Yes, to make an affe on.

Bowd. Will you get up and ride ?

Mall. No, ile lackey by his side, and whip the Affe.

Bowd. Come, come, leave your iesting, I shall put you down.

Mall. With that face ! away, you want wit.

Bowd. By this hand, I shall.

Mall. By the Affe-head you shall not.

Bowd. Go to, you are a woman.

Mall. Come, come, y'are a man.

Bowd. I have seene as faire.

Mall. I have heard as wife.

Bowd. As faire as *Mall Berry*.

Mall. As wife as young *Bowdler*.

Bowd. As M. *Bowdler*.

Mall. Hoida ; come up.

Bowd. Go thou downe then.

Mall. No good affe, bate an Affe of that.

Enter Barnard.

Bar. What M. *Bowdler*, will it neere be other-wife ?

Still, still a hunting ; every day wenching ?

Bowd. Faith fir, the modest behaviour of this gentlewoman,
Hath insinuated my company.

Mall. Lord how eloquence flowes in this gentleman !

Bowd. Faith, I shall put you downe in talke, you were best to yeeld.

Mall. Nor fir, I will hold out as long as I may, Though in the end you beare the foole away.

Bowd. Meane you by me? you gull me not?

Mall. No by this night, not I.

Bowd. For if you did, I would intoxicate my head.

Mall. Yea, I dare sweare youle goe a foole to bed.

Bowd. Meane you by mee? you gull me not?

Bar. No, I dare sweare the Gentlewoman meanes well.

Mall. And so I doe indeed, himselfe can tell : But this it is, speake Maidens what they will, Men are so captious the'll ever confter ill.

Barn. To her fir, to her, I dare fware she loves you :

Bowd. Well then faire *Mall*, you love me as you say.

Mal. I never made you promise, did I, I pray?

Bowd. All in good time you will doe, else you lie, Will you not?

Mall. No forsooth not I.

Bowd. *Barnard*, she gullles me still.

Barn. Tis but your mis-conceit, try her againe : You know by course all women must be coy ; To her againe, then she may happily yeeld.

Bowd. Not I, in faith.

Mall. Then mine shall be the field :
Wisdome, adue, once more faint heart farewell ;
Yet if thou seeest the Drawer, I prethee tell him,
Mall Berry hath more worke for him to doe :
And for your selfe, learne this when you doe woe,
Arme you with courage, and with good take heed,
For he that spares to speake must spare to speed,
And so farewell.

Exit.

Bowd. Call her againe, *Barnard*.

Barn. Shee's too swift for me :
Why this is the right course of gullery,

What did you meane having so faire an aime
So fondly to let slip so faire a game ?

Bowdler, become a man for maides will stand,
And then strike home, art thou not young and lusty,
The minion of delight, faire from thy birth,
Adonis play-pheere, and the pride of earth ?

Bowd. I know it, but a kind of honest blood,
Tilts in my loynes, with wanton appetites,
She bade me doe a meffage to the Drawer,
And I will doe it ; there will come a day,
When *Humfrey Bowdler*, will keepe holiday,
Then *Mall* looke to your selfe, see you be sped,
Or by this light Ile have your maiden head.

Barn. Spoke like a gallant, spoke like a gentle-
man, spoke like your selfe :
Now doe I see some sparkes of manhood in you,
Keepe in that key, keepe in the selfe same song,
Ile gage my head youle have her love ere long.

Exeunt.

Enter Ferdinand and Franke.

Frank. Wilt thou not tell me (brother *Ferdinand*)
Now by this light Ile haunt thee like a sprite,
Vntil I know whence springs this melancholy.

Ferd. O brother !
Thou art too young to reach the depth of griefe, ~
That is immur'd within my hearts deepe closet,
A thousand fighes keepe daily centinell,
That beate like whirle-winds all my comfort back,
As many fobbes guard my distressed heart,
That no releife comes neere to aid my foule,
Millions of woes like bands of armed men,
Stop up the passage of my sweet reliefe :
And art thou then perswaded that thy words,
Can any comfort to my foule afford ?
No, no, good *Franke*, deere brother then forbear,
Vnlesse with griefe in me youle take a share.

Fran. Griefe me no griefes, but tell me what it is

Makes my sweet *Ferdinand* thus passionate :
 Ile conjure grieffe, if grieffe be such an evill,
 In spite of Fortune, Fates, or any Devill.

Ferd. Wilt thou not leave me to my selfe alone ?

Fran. Brother, you know my minde,
 If you will leave your dumpish melancholy,
 And like my selfe banish that puling humour,
 Or satisfie my expectation,
 By telling whence your sorrow doth proceed,
 I will not onely cease to trouble you :
 But like a true skilfull Physition,
 Seeke all good meanes for your recovery.

Fer. Well brother, you have much importun'd
 me.

And for the confidence I have in you,
 That youle prove secret, I will now unfold,
 The load of care that preffeth downe my soule :
 Know then good *Franke*, love is the cause hereof.

Frank. How, love ! why what's that love ?

Ferd. A childe, a little little boy that's blinde.

Frank. And be overcome by him ! plagu'd by
 him !

Driven into dumps by him ! put downe by a boy !
 Master'd by love ! O, I am mad for anger :
 By a Boy ! is there no rosemary and bayes in Eng-
 land

To whip the Ape ? by a boy !

Ferd. I, such a boy as thou canst never see,
 And yet ere long mayst feele his tyranny :
 Hee's not visible, yet aimes at the heart,
 Woe be to those that feele his wounding dart ;
 And one of them I am : wounded so deepe,
 That in my passion, I no meane can keepe :
 Vnhappy time, woe to that dismall houre,
 When love did wound me with faire *Phillis* flowre :
 O *Phillis*, *Phillis*, of flowers sweetest flower,
 That ever garnish'd any princely bower :
 Farewell, farewell, my woes will ne're remove,
 Till I inioy faire *Phillis* for my love.

Exit.

Frank. What's here? *Phillis* and love : and love
and *Phillis* :

I have seene *Phillis*, and have heard of love ;
I will see *Phillis*, and will heare of love :
But neither *Phillis*, nor the power of love,
Shall make me bond-slave to a womans becke.

Enter Anthony.

Who's here, my fecond brother male-content ?
Ile stand aside and note his passions.

Anth. O love, that I had never knowne thy
power.

Frank. More lovers yet ! what the devil is this
love ?

Antho. That these my wandring eyes had kept their
stay ;
That I my selfe had still beene like my selfe ;
That my poore heart had never felt the wound,
Whose anguish keepes me in a deadly found :
Oh how deluding dreames this night ore-past,
Drench'd my sad soule in pleasures floating sea !
Me thought I clasp'd my love within my armes,
And circling her, sav'd her from threatning harmes ;
Me thought there came an hundred in an houre
That fought to rob me of my sweetest flowre :
But like a champion I did keepe her still
Within this circle, free from every ill :
But when I wak'd and mis'd my *Phillis* there,
All my sweet ioyes converted into feare.

Frank. What brother *Anthony*, at prayers so hard ?
Tell me what saint it is thou invocatest ?
Is it a male, or female ? howsoever,
God blesse thee brother th'art in a good mind,
But now I remember me, thy saint is blind.

Antho. How, blind ?

Frank. I brother, blind, I heard thee talke of
love,
And love is blind they say.

Anth. I would it were as blind as *Ebon* night,
That love had never hit my heart fo right ;
But what is love in your opinion ?

Frank. A voluntary motion of delight,
Touching the superficies of the foule ;
A substance lesse divine than is the foule,
Yet more than any other power in man,
Is that which loves, yet neither is inforc'd,
Nor doth inforce the heart of man to love :
Which motion as it unbefeemes a man,
So by the foule and reafon which adorne,
The life of man it is extinguished,
Even at his pleasure that it doth poffeffe.

Anth. Thus may the free-man iest at manacles,
The furr'd-clad citizen laugh at a storme,
The fwarty Moore diving to gather pearle,
Challenge the fcaling ardour of the Sunne ;
And aged *Neflor* fitting in his tent,
May tearme wounds fport, and warre but merriment.

Frank. Tis true, fore God it is, and now me
thinks,
My heart begins to pittie hearts in love :
Say once more, *Anthony*, tell me thy griefes,
Let me have feeling of thy paffion,
Poffeffe me deeply of thy melting ftate,
And thou fhalt fee.

Anth. That thou wilt pittie me ?

Frank. No by my troth, if every tale of love,
Or love it felfe, or foole-bewitching beauty,
Make me crosse-arme my felfe ; ftudy ay-mees ;
Defie my hat-band ; tread beneath my feet
Shoo-strings and garters ; practife in my glaffe
Distressed lookes, and dry my liver up,
With fighes enough to win an argosie.
If ever I turne thus fantafticall,
Love plague me, never pittie me at all.

Enter Phillis.

Anth. Yonder ſhe comes that holds me prifoner.

Frank. What? *Phillis*, the faire Maide of the Exchange?

Is the god *Cupids* iudge over mens hearts?
 Brother, ile have one venny with her tongue,
 To breathe my wit, and iest at passion:
 By your leave Mistrresse *Flower*.

Phil. Your rude behaviour scarce offers you welcome.

Frank. I prethee tell me *Phillis*, I heare say,
 Thou keepst love captive in thy maiden thoughts.

Phil. That is a thought beyond your reach to know.

Frank. But shall I know it?

Phil. On what acquaintance? then might you
 deeme mee fond.

If (as you say) love be at my command,

Frank. May not your friend command as great a
 matter?

Phil. Ile know him well first, for that friend may
 flatter.

Frank. Why, I hope you know me.

Phil. That's a question.

Frank. Well, if you doe not, you shall before I
 stirre.

Know you yonder lumpe of melancholy,
 Yonder bundle of fighes, yonder wad of groanes?
 The same and I were chickens of one brood,
 And if you know him, as I am fure you doe,
 Being his brother, you needs must know me too.

Phil. I partly have a guesse of yonder Gentleman,
 His name is Master *Golding*, as I take it.

Antho. *Golding* I am, and thine sweet faire I am,
 And yet not thine, but a most wretched man;
 Thou knowst my cause of grieve, my wound of
 woe:

And knowing it, why wilt thou use me so?
 Put salves of comfort to my griefes unrest,
 So mayst thou heale my fore of heaviness.

Frank. Harke you faire maide, are you a Surgeon ?

I prethee give my brother *Anthony*
Somewhat to heale the love-fore of his mind,
And yet tis pittie that he should have helpe ;
A man as free as aire, or the Sunnes raies,
As boundlesse in his function as the heavens,
The male and better part of flesh and bloud,
In whom was pour'd the quintessence of reason,
To wrong the adoration of his Maker,
By worshipping a wanton female skirt,
And making Love his Idol, fie dotard, fie :
I am ashamde of this apostacie :
Ile talke with her to hinder his complaints.

Phillis, a word in private ere you goe,
I love yee sweet.

Phil. Sowre, it may be so.

Frank. Sowre and sweet ; faith that doth scarce agree.

Phil. Two contraries, and so be we.

Frank. A plague on this courting, come, weelee make an end.

Phil. I am sorry for it since you seeme my friend.

Frank. I, but thou canst not weepe.

Phil. Then had I a hard hart.

Frank. How say you ? come brother, now to your part.

Antho. At your direction : no, this merry glee,
(Good brother) sortes not with my melancholy ;
Love covets private conference ; so my sorrow,
Craveth your absence which I faine would borrow.

Frank. No marvell then we say that love is blinde,

If it still revell in obscurity :

I will depart, I will not hinder love,

Ile wash my hands, farewell sweet turtle dove. *Exit.*

Phil. Ifaith your brother is a proper man.

Frank. Whats your will with me.

Phil. Even what you please.

Frank. Did you not call me backe ?

Phil. Not, to my knowledge.

Frank. No, sbloud, somewhat did, farewell, farewell.

Phil. He is a very proper man.

Frank. I am in haste, pray urge me not to stay.

Phil. The man doth dote, pray God he hits his way.

Frank. Fore God ther's not a maide in all this towne,

Should sooner winne me ; but my businesse calls me :

Give me thy hand, next time I meet with thee,
Lesse intreaty shall woe my company.

Phil. Yfaith, yfaith ?

Frank. Yfaith, this was the hand, what meanes my blood ?

Doe I not blush, nor looke extreemely pale ?

Is not my head a fire, my eyes nor heart ?

Ha, art thou here ? I feele thee love I faith :

By this light, well *Via-farewell*, farewell. *Exit.*

Antho. Now he is gone, and we in private talke.

Say, wilt thou grant me love, wilt thou be mine ?

For all the interest in my love is thine.

Phil. Your brother *Ferdinand* hath vowd as much :

Nay more, he sweares what man so ere he be,

Prefumes to be corrivall in his love,

He will revenge it as an injury,

And clothe the thiefe in basest obloquie.

Antho. I, is my brother my competitor ?

Ile court my love and will solícite thee,

Were *Ferdinand* himselfe in company.

What saist thou to my sute ?

Phil. Time may doe much, what I intend to doe
I meane to pause upon.

Ant. Let it be so ;

If that my brothers hinderance be all,

Ile have thy love though by my brothers fall. *Exit.*

Phil. Two brothers drown'd in love, I and the third

For all his outward habit of neglect,
If I iudge rightly, if I did not dreame,
Hath dipt his foot too in Loves scalding streame.
Well, let them plead and perish if they will ;
Cripple mine heart is thine and shall be still. *Exit.*

Frank. I am not well, and yet I am not ill,
I am, what am I ? not in love I hope ?
In love ? let me examine my selfe, who should I love ?
who did I last converse with, with *Phyllis*: why should
I love *Phyllis* ? is she faire ? faith so so : her forehead
is pretty, somewhat resembling the forehead of the
signe of the maidenhead in, &c. What's her haire ?
faith two Bandora wiars, ther's not the simile : is it
likely yet that I am in love ? Whats next ? her cheekes
they have a reasonable scarlet, never a Diars daughter
in the townes goes beyond her. Well, yet I am
not in love. Nay, she hath a mole in her cheeke too :
Venus mole was not more naturall ; but what of that ?
I am *Adonis*, and will not love. Good *Venus* pardon
me, Let us descend : her chinne, O *Hellen*, *Hellen*,
where's your dimple *Hellen* ? it was your dimple that
bewicht *Paris*, and without your dimple I will not
love you *Hellen*, No, yet I am safe. Her hand,
lets handle that, I saw her hand, and it was lilly white,
I toucht her palme, and it was soft and smooth : and
then, what then ? her hand did then bewitch me, I
shall bee in love now out of hand. In love ? shall I
that ever yet have prophan'd love, now fall to worship
him ? Shall I that have ieasted at lovers fighes now
raife whirle-windes ? Shall I that have flowted ay-
mees once a quarter, now practise ay-meess every
minute ? shall I defie hat-bands, and tread garters
and shoo-strings under my feet ? shall I fall to fall-
ing bands [and bee a ruffin no longer ? I must ;
I am now liege man' to *Cupid*, and have read all
these informations in his booke of statutes, the first
chapter, page *millesimo nono*, therefore, hat-band

avaunt, ruffe regard your felfe, garters adue, fhoo-
strings fo and fo; I am a poor enamorate, and en-
forc'd with the Poet to fay, Love orecomes all, and
I that love obey. *Exit.*

Enter M. Flower.

Flow. Now afore God a very good conceit,
But too much fleepe hath overtaken me,
The night hath plaid the fwift-foot runne-away :
A good conceit, a very good conceit,
What *Fiddle*, arife *Fiddle*, *Fiddle* I fay :

Enter Fiddle.

Fid. Here's a fiddling indeed, I thinke your tongue
be made of nothing but fiddle strings, I hope the fid-
dle muft have fome reft as well as the fiddle-fticke :
well Crowde, what fay you to *Fiddle* now ?

Flower. *Fiddle*, it is a very good conceit.

Fid. It is indeed, Mafter.

Flow. What doft thou meane ?

Fid. To goe to bed againe Sir.

Flow. No, *Fiddle*, that were no good conceit
Fiddle.

Fid. What a fiddling doe you keepe, are not you
afhamde to make fuch muficke ? I hope fir, you will
christen me anew fhortly, for you have fo worne this
name, that ne're a wench in all the towne but will
fcorne to dance after my fiddle.

Flow. Well *Fiddle*, thou art an honeft fellow.

Fid. Thats more than you know Mafter.

Flow. Ile fwear for thee *Fiddle*.

Fid. Youle be damnd then, Mafter.

Flow. I love thee *Fiddle*.

Fid. I had rather your daughter lov'd me.

Flow. Tis a rare conceit yfaith.

Fid. I hold with you Mafter, if my young mif-
treffe would like fo well of my muficke, that she would

dance after no bodies instrument but mine.

Flow. No *Fiddle*, that were no good conceit.

Fid. A shame on you, I thought you would not heare on that side.

Flow. *Fiddle*, thou toldst me, M. *Golding* was in love with my daughter.

Fid. True, Master : therein you say well.

Flow. And hee intreates me to meet him at the starre in cheapside to talke concerning the match.

Fid. True still master.

Flow. And I have sent for my neighbour M. *Berry* to beare me company.

Fiddle. True, all this is most naturall truth.

Flow. And now *Fiddle*, I am going on my way.

Fid. Nay, thats a lie, that hath marr'd all, was your conceit so tyred you could tell troth no longer ?

Flow. Why *Fiddle*, are we not going ?

Fid. No indeed sir, we are not, we stand still, your conceit faill in that.

Flow. Fore God tis true, I am not ready yet : what's he ?

Enter Bobbington.

Bob. By your leave sir, I would crave a word in secret sir.

Flow. At your pleasure, heres none but my man *Fiddle*.

Fid. I sir, master *Fiddle* is my name, sir *Laurence Syro* was my Father.

Bob. Sir, this is my bufineffe, my name is *Racket* ; I have a ship of my owne upon the river.

Flow. By your leave sir, captaine *Racket* is your name.

Bob. Some call me so indeed sir.

Flow. It is a good conceit, I pray proceede.

Bob. Sir, I am now bound to sea, and wanting some mony for the better furnishing of my wants.

Flow. O, you would borrow mony of me.

Bob. Thats my suite indeed.

Flow. Thats no good conceit.

Bob. Na, heare me fir : if you will supply me with ten pound till my returne from *Barbary*, I will leave in your hands a diamond of greater value then the mony.

Flow. A Diamond, is it a Diamond or but a counterfet ? *Fiddle*, my spectacles.

Bob. Tis right, I assure you fir.

Flow. Then it is a good conceit : my spectacles.

Fid. Here fir.

Flow. Where fir ?

Fid. You cannot see master, but I can.

Fow. O tis good, it is a good conceit : well fir, ten pound ;

You are content if at three monthes end,
You bring me not ten pound in English coine,
This diamond shall be my proper owne.

Bob. I am fir, shall I receive the money now ?

Flow. I, here it is, and 'tis a good conceit.

Will you come neere fir ? *Fiddle*, make him drinke.

Fiddle. Will you appoach cavaliero, if I speake not in season, 'tis because I was never in the salt country, where you Sea Captaines use to march.

Bob. You are very eloquent fir, ile follow you.

Fiddle. Let me alone then for leading my men.

Exeunt Bobbington and Fiddle.

Flow. A diamond worth forty for ten pound,
If he returne not safe from *Barbary*,
'Tis good, a very good conceit.

Enter M. Berry.

Berry. By your leave Master *Flower*.

Flow. Welcome good Master *Berry*, I was bold to intreate your company to speake with a friend of mine,

It is some trouble, but the conceit is good.

Berry. No trouble at all fir, shall we be going ?

Flow. With all my heart fir, and as we goe,
Ile tell you my conceit, come Master *Berry*. *Exeunt.*

Enter at one dore Cripple, at the other Bowdler.

Bowd. Well met my deere bundle of rew, well met.

Crip. As much to thee my humorous bloffome.

Bowd. A plague on thee for a dog, have I found thee? I hate thee not, and yet by this hand I could finde in my heart: but firra Crutch, I was encountred.

Crip. Who became your baile?

Flow. Ye filthy dog, I was encountred by a wench I fay.

Crip. In a wenches counter! I thought no lesse: what firra didst thou lie in the Knights ward, or on the Masters side?

Bow. Neither, neither yfaith.

Crip. Where then, in the Hole?

Bow. By this hand *Cripple* ile bombaste thee!

Crip. My crutch you meane for wearing out my clothes.

Bow. Thy nose dogge, thy nose, a plague on thee, I care not for thee, and yet I cannot choose but love thee.

Sirra, *Mall Berry* was heere about worke thou haft of hers, hadst thou been here to have heard, how I spurred the wench with incantations, thou wouldst have given me the praise for a jeaster.

Crip. True, Master *Bowdler*, I yeeld it you, I hold you for the absolut'st jester; O mistake me not, I meane, to jest upon a juggling gull, a profound seeing man of shallow wit, that Europe, nay the world I thinke affords.

Bow. Well, thou art a Jew firra, Ile cut out that venomous tongue of thine, one of these dayes.

Crip. Doe it in time, or ile crush the heart of thy wit till I have strain'd forth thy infectious humour to a drop yfaith.

Enter Mall Berry.

Bow. Heere comes my amorous vessell, ile boord her yfaith: Well encountred *Mall*, how dost thou wench, how dost thou?

Mall. What's that to you Sir?

Bow. Why I aske thee in kindnesse.

Mall. Why then, in kindnesse, you are a foole for asking.

Bow. Is the foole your livery?

Mall. Not so, for then you wearing that livery, would terme your selfe my foole.

Bow. Meaning me? you gull me not, if you doe.

Mall. What then?

Bow. O vile! I would take you downe.

Mall. Alas! it wants wit, thy wit is too narrow.

Bow. Ile stretch my wit, but I will take you downe.

Mall. How, upon the tenters? indeed if the whole peece were so stretcht, and very well beaten with a yard of reformation, no doubt it would grow to a goodly breadth.

Bow. By this hand.

Mall. Away you asse, hinder not my businesse.

Crip. Finely put off wench yfaith.

Mall. By your leave Master Drawer.

Crip. Welcome Mistris *Berry*, I have beene mindfull of your worke.

Mall. Is it done?

Crip. Yes, and heere it is.

Mall. Heere is your money.

Cripple, ere long ile visit thee againe, I have some ruffes and stomachers to draw.

Crip. At your pleasure.

Bow. By thy leave *Mall*, a word.

Mal. Away you bundle of nothing, away.

Exit Mall.

Crip. Shee hath a wit as sharpe as her needle.

Bow. Alas, my selfe have beene her whetstone with my conference in th' Exchange any time these many yeeres.

Crip. In th' Exchange! I have walk'd with thee there, before the visitation of my legs, and my expence in timber, at the least a hundred times, and never heard thee speak to a wench.

Bow. That's a he, thou wert by, when I bought these gloves of a wench.

Crip. That's true, they cost thee an English shilling at a word, marry it followes in the text, that your shilling prov'd but a harper, and thou wert shamefully arraign'd for it.

Bow. Good, but I excus'd my selfe.

Crip. True, that thou thoughtst it had bin a shilling, marry thou hadst never an other, nor so much as a shilling more to change it. Thou talke in th' Exchange?

Bow. Indeed my best gift is in the morning when the maids visit my chamber, with such necessaries as I usually buy of them.

Crip. O thou art one of those, that if an honest Maid be sent to thy chamber with her Mistris goods, and returne as honest and chaste as the Moone: Sirra, you are one of those that will flander the poore wenches, by speaking liberally of their pronesse to love; and withall, bragge how cheape you have bought their ware metaphorically, when indeed they depart as honest as they came thither, and leave you all the day after to sigh at the sight of an ill bargaine.

Bow. When wilt thou cast off this serpents tonge of thine?

Crip. When wilt thou spit out this anticke garment of ostentation? doe it, doe it, or by the Lord I will impresse thy vanities, and so anotomize the very bowels of thy absurdities, that all the world shall take notice of thee for a foole, and shunne thee as the pox or the pestilence.

Enter Barnard.

Barn. Newes, newes, newes.

Bowd. Sweet rogue, what's the matter?

Barn. By Jesu the rarest dauncing in Christendome.

Bowd. Sweet rascall, where? O doe' not kill my foule

With such delaies, tell me kind rogue, O tell me where it is.

Bar. At a wedding in Gracious street.

Bowd. Come, come away, I long to see the man In dauncing art that does more than I can.

Bar. Than you sir! he lives not.

Bowd. Why I understand thee so.

Bar. You onely excepted, the world besides Cannot afford more exquisite dauncers, Than are now capring in the bridale house.

Bow. I will behold them, come crutch, thou shalt with us.

Crip. Not I.

Bow. Downe dogge, ile have thy company.

Crip. I have bufineffe.

Bow. By this hand thou shalt goe with us.

Crip. By this legge I will not.

Bow. A lame oathe, never stand to that.

Crip. By this crutch but I will.

Bar. Come, you loofe time, supper is done long since,

And they are now a dauncing.

Enter Master Berry and Fiddle.

Ber. Stay *Fiddle* with thy torch, Gentlemen, good eeven.

Barn. Master *Berry*!

Bow. Master *Berry*, I wish you well sir: Master *Fiddle* I am yours for a congee.

Fiddle. After the French salutation I am yours for the like curtesie.

Berry. Master *Barnard*, to morrow is your day Of payment sir, I meane the hundred pound, For which I have your bond, I know 'tis fure, You will not breake an houre ; then if you please To come to dinner sir, you shall be welcome.

Bar. Sir, I did meane to visit you at home, Not to pay downe the money, but intreate Two monthes forbearance.

Ber. How ! forbear my money ?
Your reason, why I should forbear my owne ?

Barn. You know at first the debt was none of mine,
I was a surety, not the principall :
Besides, the money that was borrowed
Miscarried in the venture ; my friend died,
And once already have you prisoned me
To my great charge, almost my overthrow,
And somewhat raise the debt by that advantage :
These things considered, you may well forbear
For two monthes space, so small a sum as this.

Ber. How ! I may forbear ; Sir, I have need of money :
I may indeed sit monileffe at home,
And let you walke abroad spending of my coine,
This I may doe, but sir you know my mind,
If you'do breake your day, assure your selfe,
That I will take the forfeit of your bond.

Crip. The forfeit of his bond !

Ber. I sir, the forfeit ; 'tis no charity
To favour you that live like libertines :
Heer's a Crew !

All. A Crew ; what Crew ?

Ber. A crew of unthrifts, carelesse dissolutes,
Licentious prodigals, vilde taverne-tracers.
Night watching money-wasters, what should I call
yee ?

O, I want words for to define you rightly ;

But this I know, London ne're fostred such
As *Barnard*, *Bowdler*, and this paltry crutch.

Crip. And you want words firra, ile teach thee
words,

Thou shouldst have come to every one of us
As thus : thou wretch, thou miser, thou vilde slave
And drudge to money, bondman to thy wealth,
Apprentice to a penny, thou that hounds up
The frie of silver pence and half-penies,
With shew of charity to give the poore,
But putt them to increafe, where in short time
They grow a child's part, or a daughters portion.
Thou that inventst new claufes for a bond
To cousin simple plaineness : O not a Dragon,
No, nor the divels fangs are halfe so cruell
As are thy clawes : thus, thus, thou shouldst have
railde :

The forfeit of his bond, O I could spit
My heart into his face ; thou bloud-hound that dost
hunt

The deere, deere life of noble Gentry.

Ber. *Cripple*, 'tis knowne I am an honest man ;
But for thy words, *Barnard* shall fare the worse :
As for thy selfe.

Fid. Who, he sir ? never regard him, I know the
vildest thing by him, O tis abhominable !

Ber. Dost thou so *Fiddle* ? speake ; hold, take thou
that, speake of his shame, speake freely, ile protect
thee.

Fid. I tell you sir, 'twill make your haire to stand
on end, as stiffe as a Rubbing-brush, to heare his vil-
lanies.

What's this you have given me ?

Ber. A shilling *Fiddle*.

Fid. Have you any skill in Arithmeticke ?

Ber. Why dost thou aske ?

Fid. Sir, I would have you to multiply ; could you
not make this one shilling two or three ? I would not
be knowne to beg, but if out of your cunning you can

doe this tricke of multiplication, I shall speake the better.

Ber. O, ther's another shilling for thee, now let me heare what villanies thou canst charge the *Cripple* with.

Fid. So, fir, this is multiplication, now fir, if you know the Rule of addition you are an excellent Scholler : can you not adde ?

Ber. What dost thou meane ?

Fid. An other shilling fir.

Ber. There is another shilling, now *Fiddle* speake.

Fid. Why then attend you Hilles and Dales, and stones so quicke of hearing, this *Cripple* is.

All. What is he villaine ?

Fid. An honest man, as any is in all the towne.

Ber. An honest man !

Fid. I by this silver, and as good a fellow as ever went upon foure legges, if you would multiply till midnight, I would never speake otherwise.

Ber. *Fiddle*, thou art a knave, and so is he : Come let us home ; *Barnard*, looke to thy bond, If thou breake thy day, I doe protest, By yon chaste Moone.

Fid. The chaste Moone, why ? the Moone is not chaste.

Ber. How prou'ft thou that ?

Fid. Why fir, ther's a man in the middle of her, how can she be chaste then ?

Ber. Then by my life I fweare, ile clap him up Where he shall see neither Sunne nor Moone, Till I be satisfied the utmost penny, And so fare-well.

Exit.

Fid. Gallants good-night ; if time and place were in prosperity, I were yours for an houres society, I must after yon mulberry with my torch : adue deare hearts, adue.

Exit.

Bowd. Come *Barnard*, lets to the dancing, lets tickle it to night For to morrow thy heeles may be too heavie.

Bar. All's one ; my heart shall be as light as fire.
Come, shall we goe ?

Bowd. *Cripple* will you along ?

Crip. My businesse staies me heere.

Bowd. Farewell then dogge of *Israel*, farewell.

Exeunt.

Crip. Al's one, my heart shall be as light as
fire :

Sblood, were I indebted a hundred pound,
My fortune faild, and fled as *Barnards* are,
Not worth a hundred pence as *Barnards* is :
I should be now devising sentences
And Caveats, for posteritie to carve
Vpon the inside of the Counter wall :
Therefore ile now turne provident ; ile to my shop
And fall to worke.

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Yonder's his shop, O now you gods above
Pittie poore *Phillis* heart, that melts in love ;
Instruēt the *Cripple* to finde out my love,
Which I will shadow under the conceit
Of my invention for this piece of worke ;
O teach him how to yeeld me love againe,
A little little love, a dramme of kind affection,
His many vertues are my true direction :
By your leave M. Drawer.

Crip. Welcome Mistrresse *Flower*, what's your
pleasure ?

Phil. My caufe of comming is not unknowne to
you,
Here is bespoken worke which must needs be
wrought
With expedition, I pray have care of it ;
The residue I referre to your direction :
Onely this handkercher, a young Gentlewoman,
Wish'd me acquaint you with her mind herein :
In one corner of the same, place wanton love,

Drawing his bow shooting an amorous dart,
 Opposite against him an arrow in a heart,
 In a third corner, picture forth disdain,
 A cruell fate unto a loving vaine :
 In the fourth draw a springing Laurell-tree,
 Circled about with a ring of poesie : and thus it is :

*Love wounds the heart, and conquers fell disdain,
 Love pitties love, feeling true love in paine :
 Love feeling Love, how faithfull Love did breath,
 At length impald Love with a Laurell wreath.*

Thus you have heard the Gentle-woman's mind,
 I pray be carefull that it be well done :
 And so I leave you, more I faine would say,
 But shame forbids, and calls me hence away. *Exit.*

Crip. Sweet faire, I pittie, yet no reliefe
 Harbors within the closet of my soule.
 This *Phyllis* beares me true affection,
 But I detest the humour of fond love :
 Yet am I hourly solicited,
 As now you see, and faine she would make knowne
 The true perplexion of her wounded heart :
 But modesty checking her forwardnesse
 Bids her be still ; yet she in similies
 And love-comparisons, like a good Scholler
 By figures make a demonstration
 Of the true love enclosed in her heart.
 I know it well, yet will not tell her so,
 Fancie shall never marry me to woe ;
 Take this of me, a yong man's never mard,
 Till he by marriage from all joy be bar'd. *Exit.*

Enter Franke singing.

Frank. *Ye gods of Love that sit above, and pittie Lovers
 paine,
 Looke from your thrones upon the mones, that
 I do now sustaine.*

Was ever man thus tormented with love ?

Song. *Ye little birds that fit and sing
Amidst the shady valleyes,
And see how Phillis sweetly walkes
Within her Garden alleyes ;
Goe pretty birds about her bowre,
Sing pretty birds she may not lowre,
Ah me, me thinkes I see her frowne,
Ye pretty wantons warble.*

*Goe tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is onely knowne my love,
Which from the world is hidden :
Goe pretty birds and tell her so,
See that your notes straine not too low,
For still me thinkes I see her frowne,
Ye pretty wantons warble.*

*Goe tune your voices harmony,
And sing I am her Lover ;
Straine lowde and sweet, that every note,
With sweet content may move her :
And she that hath the sweetest voyce,
Tell her I will not change my choyce,
Yet still me thinkes I see her frowne,
Ye pretty wantons warble.*

*O fly, make haste, see, see, she fallies
Into a pretty slumber,
Sing round about her rosiè bed
That waking she may wonder,
Say to her, tis her lover true,
That sendeth love to you, to you :
And when you heare her kind reply,
Returne with pleasant warblings.*

Avaunt delusion, thoughts cannot winne my love ;
Love, though divine, cannot divine my thoughts :

Why to the aire then doe I idle here
 Such heedlesse words farre off, and ne're the neere ;
 Hie thee yong *Franke*, to her that keeps thy heart,
 There let sweet words, thy sweeter thoughts impart.
 But stay ; here comes my melancholly brothers both
 Ile step aside, and heare their conference. *Exit aside.*

Anth. What? is my brother *Ferdinand* so neere?

He is my elder, I must needs give place ;
Anthony, stand by, and list what he doth say,
 Hast calle me hence, yet I will brooke delay.

Ferd. Shall I exclaime 'gainst fortune and mishap,
 Or raile on Nature who first framed me ?
 Is it hard chance that keeps me from my love ?
 Or is this heape of loath'd deformity,
 The cause that breeds a blemish in her eye ?
 I know not what to thinke, or what to say,
 Onely one comfort yet I have in store,
 Which I will practise, though I ne're try more.

Anth. Oh, for to heare that comfort I doe long,
 Ile turne it to a straine to right my wrong.

Ferd. I have a brother rivall in my love ;
 I have a brother hates me for my love ;
 I have a brother vowes to winne my love ;
 That brother too, he hath incen'd my love
 To gaine the beauty of my dearest love ;
 What hope remaines then to enjoy my love ?

Anth. I am that brother rivall in his love,
 I am that brother hates him for his love ;
 Not his but mine, and I will have that love,
 Or never live to see him kisse my love ;
 What thou er'st said, I am that man alone,
 That will depose your brother from loves throne ;
 I am that man, though you my elder be,
 That will aspire beyond you one degree.

Ferd. I have no meanes of private conference,
 So narrowly pursues my hinderer,
 No sooner am I entred the sweet court
 Of lovely rest, my loves rich mansion,
 But rivall love to my affection

Followes me, as a soone enforced straw,
The drawing vertue of a fable jeat :
This therefore's my determination,
Within the clofe wombe of a sealed paper,
Will I write downe in bloody Characters,
The burning zeale of my affection :
And by some trusty messenger or other,
Convey the same into my loves owne hand ;
So shall I know her resolution,
And how she fancies my affection.

Anth. Yet subtill Fox, I may perchance to crosse
you :

Brother, well met : whither away so fast ?

Ferd. About affaires that doe require some haste.

Anth. 'Tis well done brother, you seeke still for
gaine.

Ferd. But you would reape the harvest of my
paine :

Farewell good brother, I must needs be gone,
I have serious businesse now to thinke upon :
Yet for I feare my brother *Anthony*,
Ile step aside, and stand a while unseene,
I may perchance discry which way he goes ;
Thus policie must worke twixt friends and foes. *Aside.*

Anth. So, he is gone, I scarcely trust him neither ;
For 'tis his custome, like a sneaking foole,
To fetch a compasse of a mile about,
And creepe where he would be ; well, let him passe,
I heard him say, that since by word of mouth
He could not purchase his sweet Mistresse favour,
He would endeavour what his wit might doe
By writing, and by tokens ; O 'tis good
Writing with inke ; O no, but with his blood.
Well, so much for that, now I know his minde
I doe intend not to be farre behind :
Hee'l send a letter, I will write another,
Doe what you can, ile be before you brother ;
Ile intercept his letter by the way,
And as time serves, the same I will bewray :

Mine being made, a porter ile procure,
 That shall convey that heart-inticing lure ;
 About it then, my letter shall be writ,
 Though not with blood, yet with a reaching wit.

Ferd. And shall it so, good brother *Anthony* ?
 Were you so neere when we in secret talk'd ?
 Wilt ne're be otherwise ? will you dog me still ?

Enter Franke.

Welcome sweet *Franke* ; such newes I have to tell,
 As cannot chuse but like thee passing well :
 Thou knowst my love to *Phillis* ?

Frank. Brother, say on.

Ferd. Thou likewise art acquainted with my rivall,
 And I doe build upon your secrecy.

Frank. Sblood, and I thought you did not, Ide
 retire :

Brother you know, I love you as my life.

Ferd. I dare professe as much, and thereupon
 Make bold to crave thy furtherance, in a thing
 Concernes me much.

Frank. Out with it brother ;
 If I shrinke backe, repose trust in some other.

Ferd. Then thus it is ; my brother all in haste
 Is gone, to write a letter to my love,
 And thinkes thereby to crosse me in my suite,
 Sending it by a porter to her hand ;
 If ever therefore thou wilt aid thy brother,
 Helpe me in this, who seekes helpe from no other.

Frank. By the red lippe of that dainty faint, ile
 aid thee all I may.

Ferd. It is enough ; then brother ile provide
 A porters habit, alike in every point,
 Will you but so much humble your estate,
 To put your selfe in that so base attire,
 And like so meane a person waite his comming,
 About his doore which will not be o're long,
 Thou shalt for ever bind me to thy love.

Frank. Brother, 'tis a base taske, by this light,

But to procure a farther force of love,
He doo't, yfaith I will sweet *Ferdinand*,
About it then, provide thee some disguise,
But see you stay not long in any wife,
Heere shall you finde me, goe, dispatch.

Ferd. For this ile love thee everlastingly.

Frank. Meane time ile crosse your love and if I
can

Heer's no villany twixt us three brothers :
My brother *Ferdinand*, he would have the wench,
And *Anthony* he hopes to have her too :
Then what may I ? Faith hope well, as they doe.
Neither of them know that I love the Maide ;
Yet by this hand I am halfe mad for love.
I know not well what love is, but 'tis fure,
Ile die if I have her not, therefore
Good brothers mine beguile you one another,
Till you be both gul'd by your younger brother.

Enter Ferdinand.

Here is a porters habite, on with it brother.

Frank. Your hand then brother, for to put it on.
So now 'tis well, come brother what's my taske ?

Ferd. This first, that thou make hast to *Anthonies*,
Aske for a burden and thou shalt be fure
To have his letter to my deare love *Phillis*,
Deliver it not, but keepe it to thy selfe,
Till thou hast given this paper to her hands.
Whose lines doe intimate my chaste desires :
This is the summe of all, good *Frank*, make haste,
Love burnes in me, and I in love doe waste. *Exit.*

Frank. Waste still, but let me in my love increase.
Now would not all the world take me for a porter ?
How strangely am I metamorphosed ?
And yet I need not be ashamed neither,
Love when his love-scapes he attempted ever
Transform'd himselfe, yet ever sped in love,
Why may not I then in this strange disguise ?

This habit may prove mighty in lovẽs power,
As beaſt, or bird, bull, swanne, or golden ſhowre.

Enter Anthony.

Anth. Within the centre of this paper ſquare,
Have I wrote downe in bloudy characters,
A pretty poeſie of a wounded heart,
Such is loves force once burſt into a flame,
Doe what we can, we cannot quench the fame,
Vnleſſe the teares of pittie move compaſſion,
And ſo quench out the fire of affection,
Whoſe burning force heates me in every vaine,
'That I to Love for ſafety muſt complaine :
This is my Orator whoſe dulcet tongue
Muſt plead my love to beautious *Phillis*.
Now for a truſty meſſenger to be
Imploy'd herein betwixt my love and me,
And in good time I ſee a porter nie,
Come hither fellow, dwel'ſt thou here about ?

Frank. Sir, my abiding is not far from hence
And truſty *John* men call me for my Name.

Anth. Canſt thou be truſty then, and ſecret too,
Being imploy'd in weighty buſineſſe ?

Frank. Sir, I was never yet diſprov'd in either.

Anth. Then marke me well, in Cornhill by th'
Exchange,
Dwells an old Marchant, *Flower* they call his name,
He hath one onely daughter, to whoſe hands,
If thou conveniently can'ſt give this letter,
Ile pay thee well, make thee the happieſt porter
That ever undertooke ſuch buſineſſe.

Frank. Sir, give me your letter, if I doe it not,
Then let your promis'd favour be forgot.

Anth. *Anthony Golding* is my name, my friend,
About it then, thy meſſage being done,
Make haſte to me againe, till when, I leave thee.

Frank. And ſo fare thee well loving brother,
It had beene better you had ſent ſome other.

Let me consider what is best be done,
 Shall I deliver his letter? No:
 Shall I convey it to my rivall brother? Not so:
 Shall I teare the same? No not for a million:
 What shall I then doe? marry like a kind brother,
 Open the booke, see what is written there,
 If nought but love, in love have thou a share.
 Brother, by your leave I hope you'll not deny,
 But that I love you: God bleffe my eye-sight,
 A Sonnet 'tis in verse, now on my life
 He hath perus'd all the impressions
 Of Sonnets since the fall of Lucifer,
 And made some scurvy quaint collection
 Of fustian phrases, and uplandish words.

A Letter.

Faire glory of vertue, thy enamorate
 Pleades loyally in pure affection,
 Whose passionate Love doe thou exonerate,
 And he shall live by thy protection;
 Nor from thy love shall he once derogate,
 For any foule under this horizon,
 Yeeld thou to love, and I will faile in neither,
 So love and truth shall alwayes live together.

Yours devoted, Anthony Golding.

Before God, excellent good Poetry,
 Sbloud what meanes he by this line?
For any foule under this horizon?
 No matter for this meaning, meane what he will,
 I meane his meaning shall not be delivered,
 But for my other trust my other letter,
 That shall come short too of faire *Phyllis* hands,
 There is a Cripple dwelling here at hand,
 That's very well acquainted with the Maide,
 And for I once did rescue them from thieves,
 Swore, if he liu'd, he would requite that kindnesse,

To him I will for counsell ; he shall be,
My tutor by his wit and policie.

Exit.

*Enter Boy in a Shop, cutting up square parchments,
to him enter Phillis.*

Phil. Why, how now firra, can you finde nought to
doe,
But waste the parchment in this idle fort ?

Boy. I doe but what my Mistris gave in charge.

Phil. Your Mistris ! in good time : then fir, it
feemes

Your duty cannot stoope but to her lewre :
Sir, I will make you know, that in her absence
You shall account to my demand, your Mistris
And your Mistris will is thus, and thus you'l doe :
But answer to the motion I have made,
Or you shall feele you have another Mistris now :
Speake, why then I say ?

Boy. Indeed I know your glory,
Your pride's at full in this authority :
But, were it not for modest bashfulnesse,
And that I dread a base contentious name,
I would not be a by-word to th' Exchange,
For every one to say (my selfe going by)
Yon goes a vassall to authority.

Phil. You would not fir : had I the yeard in
hand,

Ide measure your pate for this delusion,
And by my maiden chastity I sweare,

Unlesse *She reaches for the yeard, and the boy stayes
her hand.*

Boy. What unlesse ? I know your wilfulnesse,
These words are but to shew the world your humour :
I often use to square these parchment pieces
Without occasion : I'm sure you are not writing,
The Lawnes you late bought of Master *Brookes*,
Are new come home, brought by the Merchants ser-
vant :

I know you are short mēbred, but not so short
Of your remembrance, that this is newes to you.

Phil. Y'are best to brave me in a taunting
humour.

Wilt please you ope the doore ? where's *Vryfula* ?
Oh here's good stufte, my backe's no sooner turn'd
But she must needs be gadding, and where I pray ?

Boy. Shees gone to M. *Palmers* on th' other side.

Phil. On great occasions, fir, I doubt it not.

. *Sit and worke in the shop.*

Enter M. Richard Gardiner booted, and M. William Bennet, two Gentlemen, at one end of the stage.

Ben. Kinde *Dicke*, thou wilt not be unmindfull of
my duty

To that same worthy Arts-master, *Lyonell Barnes*.

Gard. Thy love, sweet *Will*, hath chain'd it to my
memory.

Ben. Then with this kinde imbrace I take my
leave,

Wishing thou wert as safe arriv'd at *Cambridge*,

As thou art at this present neere the Exchange,

Gard. And well remembred, kind *Will Bennet*,
Others affaires made me oblivious

Of mine owne ; I pray thee goe to the Exchange,

I have certaine bands, and other linnen to buy,

Prethee accompany me.

Ben. With all my heart.

Gard. Sure, this is a beauteous gallant walke ;
Were my continuall residence in London,

I should make much use of such a pleasure :

Me thinkes the glorious virgins of this square

Gives life to dead strucke youth ; Oh heavens !

Ben. Why, how now *Dicke* ?

Gard. By my sweet hopes of an hereafter blisse,
I never saw a fairer face than this :

O for acquaintance with so rich a beauty.

Ben. Take thy occasion, never hadst thou better.

Gard. Have at her then.

Phil. What lacke you Gentlemen?

Gard. Fayth nothing, had I thee.

For in thine eyes, all my desires I see.

Phil. My shop you meane fir, there you may have choice

Of Lawnes or Cambricks, Ruffes well wrought,
Shirts,

Fine falling bands, of the Italian cut-worke,
Ruffes for your hands, waist-cotes wrought with filke,
Night-caps of gold, or such like wearing linnen,
Fit for the Chap-man of what e're degree.

Gard. Faith virgin, in my dayes, I have woine and
out-worn much,

Yea, many of these golden necessaries ;

But such a gallant beauty, or such forme

I never saw, nor never wore the like :

Faith be not then unkinde, but let me weare

This shape of thine, although I buy it deare.

Phil. What, hath the Tailor plaid his part so well,
That with my gowne you are so farre in love ?

Gard. Mistake not sweet, your garment is the
cover,

That vailles the shape and pleasures of a lover.

Phil. That argues then, you doe not see my
shape,

How comes it then you are in love with it ?

Gard. A Garment made by cunning Artf-mens-
skill,

Hides all defects that Natures swarving hand
Hath done amisse, and makes the shape seeme pure ;

If then it grace such lame deformity,

It addes a greater grace to purity.

Phil. Oh short liv'd praise ! even now I was as
faire

As any thing ; now fouler nothing.

Diffembling me, what maide will credit them ?

Gard. How, mis-construction leades your thoughts awry.

Ben. I prethee *Dicke* adone : thinke on thy journey.

Phil. You counsell well fir, I thinke the Gentleman

Comes but to whet his wit, and 'tis but need ;

'Tis blunt enough, he may ride farre upon't.

Gard. Mary gip Minx.

Phil. A fine word in a Gentlemans mouth ;

'Twere good your backe were towards me,

There can I reade better content, then in the face of lust.

Gard. Now you display your vertues, as they are.

Phil. What am I, you Cipher, parenthesis of words,

Stall-troubler, prater, what fit I here for nought ?

Bestow your lustfull court-ships on your minions,

This place holds none ; you and your companion,

Get you downe the staires, or I protest

Ile make this squared walke to hot for you.

Had you beene as you seem'd in out-ward shew,

Honest Gentlemen, such termes of vilde abuse

Had not beene proffred to virginity ;

But Swaines will quickly shew their base descent.

Gard. This is no place for brawles, but if it were,

Your impositions are more than I would beare.

Ben. Come, shee's a woman, I prethee leave her.

Exeunt Gard. and Ben.

Phil. Nay, fure a maid, unlesse her thoughts deceive her.

God speed you well : firra boy.

Boy. Anon.

Phil. Goe to the Starchers for the suite of ruffles,
For M. *Bowdlers* bands, and M. *Goldings* shirts,
Lets have a care to please our proved friends :
As for our strangers, if they use us well,

For love and money, love and ware we'll sell.

Exeunt.

Enter Franke.

The Cripple at worke.

Franke. Now fortune be my guide, this is the shop :

And in good time the *Cripple* is at worke :

God speed you fir.

Crip. Welcome honest friend ; what's thy will with me ?

Franke. I would entreat you read a letter for me.

Crip. With all my heart :

I know the maide to whom it is directed.

Franke. I know you doe *Cripple*, better then you thinke.

Crip. I pray you, what Gentleman writ the same ?

Franke. Sir, a Gentleman of good learning, and my friend,

To say the truth, 'twas written for my selfe,

Being somewhat overtaken with fond love,

As many men be fir.

Crip. Why art thou perfwaded, or hast thou any hope,

So beautifull a virgin as she is,

Of such faire parentage, so vertuous,

So gentle, kinde, and wise as *Phyllis* is,

That she will take remorse of such base stufte,

I thinke not so : but let me see, what's thy name.

Franke. Trusty *John* men call me fir.

Crip. How comes it then your blinded Secretary,
Hath writ another name unto the letter ?

Yours devoted Anthony Golding.

But fure this letter is no right of thine,

Either thou foundst the same by happy chance,

Or being employed as a Messenger,

Plaid'st legerdemaine with him that sent the same :

Wherefore the mayd (well knowne unto my selfe)

I will reserve the letter to her use,
That she, if by the name herein set downe,
She know the Gentleman that doth wish her well,
She may be gratefull for his courtesie.

Frank. Nay then I see I must disclose my selfe :
Sir, might I build upon your secrecy,
I would disclose a secret of import.

Crip. Assure thy selfe I will not injure thee.

Frank. Then *Cripple* know, I am not what I
feeme,

But tooke this habit to deceive my friend :
My friend indeed, but yet my cruell foe ;
Foe to my good, my friend in outward shew :
I am no porter, as I feeme to be,
But yonger brother to that *Anthony* ;
And to be brieve, I am in love with *Phillis*,
Which my two elder brothers doe affect ;
The one of them seekes to defeat the other :
Now if that I, being their yonger brother
Could gull them both by getting of the wench,
I would requite it with loves recompence.

Cripple, thou once didst promise me thy love,
When I did rescue thee in *Mile-end Greene*,
Now is the time, now let me have thy ayd,
To gull my brothers of that beautilous maide.

Crip. Sir, what I promis'd I will now performe ;
My love is yours, my life to doe you good,
Which to approve, follow me but in all,
Wee'l gull your brothers in the wench, and all.

Frank. Saist thou me so friend, for that very
word

My life is thine, command my hand and sword.

Crip. Then let me see this letter ; it should feeme
You under-tooke to carry it from your brother
To the maide.

Frank. I did, and from my brother *Ferdinand*,
This other letter to the same effect.

Crip. Well, list to me, and follow my advise,
You shall deliver neither of them both ;

But frame two letters of your owne invention,
 Letters of flat deniall to their suites,
 Give them to both your brothers as from *Phillis*,
 And let each line in either letter tend
 To the dispraise of both their features ;
 And the conclusion I would have set downe,
 A flat resolve bound with some zealous oath,
 Never to yeeld to eyhter of their futes ;
 And if this fort not well to your content,
 Condemne the *Cripple*.

Frank. But this will aske much time,
 And they by this time looke for my returne.

Crip. Why then my felfe will fit you presently,
 I have the coppies in my custody,
 Of fundry Letters to the same effect.

Frank. Of thy owne writing ?

Crip. My owne, I assure you, sir.

Frank. Faith thou hast rob'd some Sonnet booke
 or other,
 And now wouldst make me thinke they are thine
 owne.

Crip. What think'st thou that I cannot write a
 letter,

Ditty, or Sonnet with judiciall phraze,
 As pretty, pleasing, and patheticall,
 As the best *Ovid*-imitating dunce
 In all the towne ?

Frank. I think thou canst not.

Crip. Yes, ile sweare I cannot.
 Yet sirra, I could conny-catch the world,
 Make my felfe famous for a fodaine wit,
 And be admir'd for my dexterity,
 Were I dispos'd.

Frank. I prethee how ?

Crip. Why thus, there liv'd a Poet in this towne,
 (If we may terme our moderne Writers Poets)
 Sharp-witted, bitter-tongu'd, his penne of Steele,
 His inke was temper'd with the biting juyce,
 And extracts of the bitterest weeds that grew,

He never wrought but when the elements
 Of Fire and Water tilted in his braine :
 This fellow ready to give up his Ghost
 To *Luciaes* bosome, did bequeathe to me
 His Library, which was just nothing,
 But rolles, and scrolles, and bundles of cast wit,
 Such as durst never visit Pauls Church-yard :
 Amongst them all, I happened on a quire
 Or two of paper fill'd with Songs and Ditties,
 And here and there a hungry Epigram,
 These I reserve to my owne proper use,
 And Pater-noster-like have kon'd them all.
 I could now when I am in company,
 At alehouse, taverne, or an ordinary,
 Vpon a theame make an extemporall Ditty,
 (Or one at least should seeme extemporall)
 Out of th'abundance of this Legacy,
 That all would judge it, and report it too,
 To be the infant of a fudaine wit,
 And then were I an admirable fellow.

Frank. This were a piece of cunning.

Crip. I could doe more, for I could make enquiry
 Where the best-witted gallants use to dine,
 Follow them to the taverne, and there sit
 In the next roome with a calves head and brimstone,
 And over-heare their talke, observe their humours,
 Collect their jeasts, put them into play,
 And tire them too with payment to behold
 What I have filcht from them. This I could doe :
 But O for shame that men should so arraigne
 Their owne feesimple wits, for verball theft !
 Yet men there be that have done this and that,
 And more by much more than the most of them.

Frank. But to our purpose *Cripple*, to these letters.

Crip. I have them ready for you, heere they be,
 Give these to your two brothers, say that *Phillis*
 Delivered them with frownes, and though her name

Be not subſcrib'd (which may not well be done)
 It may perhaps give them occaſion
 To thinke ſhe ſcorn'd them ſo much grace and favour.
 This done, returne to me, and let me know
 Th' occurrants of this praſtiſe as they grow,
 And ſo farewell, I can no longer ſtand
 To talke with you, I have ſome worke in hand. *Exit.*

Frank. Farewell mad *Cripple*, now *Franke Golding*
 flie,

To put in praſtiſe this new pollicy :
 But ſoft, here comes the Maide, I will aſſay

Enter Phillis and Fiddle.

To plead my owne love by a ſtranger way,
 By your leave ſir.

Fid. Porter, I am not for you, you ſee I am per-
 ambulating before a female.

Frank. I would crave but a word with you.

Fid. Speake in time then porter, for otherwiſe
 I doe not love to anſwer you, and be as brieſe as you
 can, good porter.

Frank. I pray you ſir, what Gentlewoman is this?

Fiddle. Certes Porter, I ſerve a Gentleman, that
 Gentleman is father to this Gentlewoman, this Gentle-
 woman is a maide, this maide is faire, and this faire
 maide belongeth to the Exchange, and the Exchange
 hath not the like faire maide : now porter, put all this
 together, and tell me what it ſpels.

Frank. I promiſe you ſir, you have poſ'd me.

Fid. Then you are an aſſe porter, 'tis *the faire*
Mayd of the Exchange.

Frank. Her name I pray you ſir.

Fiddle. Her name porter requires much poeticality
 in the ſubſcription, and no leſſe judgement in the
 underſtanding ; her name is *Phillis*,
 Not *Phillis* that ſame dainty laſſe
 That was beloved of *Amintas* ;
 Nor *Phillis*, ſhe that doated on

The comely youth *Demophoon* ;
But this is *Phillis*, that most strange
Phillis, the flower of the Exchange.

Phil. What, would that porter any thing with
me ?

Frank. Yes Mistris, since by chance I meete you
heere,

Ile tell you, though it not concernes my selfe,
What I this morning saw ; there is a Gentleman
One Master *Golding*, the youngest of three brothers,
They call him *Franke* ; O this man lies very sicke,
I being at his house perchance enquired
What his disease was of a servant there,
Who said, the Doctors cannot tell themselves,
But in his fittes he ever calles on Love,
And prayes to Love for pittie, and then names
you,

And then names Love againe, and then calles
Phillis,

And sometimes starts, and would forsake his bed,
And being ask'd whither, he sayes he would goe to
Phillis,

My businesse call'd me hence, but I heard say
His friends doe meane to intreate you to take the
paines

To visit him, because they doe suppose,
The sicke man loves you, and thence his sicknesse
growes.

Phil. Porter is this true ?

Or art thou hired to this, I prethee tell me.

Frank. Mistris, not hired, my name is trusty
John,

If I delude you never trust me more.

Phil. I thanke thee porter, and thanke Love
withall,

That thus hath wrought the tyrant *Goldings* fall,
He once scorn'd Love, jeasted at wounded hearts,
Challeng'd almighty beauty, rail'd at passion,
And is he now caught by the eyes and heart ?

Now by *Dianaes* milke-white vaile I sweare,
 The goddesse of my maiden chaste desires,
 I am as glad of it as glad may be,
 And I will see him, if but to laugh at him,
 And torture him with jeasts; *Fiddle*, along,
 When we returne, if they do send for me,
 Ile arm my selfe with flouts and cruelty.

Fiddle. Porter, we commit you, if you be a crafty
 knave, and lay in the winde for a vantage, you have
 your answere: marke her last words, Ile arme my selfe
 with floutes and cruelty. *Exeunt.*

Frank. Ile arme my selfe with floutes and cruelty.
 Will you so *Phyllis*, what a state am I in?
 Why, I of all am furthest from her love:
 Sbloud, if I now should take conceit at this,
 Fall sicke with love indeed, were not my state
 Most lamentable? I by this hand were it:
 Well heart, if thou wilt yeeld, looke to thy selfe,
 Thou wilt be tortur'd, well what remedy.

Enter Anthonie.

Here comes my brother *Anthony*, I am for him.

Anth. Porter, what newes? spake you with
Phyllis?

Frank. I, too late, to my griefe,
 Spoke with her sir, yfaith I thinke I have;
 Heer's a letter for you, and by that
 You shall be judge if I did speake with her;
 Now cripple, shall we prove your learned wit?

Anth. Zounds am I mad, or is she mad that writ
 this?

Ile read it or'e againe.

A Letter.

*S*Ir, I did never like you, I doe not now thinke well
 of you, and I will never love you: I choose my
 husband with my eyes, and I have seene some especiall
 fault in you; as the colour of your haire, the elevating

of your head, to an affected proportion, as if you fainted for want of aire, and stood in that manner to sucke it into your nose, your necke is too long: and to be short, I like no part in or about you: and the short and the long boy, is, that I will never love you, and I will never marry but one I love.

Not yours, but her owne.

Anth. Blanck, I am struck blank, and blind, and mad withall,
Heere is a flat denyall to my suite,
A resolution never to be wonne:
What shall I doe? assist me god of love,
Instruct me in thy schoole-trickes; be my guide
Out of this labyrinth of love and feare,
Vnto the pallace of faire *Phillis* favour:
I have it; I will intimate her mother
In my behalfe, with letters and with gifts,
To her ile write to be my advocate:
Porter-farewell, ther's for thy paines,
Thy profit by this toyle passeth my gaines. *Exit.*

Frank. You have your answer, and a kind one too;
Cripple ile make thee crutches of pure silver
For this devise, thou hast a golden wit:
Now if my brother *Ferdinand* were here
To read his absolution, here he comes.

Enter Ferdinand.

Brother.

Ferd. *Franke.*

What hast thou given the letter to her hand,
And staid my brother *Anthones* withall?

Frank. I have done both, and more then that,
behold
Here is an answere to your letter brother.

Ferd. *Franke,* I will love thee, whiles I live for this.

Frank. Scarce, when you read what there contained is.

A Letter.

G Allant, that write for love, if you had come your selfe you might perchance have sped; I doe not counsell you neither, to come your selfe, unlesse you leave your head at home, or weare a vizard, or come back-wards, for I never looke you in the face but I am sicke : and so praying God to continue my health, by keeping you from me, I leave you.

Ferd. O unkind answere to a Lovers letter ;
Let me furvay the end once more :

For I never looke you in the face but I am sicke : and so praying God to continue me in health, by keeping you from me.

Is shee so farre from yeelding ? is this fort
Of her chaste love yet so impregnable ?
What shall I doe ? this is the furthest way,
A labour of impossibilities,
This way to winne her : I will once againe,
Challenge the promise that her father made me ;
To him ile write, and he I know will pleade
My love to *Phillis*, and so winne the maide. *Exit.*

Frank. Farewell poore tortur'd heart ; was ever
knowne
Two loving brothers in such misery ?
Let me consider of my owne estate :
What profit doe I reape by this delusion ?
Why none ; I am as farre from *Phillis* heart
As when she first did wound me with her eyes :
Cripple, to thee I come, 'tis thou must be
My counsellor in this extreamity. *Exit.*

Enter Cripple, Bowdler, and Barnard.

Crip. Sirra *Bowdler*, what makes thee in this merry vaine ?

Bow. O Lord sir, it is your most elevated humour

to be merry, to^b be concife, fet up the collar, and looke thus with a double chin, like *Diogenes* peering over his Tub, is too cynicall, the figne of Melancholly, and indeed, the meere effect of a falt rheume.

Crip. Who would thinke this Gentleman yesterdaies diftemperature fhould breed fuch motions? I thinke it be reftorative to activity, I never faw a Gentleman caper fo excellent, as he did laft night.

Bow. Meane you me fir?

Crip. Your owne felfe, by this hand.

Bow. You gull me not?

Crip. How, gull you!

Me thinke a man fo well reputed of,
So well commended for your qualities
In Schooles of nimble activenesse,
And places where divineft Quirrifters
Warble inchanting harmony, to fuch
As thinke there is no heauen on earth but theirs;
And knowing your felfe to be the *Genius*
Of the fpectators, and the audience hearts
You wrong your worthy felfe intolerably,
To thinke our words favour of flattery.

Bowd. Sirra dogge, how didft thou like my laft caper, and turne a the toe?

Crip. Before God paffing well.

Barn. I know his worfhip made it, 'tis fo excellent.

Bowd. It was my yesterdayes exercife.

Crip. After the working of your purgation, was it not?

Bow. What purgation, you filthy curre?

Crip. After the purging of your braine Sir.

Bow. Be ftill dog, barke not, though by miffortune

I was laft night fomewhat diftempered:
I will not be upbraided; 'twas no more
But to refine my wit; but tell me truly,
How doft thou like my caper?

Crip. Farre better than I can commend it.

Bow. Now as I am a Gentleman
My Tutor was not witting of the fame ;
And in my opinion 'twill doe excellent :
O this aire ! heer's a most eloquious aire for the
memory,

I could spend the third part of my Armes in silver,
To be encountred by some good wit or other.

Crip. What say you to your sweet heart, *Mall Berry* ?

Bow. Peace Cripple, silence, name her not, I
could not indure the carreir of her wit for a million,
she is the onely she-*Mercury* under the heavens ; her
wit is all spirit, that spirit fire, that fire flies from her
tongue, able to burne the radix of the best invention ;
in this element she is the abstract and brieft of all the
eloquence since the incarnation of *Tully* : I tell thee
Cripple, I had rather encounter *Hercules* with blowes,
than *Mall Berry* with words : And yet by this light
I am horribly in love with her.

Enter Mall Berry.

Crip. See where she comes, O excellent !

Bow. Now have I no more bloud than a bul-
rush.

Barn. How now, what aile you sir ?

Crip. What's the matter man ?

Bow. See, see, that glorious angell doth approach,
What shall I doe ?

Crip. She is a saint indeed ; Zounds to her, court
her, win her, weare her, wed her, and bed her too.

Bow. I would it were come to that : I win her !
by heaven, I am not furnish'd of a courting phrase, to
throw at a dogge.

Crip. Why no, but at a woman you have ; O sir,
seeme not so doultsish now, can you make no fustian ;
aske her if shee'l take a pipe of Tobacco.

Bow. It will offend her judgement, pardon me.

Crip. But heare you fir? reading so much as you have done,

Doe you not remember one pretty phraze,
To scale the walls of a fair wench's love?

Bow. I never read any thing but *Venus* and *Adonis*.

Crip. Why that's the very quintessence of love,
If you remember but a verse or two,
He pawne my head, goods, lands, and all 'twill doe.

Bow. Why then have at her.
Fondling I say, since I have hem'd thee heere,
Within the circle of this ivory pale,
He be a parke.

Mall. Hands off, fond fir.

Bow. And thou shalt be my deere;
Feed thou on me, and I will feed on thee,
And love shall feed us both.

Mall. Feed you on woodcocks, I can fast awhile.

Bow. Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steed.

Crip. Take heed, shees not on horsebacke.

Bow. Why then she is alighted,
Come sit thee downe where never serpent hisses,
And being set he smother thee with kisses.

Mall. Why is your breath so hot? now God forbid

I should buy kisses to be smothered.

Bow. Meane you me? you gull me not?

Mall. No, no, poore *Bowdler*, thou dost gull thy selfe:

Thus must I doe to shadow the hid fire,
That in my heart doth burne with hot desire:
O I doe love him well what e're I say,
Yet will I not my selfe selfe-love bewray,
If he be wise hee'l sue with good take heed:
Bowdler, doe so, and thou art sure to speed;
I will flie hence to make his love the stronger,
Though my affection must lie hid the longer.

What Master *Bowdler*, not a word to say? *Exit.*

Bow. No by my troth, if you stay here all day.

Mall. Why then ile beare the bucklers hence away.

Crip. What Master *Bowdler*, have you let her passe unconquer'd?

Bow. Why what could I doe more? I look'd upon her with judgement, the strings of my tongue were well in tune, my embraces were in good measure, my palme of a good constitution, onely the phrase was not moving; as for example, *Venus* her selfe with all her skill could not winne *Adonis*, with the same words; O heavens! was I so fond then to think that I could conquer *Mall Berry*? O the naturall fluence of my owne wit had beene farre better!
Good e'ne good fellow.

Enter Fiddle.

Fid. God give you the time of the day, pardon gallants, I was so neere the middle that I knew not which hand to take.

Bow. A very good conceit.

Fid. And yet because I will be sure to give you a true salutation, *Cripple*, *quomodo vales*? Good morrow *Cripple*, good e'ne good Master *Barnard*, Master *Bowdler*, *Bonos noches*, as they say, good night; and thus you have heard my manner of salutation.

Crip. You are very eloquent, sir; but *Fiddle*, what's the best newes abroad?

Fid. The best newes I know not sir, but the newest newes is most excellent yfaith.

Bar. Prethee lets heare it.

Fid. Why this it is, the Serjeants are watching to arrest you at Master *Berries* sute.

Barn. Wounds, where?

Fid. Nay, I know not where; alas sir, there is no such matter, I did but say so much, to make you warme

the handle of your rapier : But M. *Bowdler*, I have good newes for you.

Bow. Let me heare it, my fweet ruffeting.

Fid. How, ruffeting ?

Bow. I my little apple-john.

Fid. You are a——

Bow. A what ?

Fid. You are a,——O that I could fpeake for indignation !

Bow. Nay, what am I ?

Fid. You are a pippinmonger to call me Ruffetting or apple-john.

Bowd. Sirra Ruffetting, ile pare your head off.

Fid. You pippinmonger, Ile cut off your legs, and make you travell fo neere the mother earth, that every boy fhall be high enough to fteale apples out of thy basket, call me ruffetting ?

Crip. Nay, be friends, be friends.

Fid. As I am a gentleman *Cripple*, I meant him no harme, but the name of Ruffetting to Mafter *Fiddle*, that many times travels under the arme in Velvet, but for the moft part in leather trufs'd with calve-skinne points, 'tis moft tolerable, and not to be endured, flefh and bloud cannot beare it.

Crip. Come, come, all fhall be well.

Bowd. *Fiddle*, give me thy hand, a plague on thee, thou knowft I love thee.

Fid. Say you fo ? why then anger avoid the roome, melancholy march away, choler to the next chamber, and heer's my hand I am yours to command from this time forth, your very mortall friend, and loving enemy, mafter *iadle*.

Bow. Now tell us, what is the newes you had for me ?

Fid. O, the fweet newes, faith fir, this it is, that I was fent to the Cripple from my young Miftris. Mafter *Cripple* you know I have fpend fome time in idle words, therefore be you compendious, and tell me if my Miftris handkercher be done or no.

Crip. Fiddle 'tis done, and peace it is, commend me to thy Mistris.

Fid. After the most humble manner I will; and so gentlemen I commit you all: you *Cripple* to your shop; you sir, to a turn-up and dish of capers; and lastly you M. *Barnard*, to the tuition of the Counter-keeper: there's an item for you, and so farewell.

Exit.

Crip. M. *Bowdler*, how do you like his humour?

Bow. By this light, I had not thought the clod had had so nimble a spirit: but *Cripple* farewell, Ile to *Mall Berry*, come *Barnard* along with me.

Crip. Farewell sweet Signiors both, farewell, farewell.
Exeunt.

Enter M. Flower at one doore reading a letter from Ferdinand, at the other Mistris Flower, with a letter from Anthony.

Ma. Flow. The conceit is good, *Ferdinand* intreats a marriage with my daughter: good, very good: for he is a Gentleman of good carriage, a wise man, a rich man, a carefull man, and therefore worthy of my daughters love: it shall be so.

Mif. Flow. Mary and shall, kind Gentleman, my furtherance faist thou? Yes *Anthony*, assure thy selfe, for by the motherly care that I beare to my daughter, it hath beene a desire that long hath lodg'd within my carefull breast, to match her with thy well-deserving selfe; and to this end have I sent for my daughter, and charg'd my servants, that presently upon her repaire hither from her Mistrisses, that she enter this private walke; where, and with whom, I will so worke, that doubt it not, dear sonne, but she shall be thine.

Ma. Flow. And I will make her joyncture of a hundred pounds by yeare: it is a very good conceit, and why? because the worthy portion betters my conceit, which being good in conceiving well of the

Gentlemans good parts, the proffered joyncture addes to my conceit, and betters it; very good.

Mi. Flow. A thousand crownes for you to make the match pretty heart, how love can worke! by Gods blest mother, I vow she shall be thine, if I have interest in my daughter; but stay, whom have I espied?

Flower smiles reading the Letter, they snatch the Letter from each other.

my husband likewise reading of a Letter; and in so good an humour, ile lay my life, good Gentleman he hath also wrought with him for his good will; and for I long to know the truth thereof, my sodaine purpose shall experience it. What's here husband?

She reads privately and frownes:
a Letter from Master *Ferdinand*, to intreate a marriage with your daughter.

Ma. Flow. And here the like to you from *Anthony* to that effect, this is no good conceit, if she be mine, shee shall bee *Ferdinands*.

Mi. Flow. If she respect her mothers favour,
'Tis *Anthony* shall be her love.

Ma. Flow. How wife?

Mi. Flow. Even so husband.

Maf. Flo. You will not crosse my purpose, will you?

Mif. Flo. In this you shall not bridle me I sweare.

Maf. Flo. Is shee not my daughter?

Mif. Flo. You teach me husband, what your wife should say.

I thinke her life is dearest unto me,
Though you forget the long extreamity,
And paine which I indur'd, when forth this wombe
With much a doe shee did enjoy the life shee now doth
breathe,

And shall I now suffer her destruction?

Maf. Flo. Yea, but conceit me wife.

Mif. Flo. A figge for your conceits, in this I know
there can be none that:

Say he be his fathers eldest sonne, and a Merchant of
good wealth,

Yet my deare *Anthonie's* as rich as he :

What though his portion was but small at first,

His industry hath now increas'd his talent ;

And he that knoweth the getting of a penny.

Will feare to spend, she shall have him, if any.

Maf. Flo. By the Mary God wife, you vex me.

Mif. Flo. 'Tis you owne impatience, you may
chuse.

Maf. Flo. I will not wed my daughter to that *An-
thony*.

Mif. Flo. By this.

Mif. Flo. Hold wife, hold, I advise thee sweare
not,

For by him that made me, first I vow,

Shee shall not touch the bed of *Anthony*,

Mif. Flow. And may I never live (so God me
help)

If ever she be wed to *Ferdinand*.

Maf. Flo. The divel's in this woman, how she
thwarts me still !

Mif. Flo. Fret on, good husband, I will have my
will.

Maf. Flo. But conceit me wife, suppose we should
consent our daughter should wed either of them
both, and she dislike the match, were that a good
conceit ?

Mif. Flo. All's one for that, I know my daughters
minde, if I but say the word,

Maf. Flo. I would be loath to wed her against her
will,

Content thee wife, wee'l heare her resolution,

And as I finde her, to her owne content

To either of them she shall have my consent.

Mif. Flow. Why now old *Flower* speaketh like
himselke.

Ma. Flow. Agreed, and faith wife 'tis a good
conceit.

Enter Phillis.

And see where my daughter comes : welcome girle,
How doth your Mistris *Phillis*? God blesse thee *Phillis*,
rise.

Phil. God have the glory, in perfect health she is.

Maf. Flow. 'Tis good, I am glad she doth so
well :

But list my daughter, I have golden newes
To impart unto thee :

A golden *Golding*, wench, must be thy husband,
Is't not a good conceit?

Phil. Father, I understand you not.

Maf. Flow. Then, my Girle, thy conceit is very
fhalow,

Master *Ferdinand Golding* is in love with thee.

Mif. Flow. No daughter, 'tis thine *Anthony*.

Maf. Flow. *Ferdinand* is rich, for he hath store of
gold,

Mif. Flow. *Anthony* is rich, yet is he not so old.

Maf. Flow. *Ferdinand* is vertuous, full of mo-
desty.

Mif. Flow. *Anthony's* more gracious, if more may
be.

Maf. Flow. *Ferdinand* is wife (being wife) who
would not love him.

Mif. Flo. *Anthony* more wife, then girle desire to
prove him.

Maf. Flo. In *Ferdinand* is all the beauty that may
be.

Mif. Flo. He is deceived, 'tis in thine *Anthony*.

Phil. Deare parents, you confound me with your
words,

I pray what meane these hot perswasions?

Maf. Flow. Thy good, my daughter.

Mif. Flo. If but rulde by me.

Maf. Flo. But for thy ill-fare.

Mif. Flo. If she tend to thee.

Maf. Flo. The truth is this, that each of us hath
tane

A solemne vow, that thou my loving daughter
Shalt wed with one of those two gentlemen:
But yet referre the choice unto thy selfe,
One thou shalt love, love *Ferdinand*, if me.

Mif. Flo. If love thy mother, love thine *An-
thony*.

Phil. In these extreames what shall become of
me?

I pray you give me respite to consider
How to digest these impositions,
You have impos'd a businesse of such weight,
Pray God your daughter may discharge her selfe.

Maf. Flo. Thinke on't, my girle, we will withdraw
awhile.

Phil. A little respite fits my resolution,

They walke.

Those Gentles sue too late, there is another,
Of better worth, though not of halfe their wealth,
What though deform'd, his vertue mends that
misse:

What though not rich, his wit doth better gold,
And my estate doth adde unto his wants,
I am resolv'd (good father, and deare mother,)
Phillis doth choose a *Cripple*, and none other;
But yet I must dissemble.

Ma. Flo. How now my foules best hope! tell me,
my girle,
Shall *Ferdinand* be he?

Phil. I pray a word in private.

Ma. Flo. Marry with all my heart.

Phil. In all the duty that a childe can show,
The love that to a father it doth owe;
I yeeld my selfe to be at your command,
And vow to wed no man but *Ferdinand*,
But if you please, at your departure hence,
You may enforce dislike to cloud your brow,
To avoide my mothers anger and suspition.

M. Flo. Before God a very good conceit,
Hence baggage, out of my fight,
Come not within my doores, thou hadst been
better,
Runne millions of miles bare-footed, then
Thus by your coy disdaine to have deluded me.
Oh mine owne flesh and blood, the mirror of
wit !
Now will I hence, and with all speed I may
Send for my sonne, ile have it done this day.

Exit old Flow.

Mis. Flow. What, is he gone ? and in so hot a
chafe ?

Well let him goe, I need not question why,
For well I wot, his fute is cold, 't must die.
Daughter, I gather by thy pleasant smiles,
Thy mother hath more interest in thy love,
Than discontented *Flower* thy aged father.

Phil. Mother, you have, for when I well con-
sider

A mothers care unto her deare bought childe,
How tenderly you nurs'd and brought me up,
I could not be so much unnaturall
As to refuse the love you proffer me,
Especially being for my chiefest good ;
Therefore when married I intend to be,
My loyall husband shall be *Anthony*.

Mis. Flo. Live ever then my deere deere daughter
Phillis,

Let me imbrace thee in a mothers armes ;
Thus, thus, and thus ile ever hugge my daughter,
Him hence thou send'st with frownes, me hence with
laughter,
Come *Phillis*, let us in.

Exit Mistress Flower.

Phil. Forfooth ile follow you.
Am not I a good childe thinke you,
To play with both hands thus against my parents ?

Well, 'tis but a tricke of youth : say what they
 will,
 Ile love the *Cripple*, and will hate them still. *Exit.*

Enter Cripple in his shop, and to him enters Franke.

Frank. Mirrour of kindnesse, extremities best
 friend,

While I breathe, sweet blood, I am thine,
 Intreate me, nay command thy *Frances* heart,
 That wilt not suffer my ensuing smart.

Crip. Sweet Signior, my advise in the refervation
 of those Letters,
 Which I will have you hide from eye of day,
 Never to feele the warmth of *Phæbus* beames,
 Till my selves care, most carefull of your weale,
 Summon those lines unto the barre of joy.

Frank. I will not erre, deare friend, in this com-
 mand.

Crip So much for that, now listen further
Franke;

Not yet two houres expiration,
 Have taken finall end, since Beauties pride,
 And Natures better part of workemanship,
 Beauteous *Phillis* was with me comforted ;
 Where she 'mongst other pleasing conference,
 Burst into termes of sweet affection,
 And said, e're long she would converse with me
 In private at my shop, whose wounded soule
 Strucke with loves golden arrow lives in dread,
 Till she doe heare the sentence of my love.
 Or be condemn'd by judgment of fell hate.
 Now since that gracious opportunity
 Thus smiles on me, I will resigne the same
 To you my friend, knowing my unworthy selfe
 Too foule for such a beauty, and too base
 To match in brightnesse with that sacred comet,
 That shines like *Phæbus* in Londons Element ;

From whence inferior starres derive their light :
Wherefore I will immediately you take
My crooked habite, and in that disguise
Court her, yea win her, for she will be wonne.
This will I doe, to pleasure you my friend.

Frank. For which my love to thee shall never end.

Crip. About it then, assume this shape of mine,
Take what I have, for all I have is thine ?
Supply my place to gaine thy hearts desire,
So may you quench two hearts that burne like fire :
Shee's kinde to me, be she as kinde to you,
What admiration will there then infue ?

Franke, I will leave thee, now be thou fortunate,
That we with joy your loves may consummate,
Farewell, farewell, when I returne againe,
I hope to finde thee in a pleasing vaine.

Exit.

Fran. Farewell deare friend ;
Was ever known a finer policy ?
Now brothers, have amongst you for a third part,
Nay, for the whole, or by my foule, ile loofe all ;
What though my father did bequeath his lands
To you my elder brethren, the moveables I sue for
Were none of his : and you shall run through fire,
Before you touch one part of my desire :
Am I not like my selfe in this disguise,
Crooked in shape, and crooked in my thoughts ?
Then am I a *Cripple* right, come wench, away,
Thy absence breeds a terror to my stay.

Enter Phillis.

Yonder she comes, now frame thy hands to draw,
A worser workeman never any saw.

Phil. Yea, yonder fits the wonder of mine eye ;
I have not beene the first whom destiny
Hath thwarted thus ; imperious Love,
Either withdraw the shaft that wounds my heart,
Or grant me patience to endure my smart :
Remorceleffe love, had any but thy selfe

Beene privie to my direfull passion,
 How I consume and waste my selfe in love,
 They would have beene, yea, much more pittifull :
 But all availles not ; demanding for my worke
 Shall be a meanes to have some conference.

She speakes to Frank.

Good morrow to you, is my handkercher done ?

Frank. Yes, Mistris *Flower*, it is finished.

Phil. How sweetly tunes the accent of his voice !

Oh, doe not blame me, dearest love alive,
 Though thus I dote in my affection :
 I toyle, I labour, and I faine would thrive,
 And thrive I may if thou wouldst give direction :
 Thou art the starre whereby my course is led,
 Be gracious then bright funne, or I am dead.

Frank. Faire Mistris *Phillis*, such wanton toyes as
 these,

Are for young Novices that will soone be pleas'd,
 The carefull thoughts that hammer in my braine,
 Bid me abandon wanton love, 'tis vaine.

Phil. For me it is.

Frank. Is my ungarnished, darke, and obscure
 Cell,

A mansion fit for all-commanding love ?
 No, if thou wilt sport with love,
 And dally with that wanton amorous boy ;
 Hie thee unto the odoriferous groves,

Phil. There is no groves more pleasant unto me,
 Then to be still in thy society.

Frank. There of the choifest fragrant flowers that
 grow

Thou maist devise sweet rofeat Coronets,
 And with the Nymphs that haunt the silver streames,
 Learne to entice the affable young wagge,
 There shalt thou finde him wandring up and downe,
 Till some faire saint impale him with a crowne :
 Be gone I say, and doe not trouble me,
 For to be short I cannot fancy thee.

Phil. For to be short you cannot fancy me :

Oh cruell word, more hatefull then pale death,
Oh, would to God it would conclude my breath.

Frank. Forbeare, forbeare, admit that I should
yeeld :

Thinke you, your father would applaud your choice.

Phil. Doubt not thereof, or if he doe not, all's
one,

So you but grant to my affection.

Crip. I am too base.

Phil. My wealth shall raife thee up.

Crip. I am deformed.

Phil. Tut, I will beare with that.

Crip. Your friends dislike brings all this out of
frame.

Phil. By humble suit I will redresse the same.

Frank. Now to employ the vertue of my shape :
Faire mistresse,

If heretofore I have remorseleffe beene,
And not esteem'd your undeferved love,
Whereby in the glasse of your affection
I see my great unkindnesse ; forgive what's past,
And heere I proffer all the humble service
Your high priz'd love doth merit at my hands,
Which I confesse is more then I unable
Can gratifie : therefore command my toile,
My travell, yea my life to pleasure you.

Phil. I take thee at thy word, proud of thy
service,

But yet no servant shalt thou be of mine,
I will serve thee, command, and ile obey :
This doth my foule more good, yea, ten times more,
Then did thy harsh deniall harme before,
Let us embrace like two united friends,
Heere love begins, and former hatred ends.

Enter Ferdinand, and Anthony walking together.

Ferd. Brother *Anthony*, what newes from *Venice* ?
Are your ships return'd ? I had rather *aside.*

Heare newes from *Phillis* : Oh, brother *Franke*,
Thy abfence makes me burne in paffion.

Anth. Sir, I had letters from my factors there
Some three daies fince : but the returne of one, *afide*.
Of one poore letter, yet not answered,
Makes me ftarke mad : a plague upon that porter,
Damn'd may he be for thus deluding me.

Ferdinand fpies Phillis, and turnes backe.

How now brother, why retire you fo ?

Ferd. Yonders a friend of mine acquaintance,
With whom I would gladly have fome conference,
I pray thee ftay I will returne immediately.

Goe to Phillis and court her to themfelves.

Anth. Of your acquaintance ; is fhe fo good
brother ?

Onely with you acquainted, and no other ?
Faith ile try that, take heed fir what you doe,
If you begin to court, I needs muft woe,

Goe to her too.

Brother have you done ?

Ferd. But two words more at moft :
You have not then receiv'd any fuch letter ?
A vengeance take the lazie meffenger ;
Brother if I live, ile quittance thee for this.

Frank. Good words deere brother, threatned men
live long.

Anth. You have done.

Ferd. Yes.

Anth. Then by your leave brother,
You had one word, I muft have another.

Talke in private.

Ferd. I know our bufineffe tends to one effect.
O that villaine *Franke*, it mads my foule
I am fo wrong'd by fuch a foolifh boy.

Frank. That foolifh boy may chance prove to be
witty :

What and the elder brothers fooles ? Oh 'tis pittie !

Anth. That villaine Porter hath deluded me,
Confufion guerdon his bafe villainie.

Frank. What are you curfing too? then we catch
no fish:

Comes there any more, here's two Snights to a dish.

Ferd. Well, fince I have fuch opportunity,
Ile trust no longer to uncertainty.

He courts her againe in private.

Anth. At it fo hard brother? well, woe apace,
A while I am content to give you place.

Frank. Well, to her both, both doe the beft you
can;

I feare young *Franke* will prove the happier man.

Phil. You have your anfwere, trouble me no
more.

Ferd. Yet this is worfe then my fufpenfe before,
For then I liv'd in hope, now hope is fled.

Anth. What, male-content? is *Ferdinand* ftrooke
dead,

Fortune be blithe, and aide the fecond brother.

Talke in private.

Frank. Thinke you to have more favour then an
other?

To her a Gods name, live not in fufpenfe,
While you two ftrive, I needs muft get the wench.

Phil. I am refolv'd, and fir you know my mind.

Frank. What, you repulft too? *Phillis* is too
unkind.

Phil. Here fits my love, within whofe lovely brest
Lives my content, and all my pleafures reft,
And for a further confirmation,
Which to approve, even in fight of both you here
prefent,

I give my hand, and with my hand, my heart,
My felfe, and all to him; and with this ring
Ile wed my felfe.

Frank. I take thy offering,
And for the gift you gave to me, take this,
And let us feale affection with a kiffe.

Ferd. Oh fight intolerable!

Anth. A fpectacle worfe then death.

Frank. Now gentlemen, please you draw neere and listen to the Cripple.

Give them the letters and they stampe and storme.
Know you that letter? sir, what say you to this?

Both. How came they to your hands?

Frank. Sirs, a porter even of late left them with me,
To be delivered to this Gentlewoman.

Anth. A plague upon that porter; if e're I meete him,

My rapiers point with a deaths wound shall greet him.
Exit.

Ferd. *Franke* thou art a villaine, thou shalt know't ere long,
For proffring me such undeserved wrong. *Exit.*

Frank. So vomit forth the rheume of all your spight,
These threats of yours procure me more delight.

Phil. Now gentle love, all that I have to say,
Is to entreat you seeke without delay,
My fathers kinde consent, for thou hast mine,
And though he storme yet will I still be thine;
Make triall then, 'tis but thy labour lost,
Though he denie thee, it requires no cost.

Frank. I will assaile with expedition.

Phil. God, and good fortune goe with thee, farewell. *Exit.*

Frank. Well, I will go, but not in this disguise;
Arme thee with policy *Franke*, *Franke* must be wise:
Now would the substance of this borrowed shape
Were here in prefence, and see where he comes.

Enter the Cripple.

Poore in the well fram'd limbes of nature, but
Rich in kindnesse beyond comparifon.
Welcome deare friend, the kindest soule alive,
Here I resigne thy habit backe againe,
Whereby I prove the happiest man that breathes.

Crip. Hast thou then, sweet blood, beene fortunate ?

Frank. Hearke, I will tell thee all :

Whisper in private.

Enter Bowdler, Mall Berry, and Ralfe, Bowdler capers and sings.

Ralf. Faith fir, me thinkes of late you are very light.

Bow. As a feather, sweet Rogue, as a feather :
Have I not good cause ? sweet *Mall*, sweet *Mall*,
Hath she not caus'd the same ? well, if I live, sweet
wench,

Either by night or day I will requite your kindnesse.

Frank. Now I will take my leave, to put the same
in practise. *Exit Franke.*

Crip. Good fortune waite on thee.

Bow. *Mall*, thou art mine, by thine owne
consent ;

How sayst thou *Mall* ?

Mall. Yes forfooth.

Ralf. I am witnesse fir.

Bow. But that is not sufficient *Mall*, if thou art
content *Mall*, heer's a rogue hard by, a friend of mine,
whom I will acquaint with our loves, and he shall be
partaker of the match.

Ralf. Nay fir, if you meane to have partners in
the match, I hope *Ralf* can helpe to serve your wives
turne as well as another, what e're he be. How say
you Mistrresse ?

Mall. All's one to me, whom he please.

Bow. Come then sweet *Mall*, wee'l to the Drawer,
There to dispatch what I further intend.

Mall. And well remembred husband.

Ralf. A forward maiden by this light ; husband
before the Clarke hath said Amen.

Mall. He hath worke of mine, I pray forget it
not.

Bow. I will not *Mall*. Now you'lame rogue, where is this maidens worke? my wiues worke you rascall? quicke, give it her.

Crip. Sweet Signior, the sweet Nymphes worke is almost finished, but sweet blood, you drive me into admiration with your latter words, your sweet wiues worke, I admire it!

Bow. I you halting rascall, my wiues worke; thee's my wife before God and *Ralfe*, how saist thou *Mall*, art thou not?

Mall. Yes forsooth, and to confirme the same, Here in this prefence, I plight my faith againe; And speake againe, what erst before was said, That none but you shall have my maiden-head.

Bow. A good wench *Mall*, yfaith, now will I to thy father for his good will, *Cripple*, see you remember what is past, for I will call thee in question for a witnesse if need require, farewell curre, farewell dogge.

Exit Bowdler and Ralfe.

Crip. Aduie fond humorist, Parenthesis of jests, Whose humour like a needlesse Cipher fils a roome: But now *Mall Berry*, a word or two with you: Hast thou forgotten *Barnard*? thy thoughts were bent on him.

Mall. On him *Cripple*! for what? was it for marriage?

Crip. It was for love, why not for marriage? O monstrous!

Were I a maide and should be so bewitch'd,
I'de pull my eyes out that did lend me light,
Exclaime against my fortune, banne my starres,
And teare my heart, so yeelding her consent
To *Bowdlers* love, that froth of complement.

Mall. *Cripple*, you lose your time, with your faire teares

To circumvent my heart: *Bowdler* I love thee,
Barnard I hate, and thou shalt never move me.

Crip. I will: thou dost love *Barnard*, and I can prove it.

Mall. That I love *Barnard*! by heavens I abhorre him.

Crip. Thou lov'st him, once againe I say, thou lov'st him,
For all thou hast borne *Bowdler* still in hand.

Mall. What wilt thou make me mad? I say, I hate him.

Crip. I say thou lou'st him; have not I been at home,
And heard thee in thy chamber praise his person,
And say he is a proper little man,
And pray that he would be a futer to thee?
Have I not seene thee in the Bay-window
To sit crosse-arm'd, take counsell of thy glasse,
And prune thy selfe to please young *Barnards*
eye?

Sometimes curling thy haire, then practising smiles,
Sometimes rubbing thy filthy butter teeth,
Then pull the haire from off thy beetle-browes,
Painting the veines upon thy breasts with blew,
An hundred other trickes I saw thee use,
And all for *Barnard*.

Mall. For *Barnard*! 'twas for *Bowdler*.

Crip. I say, for *Barnard*.
Nay more, thou know'st I lay one night at home,
And in thy sleepe I heard thee call on *Barnard*
Twenty times over.

Mall. Will you be sworne I did?

Crip. I, I will sweare it:
And art thou not asham'd thus to be chang'd,
To leave the love of a kinde Gentleman
To dote on *Bowdler*? Fie fie, reclaime thy selfe:
Imbrace thy *Barnard*, take him for thy husband,
And save his credit, who is else undone,
By thy hard fathers hatefull cruelty.

Mall. *Cripple*, If thou canst prove that ever I
Did fancy *Barnard*, I will love him still.

Crip. Why ile be sworne thou didst.

Mall. And that I doted on him in my sleepe?

Crip. Ile be fworne I could not sleepe all
night

In the next roome, thou didst so rave on him.

Mall. I cannot tell, I may well be deceiv'd,
I thinke I might affect him in my sleepe,
And yet not know it; let me looke on him,
Yfaith he is a pretty handfome fellow,
'Tis pittie he should waste himselfe in prison;
Hey ho.

Crip. What's the matter wench?

Mall. *Cripple*, I will love him.

Crip. Wilt thou yfaith?

Mall. Yfaith I will.

Enter two Serjeants.

Crip. Give me thy hand, a bargaine, 'tis enough.

Mall. But how shall he know I love him?

Crip. Why thus: I will intreate the Serjeants
To goe with him along unto thy father,
And by the way ile send yong *Bowdler* from us,
And then acquaint my *Barnard* with thy love,
He shall accept it and avouch the same
Vnto thy father, wench doe thou the like,
And then I hope his bonds are cancelled.

Barn. *Cripple*, shall we have your company?

Crip. My friends, hold here, there's mony for your
paines,
Walke with your prisoner but to master *Berry*,
And ye shall either finde sufficient baile,
Or else discharge the debt, or I assure you
Wee'l be your ayd to guard him safe to prison.

1. *Serjeant.* Well, we are willing fir, we are
content
To shew the Gentleman any kinde of favour.

Crip. Along then; hearke master *Bowdler*.

Exeunt.

Enter Master Flower, Mistris Flower, Master Berry, and Fiddle.

Maf. Flow. Welcome good master *Berry*, is your stomach up fir? it is a good conceit yfaith.

Fid. It is indeed fir.

Maf. Flo. What, *Fiddle*!

Fid. If his stomacke be up to goe to dinner.

Maf. Flo. *Fiddle*, bid Master *Berry* welcome.

Fid. What else Master? with the best belly in my heart, the sweetest straine in my musicke, and the worst entertainment that may be, *Fiddle* bids your worship *adesdum*.

Ber. Thankes *Fiddle*, and Master *Flower*, I am much beholding to your curtesie.

Mif. Flo. *Fiddle*, I wonder that he staies so long, Thou toldst me *Anthony* would follow thee.

Fid. I, and heele be here I warrant you.

Maf. Flo. Ile tell you fir, it is a rare conceit, My wife would have her marry *Anthony*, The younger brother, but against her minde, I will contract her unto *Ferdinand*, And I have sent for you and other friends, To witnesse it; and 'tis a good conceit.

Maf. Flo. *Fiddle*, are all things ordred well within?

Fid. All's well, all's well, but there wants some saffron,
To colour the custards withall.

Mif. Flo. Here take my keyes, bid *Susan* take enough.

Maf. Flo. *Fiddle*, are all our guests come yet?

Fid. I fir, and here comes one more than you look'd for. *Exit.*

Enter Franke.

Frank. God save you Master *Flower*, as much to you Master *Berry*.

Maf. Flo. Welcome M. *Golding*, y'are very welcome fir.

Frank. My brother *Ferdinand* commends him to you,
And here's a letter to you from himfelfe.

Maf. Flo. A letter fir? it is a good conceit,
Ile read it ftrait.

Gives the other Letter to Mistris Flower.

Master Flower, I am beholding to you for your kindnesse, and your furtherance in my love-suit, but my mind is changed, and I will not marry your daughter, and fo farewell.

This is no good conceit: what? *Ferdinand*
Delude old *Flower*, make me deceive my friends,
Make my wife laugh, and triumph in her will,
What thinke you *Fiddle*?

Fid. Why fir, I thinke it is no good conceit.

Maf. Flo. Thou saidst true *Fiddle*, 'tis a bad conceit,

But heare you fir. *Mistris Flower reades her Letter.*

I understand by Fiddle your forwardnesse in my sute to your daughter: but neverthelesse I am determined to draw backe, and commit your daughter to her best fortunes, and your selfe to God; Farewell.

Why this is like my husbands bad conceit,
Have you ore-reach'd me *Flower*, you crafty fox?
This is your doing, but for all your sleight
Ile crosse you if my purpofe hit aright.

Frank. Tut, tell not me fir, for my credit and reputation is as it is, and there's an end: if I shall have her, why fo.

Maf. Flo. Sir, the conceit is doubtfull, give me leave but to confider of it by my selfe.

Frank. With all my heart.

Mif. Flo. Master *Golding*, a word I pray fir,
You know my daughter *Phillis*, doe you not?

Frank. Mistris, I doe.

Mis. Flo. Shee is a starre, I tell you.

Frank. She is no leffe indeed.

Mis. Flo. I tell you sir, upon the fodaine now,
There came an odde conceit into my head,
Are you a batchellor?

Frank. I am indeed.

Mis. Flo. And are you not promised?

Frank. Not yet believe me.

Mas. Flo. Master *Golding*.

Mis. Flo. Well, do you heare sir? if you will be
pleas'd

To wed my daughter *Phillis*, you shall have her.

Frank. To wed your daughter? why she loves me
not.

Mis. Flow. All's one for that, she will be rul'd by
me:

Disdaine her not because I proffer her,
I tell you sir, Merchants of great account
Have sought her love, and Gentlemen of worth
Have humbly sued to me in that behalfe:
To say the truth, I promis'd her to one,
But I am cross'd and thwarted by my husband,
Who meanes to marry her unto another:
Now sir, to cry but quittance for this guile,
I offer her to you; if you accept her,
Ile make her dowry richer by a paire
Of hundred pounds than else it should have beene.

Frank. Why this is excellent, past all compare,
Sued to, to have her; gentle mistress *Flower*,
Let me consider of it.

Mis. Flow. Nay, nay, deferre no time if you will
have her;

Ile search my coffers for another hundred.

Frank. Say I should yeeld, your husband will
withstand it.

Mis. Flow. Ile have it closely done without his
knowledge;

Is it a match?

Frank. Well, well, I am content.

Mif. Flo. Why then old *Flower*, ile crosse your clofe content.

Ma. Flow. It fhall be fo ; and 'tis a good conceit, It fhall be fo if but to crosse my wife, Hearke master *Golding*, the conceit doth like me. You love my daughter ; fo you thought you said ; You said moreover, that she loves you well, This loves on both fides is a good conceit. But are you fure fir, that my daughter loves you ?

Frank. For prooffe thereof fhew her this ring.

Ma. Flow. A ring of hers ! 'tis well.

Frank. I, but conceit me, If I had wood her in my proper shape, I do beleewe she never would have lik'd me, Therefore fince I fhall have her, give me leave To come and court her in my borrowed shape.

Ma. Flow. With all my heart, and 'tis a good conceit, And heer's my hand, sonne *Golding* thou fhalt have her.

Frank. Then father *Flower*, I reft upon your promife, Ile leave you for a while, till I put on My counterfeited shape, and then returne. *Exit.*

Ma. Flo. Welcome good sonne, 'tis well, by this conceit My wife will be prevented of her will ; I would not for the halfe of all my wealth, My crosse-word wife had compafs'd her intent : Now wife.

Mif. Flo. Now husband.

Ma. Flo. You ftill maintaine the fute for *Anthony*, You'l have your will, and I muft breake my word.

Mif. Flo. Ieaft on old *Flower*, be crosse, and doe thy worst, Worke the best meanes thou canft, yet whilst I live I fwear she never fhall wed *Ferdinand*.

Ma. Flo. What fhall she not ?

Mif. Flo. No that she fhall not.

Maf. Flo. I fay, ſhe ſhall.

Mif. Flo. Yfaith ſhe ſhall not.

Maf. Flo. No ?

Mif. Flo. No.

Maf. Flo. Well wife, I am vext, and by Gods precious.

Maf. Berry. O ſir, be patient, gentle Miſtris
Flower,

Croſſe not your husband, let him have his will.

Mif. Flow. His will ?

Maf. Flo. Hearſt thou wife, be quiet, thou knoweſt
my humour,

Thus to be croſſ'd, it is no good conceit.

Mif. Flow. A fig for your conceit; yet for
becauſe,

I know I ſhall prevent him of the match,
That he intends, henceforth I will diſſemble.
Well Maſter *Flower*, becauſe it ſhall be ſayd,
And for kind Maſter *Berry* may report
The humble loyalty I beare to you,
Such as a wife ſhould doe unto her husband,
I am content to yeeld to your deſires,
Proteſting, whiles I live, I never more
Will ſpeake that *Anthony* may marry her.

Maf. Flow. Wife ſpeakſt thou with thy heart ?

Mif. Flow. Husband, I doe.

Maf. Flow. Doſt thou indeed ?

Mif. Flow. Indeed forſooth I doe.

Maf. Flo. Then 'tis a good conceit : ha, ha ;

I ſee 'tis ſometimes good to looke aloft,
Come hither wife, becauſe thou art ſo humble,
Ile tell thee all, I have receiv'd a letter
From *Ferdinand*, wherein he ſends me word,
He will not marry with my daughter *Phyllis*,
And therefore I was full determin'd
To croſſe thy purpoſe that his brother *Franke*
Should marry her, and ſo I ſtill intend :
What ſaiſt thou wife, doſt thou aſſent thereto ?

Mif. Flo. That *Franke* shall marry her, I have
fsworne he shall,

And since this falles so right, ile not difclofe,
That I did meane so much ; but now ile yeeld,
That it may seeme my true humility :

Husband, because hereafter you may say,
And thinke me loyall, loving, and submiffe,
I am content, *Franke* shall have my consent.

Maf. Flo. Why now thou shew'st thy selfe
obedient,
And thou dost please me with thy good conceit.

Enter Barnard, Mall, and two Serieants.

Bar. By your leave Master *Flower*,
Berry I am arrested at your fuite.

Ber. And I am glad of it with all my heart :
Hold friends, there's somewhat more for you to
drinke,
Away with him to prison.

Bar. Stay Master *Berry*, I have brought you
baile.

Ber. What baile ? where is your baile ? here's none
I know
Will be thy baile, away with him to prison.

Mall. Yes, I forfooth father, ile be his baile,
Body for body ; thinke you ile stay at home,
And see my husband carried to the Jaile ?

Ber. How, thy husband ?

Mall. My husband I assure you,
Father, these Serjeants both can witnesse it.

1. *Ser.* We saw them both contracted man and
wife,
And therefore thought it fit to give you knowledge,
Before we carried him unto the prison.

Ber. But ile undoe this contract, on my blessing
Daughter, come from him, hee's a reprobate.

Mall. He is my husband.

Ber. But thou shalt not have him.

Mall. Faith but I will, *Barnard*, speake for thy selfe.

Bar. Why *M. Berry*, 'tis well knowne to you, I am a gentleman, though by misfortune, My ventures in the world have somewhat fail'd me : Say that my wealth disables my desert, The difference of our bloud supplies that want. What though my lands be morgag'd ? if you please, The dowry you intend to give your daughter, May well redeeme them. You perhaps imagine I will be wild, but I intend it not. What shall I say ? if you will give consent, As you redeeme my lands, so I my time ill spent Meane to redeeme with frugall industry, Ile be your counsell's pupill, and submit My follies to your will, mine to your wit.

Bar. What thinke you Master *Flower* ?

Mis. Flo. Faith Master *Berry*, *Barnard* speakes well, and with a good conceit.

Bar. Dost thou love him *Mall* ?

Mall. Yes sir, and here protest, Of all in *London* I love *Barnard* best.

Mis. Flo. Then Master *Berry*, follow my conceit. Cancell his bond, and let him have your daughter.

Bar. Well *Barnard*, since I see my daughter loves thee,

And for I hope thou wilt be kind and loving, Regard thy state, and turne an honest man, Here, take my daughter, ile give thee in thy bond, Redeeme thy lands, and if thou please me well, Thou shalt not want, all that I have is thine.

Bar. I am love-bound to her, to you in duty, You conquer me with kindnesse, she with beauty.

i. *Ser.* Then Master *Berry* I thinke we may depart.

Bar. I, when you please, you see the matter ended, The debt's discharg'd, and I can aske no more.

i. *Ser.* Why then we take our leaves.

Exeunt Serjeants.

Ma. Flo. Now wife, if yong *Frank* *Golding* were
come back,
To summe our wifh, it were a good conceit :

Enter Phil.

Why how now *Phillis*, fad ? come tell me wench,
Art thou resolv'd yet for to have thy husband ?

Phil. A golden *Golding*, 'tis a good conceit.
That golden *Golding* is but loathsome droffe,
Nor is it gold that I so much esteeme ;
Dust is the richest treasure that we have,
Nor is the beauty of the fairest one,
Of higher price or valew unto me,
Than is a lumpe of poore deformity.
Father, you know my minde, and what I said,
Which if you grant not, I will rest a maide.

Enter Fid.

Ma. Flo. To die a maide, that is no good
conceit.

Fid. Master, where's my master ? here's one would
couple a brace of words with you.

Ma. Flo. With me fir ?

Fid. No fir, with my young Mistris.

Mif. Flow. What is he knave ?

Fid. A crooked knave fir, 'tis the *Cripple*.

Ma. Flo. What would he have ? he hath no good
conceit,

'Tis he that hath bewitch'd my daughters heart,
He is a knave, goe fend him packing hence.

Phil. As you respect the welfare of your child,
Deere father, let me speake with him.

Ma. Flo. Speake with him ? no, it is no good
conceit,

I know he comes to runne away with thee.

Fid. Runne away with her ? well may she carry
him, but if he runne away with her, ile never trust
crutch more.

Maf. Flo. Thou faist true *Fiddle*, 'tis a good
conceit ; *Exit Fid.*

Goe call him in, *Franke Golding*, it is he
In the lame knaves disguise ; a good conceit.

Enter Franke.

Now fir, what's the newes with you, you come to
speake with my daughter ?

Frank. Yea fir, about a little worke I have of
hers.

Maf. Flow. What worke, you knave ? no, thou
haft some conceit,

To rob me of my daughter ; but away :
I like not that conceit, out of my doores.

Phil. Unhappy *Phillis*, and unfortunate.

Frank. Sir, I am content, ile not move your
patience.

Phil. Life of my living body, if thou goe.
Though not alive take me hence dead with woe.

She fwounds.

Berry. In troth fir, you are too blame.

Ma. Flow. What, is she dead ? it is no good con-
ceit.

Speake to me *Phillis*, O vnhappy time,
Sweete Girle, deere daughter, O my onely joy,
Speake to thy father wench, in some conceit,
What, not a word ?

Berry. Now may you see, what fell impatience
Begets upon such tender plants as these.

Mif. Flow. Now may we see the folly of old
age,
Govern'd by spleene, and overweening rage.

Maf. Flow. Speake to me, daughter,
And thou shalt have, what not ? covet'st thou gold ?
Thou shalt not want for crownes, thou shalt have all ;
O was my fury author of thy trance ?
Did I deny thy loves accessse to thee ?
Speake but one word and thou shalt be his wife,

By heaven thou shalt.

Phil. I take you at your word ; it is no paine
To die for love, and then revive againe.

Berry. Now *M. Flower*, how like you this conceit ?

Hath she not overreach'd you ?

Maf. Flo. My word is past, and yet for all my
rage,

I rather choose to faile in my conceit,
And wed thee *Phillis* to thine owne content.
Heere, take my daughter, *Cripple*, love her well,
Be kind to her, and ile be kind to thee,
Thou art but poore, well I will make thee rich,
And so God bleffe you, with a good conceit.

Frank. I thanke you, when I leave to love my
wife,
Heaven hasten death, and take away my life.

Maf. Flo. 'Tis well done *Franke*, I applaud thy
wit,
And I know I faile not in conceit.

Enter Cripple, Ferdinand, Anthony, Bowdler.

Crip. Gentlemen, sweet bloods, or brethren of a
family,
I would speake with *Phillis*, shall I have audience ?

Phil. Helpe me deare father, O helpe me Gentle-
men,

This is some spirit, drive him from my sight.

Frank. Were he the devill, thou shouldst not
budge a foote.

Bow. Zounds two *Cripples*, two dogs, two
curses, 'tis wonderfull !

Frank. Feare not deare heart.

Phil. Hence foule deformitie.
Nor thou, nor he, shall my companion be,
If *Cripples* dead, the living seeme to haunt,
Ile neither of either, therefore I say avaunt ;
Helpe me, father.

Frank. Deere heart, revoke these words,
Here are no spirits, nor deformities,
I am a counterfeit, Cripple now no more,
But young *Franke Golding* as I was before :
Amaze not love, nor seeme not discontent,
Nor thee, nor him shall ever this repent.

Ferd. M. *Flower*, I come to claime your promise.

Anth. I come for yours, your daughter I doe
meane.

Maf. Flo. My promise? why fir, you refus'd my
promise,
And sent me word so in your letter.

Mif. Flo. And so did you to me, and now 'tis past,
Your brother *Franke* hath both our free consents.

Ferd. Sir, fir, I wrote no letter.

Anth. By heaven, nor I.

Frank. But I did for you both ; I was your Scribe,
The whilst you went to see your house a fire :
And you (as I remember) I did fend,
To see your sister drown'd at London-bridge.

Ferd. Yfaith, good brother, have you ore-reach'd
us so ?

Anth. So cunningly, that none of us could know.

Ferd. For all this cunning, I will breake the match.

Anth. And so will I.

Frank. Why brothers, she's mine by her fathers gift.

Ferd. Brother you lie, you got her with a shift.

Frank. I was the first that lov'd her.

Ferd. That's not so, 'twas I.

Anth. Catch that catch can, then brothers both
you lie.

M. Flow. Yea, but conceit me Gentlemen, what
doe you meane to spoile my daughter? you claim
her, and I have given her your younger brother;
this is no good conceit: why how now *Phillis*, still
drooping? cheare thee my girle, see a company of
Gentlemen are at strife for thy love; looke up, and
in this faire assembly make thine owne choice;
choose where thou wilt, and use thine owne conceit.

Phil. But will my father then applaud my choice ?

Maf. Flo. I will.

Phil. And will these worthy Gentlemen be pleas'd,
How ever my dislike or liking prove ?

All. We will.

Phil. I must confesse you all have taken paines,
And I can give but all for that paines taken,
And all my all, is but a little love,
And of a little who can make division ?
I would I knew what would content you all.

Ferd. Thy love.

Anth. Thy life and love.

Frank. Thy life, thy love, thy selfe, and all for me,
For if I want but one, I then want thee.

Phil. If then I give what either of you crave,
Though not what you desire, will it suffice ?

Ferd. I wish but love.

Phil. And as a friend you have it.

Anth. I life, and love.

Phil. And as your friend, I vow,
To love you whilst I live, as I doe now.

Frank. I aske but all, for I deserve no more.

Phil. And thou shalt have thy wish, take all my
store,
My love, my selfe.

Frank. By heaven, I aske no more :
Brothers, have done, and Dad, to end all strife,
Come take her hand, and give her for my wife.

Maf. Flo. With all my heart, and 'tis a good
conceit.

Bow. Gentlemen, patience is your fairest play.

Ferd. Impatience puls me hence, for this disdain,
I am resolv'd never to love againe. *Exit.*

Anth. Stay brother *Ferdinand*, ile follow thee,
Farewell all love, 'tis full of treachery. *Exit.*

Bow. By heavens *Franke* I do commend thy
wit,
Come *Mall*, shall thou and I aske blessing too for
company ?

Mall. You and I fir, alas, we are not play-fellowes, though we be turtles : I am provided.

Bow. Provided ? why am not I thy *Menelaus* ?

Mall. I fir, but this my *Paris*, I am resolv'd, And what I doe is by authority.

Bow. Is it even so, is *Hellen* stolne by *Paris* ? Then thus in armes will *Menelaus* mourne, Till *Troy* be sack'd, and *Hellena* returne. *Exit.*

Enter M. Wood, and Officers.

Wood. This is the man, officers attach him upon felony.

Office. M. *Flower*, I arrest you upon felony, and charge you to obey.

Mas. Flo. Arrest me upon felony ? at whose suit ?

Wood. Sir, at mine ; where had you that *Diamond* on your finger ; it was stole from me, and many other Jewels, to the value of a hundred pound.

Mas. Flo. This is no good conceit ; hath Captaine *Racket*

Banded old *Flower* to such an exigent ?

I hope my credit somewhat will assist me ;

Well, whither must I goe ?

Woods. Straight to the bench, where now the Iudges are

To give you speedy tryall.

Mas. Flo. Words here are little worth, wife and friends all

Goe with me to my tryall, you shall see

A good conceit now brought to infamy. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.



A
WOMAN
KILDE

with Kindnesse.

Written by Tho: Heywood.



LONDON

Printed by William Jaggard dwelling in Barbican,
and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard,
by Iohn Hodgets. 1607.

[The text has been carefully collated with that of
“the third Edition, London, Printed by Isaac Jag-
gard, 1617.” Of the second Edition no copy appears
to be known.]

The Prologue.

I Come but like a Harbenger being sent,
To tell you what these preparations meane :
Looke for no glorious state, our muse is bent
Vpon a barrein subiect : a bare sceane.
We could afford this twig a Timber tree,
Whose strength might boldly on your fauours build,
Our Ruffet, Tiffew : Drone, a Hony-Bee,
Our barrein plot, a large and spacious fielde.
Our course fare, banquets : our thin Water, Wine :
Our Brooke, a Sea : our Bats eyes, Eagles sight :
Our Poets dull and earthy muse, Diuine :
Our Rauens, Doves : our Crows blacke fethers, white.
But gentle thoughts when they may giue the foyle,
Saue them that yeeld, and spare where they may spoyle.



*Enter maister Iohn Frankeford, Sir Francis Aeton,
Mistris Aeton, Sir Charles Mountford, Maister
Malbie, Maister Wendoll, and Maister Cranwell.*

Francis. Some musicke there, none lead the Bride
a dance ?

Charles. Yes, would she dance the shaking of the
sheetes ?

But thats the dance her Husband meanes to lead her ?

Wen. Thats not the dance that euey man must
dance

According to the Ballad.

Francis. Musick ho,

By your leaue Sister, by your Husbands leaue
I should haue said, the hand that but this day
Was giuen you in the Church, Ile borrow : Sound,
This marriage musicke hoists me from the ground.

Frank. I, you may caper, you are light and free,
Marriage hath yoakt my heeles, pray then pardon me.

Francis. Ile haue you dance to, Brother.

Charles. Maister Frankford,
You are a happy man fir, and much ioy
Succede your marriage mirth, you haue a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments
Both of the mind and body. First her Birth
Is Noble, and her education such
As might become the Daughter of a Prince,
Her owne tongue speakes all tongues, and her owne
hand

Can teach all strings to speake in their best grace
From the shrill treble, to the hoardest base.

To end her many praises in one word,
Shes beauty, and perfections eldest Daughter,
Onely found by yours, though many a hart hath
fought her.

Frank. But that I know your vertues and chaste
thoughts,

I should be iealous of your praise Sir *Charles*.

Cran. He speakes no more then you approue.

Malby. Nor flatters he that giues to her her due.

Anne. I would your praise could find a fitter
theame

Then my imperfect beauty to speake on ;
Such as they be, if they my Husband please,
They suffice me now I am married :
His sweet content is like a flattering glasse,
To make my face seeme fairer to mine eye :
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow,
Will blast the Roses in my cheekes that grow.

Francis. A perfect wife already, meeke and
patient ;

How strangely the word husband fits your mouth :
Not married three hours since Sister, 'tis good ;
You that begin betimes thus, must needs proue
Pliant and dutious in your Husbands loue ;
Gramercies brother, wrought her to it already :
Sweete Husband, and a curt'sie the first day :
Marke this, marke this, you that are Batchellers,
And neuer tooke the grace of honest man,
Marke this against you marry, this one phrase :
In a good time that man both wins and wooes,
That takes his wife downe in her wedding shooes.

Frank. Your sister takes not after you Sir *Francis*,
All his wilde blood your Father spent on you :
He got her in his age, when he grew cuill ;
All his mad trickes were to his land intailed,
And you are heyre to all : your Sister, she
Hath to her Dowre, her Mothers modestie.

Char. Lord sir, in what a happy state liue you ;
This morning which (to many) seemes a burthen, too

Heauy to beare, is vnto you a pleasure.
 This Lady is no dog, as many are ;
 She doth become you like a well-made suite,
 In which the Tailor hath vf'd all his art :
 Not like a thicke Coate of vnseason'd frieze
 Forc'd on your backe in summer ; shee's no chaine
 To tie your necke, and curbe you to the yoake ;
 But shee's a chaine of gold to adorne your necke :
 You both adorne each other, and your hands
 Me thinkes are matches ; there's equality
 In this faire combination ; you are both Schollers,
 Both young, both being descended nobly :
 There's musicke in this sympathy, it carries
 Comfort, and expectation of much ioy,
 Which God bestow on-you, from this first day,
 Vntill your diffolution, that's for aye.

Fran. We keep you here too long good brother
Frankford.

Into the Hall : away, go cheere your guests.
 What, Bride & Bride-groome both withdrawn at once ?
 If you be mist, the guests will doubt their welcome,
 And charge you with vnkindnesse.

Frank. To preuent it,
 Ile leaue you heere, to see the dance within.

Anne. And so will I.

Exit.

Fran. To part you it were sin.

Now gallants, while the Towne Musicians
 Finger their frets within ; and the mad lads
 And countrey lasses, euery mothers childe,
 With Nose-gaies and Bridelaces in their hats,
 Dance all their country measures, rounds, and Iigges,
 What shall we do ? Harke, they are all on the hoigh,
 They toile like Mill-horfses, and turne as round ;
 Marry not on the toe : I, and they caper,
 But without cutting : you shall see tomorrow
 The hall floure peckt and dinted like a Mill-stone,
 Made with their high shooes ; though their skill be
 small,
 Yet they treade heauy where their Hob-nailes fall

Char. Well, leaue them to their sports : Sir *Francis*
Action

Ile make a match with you, meete me to morrow
 At *Cheuy-chafe*, Ile flye my Hawke with yours.

Fran. For what ? for what ?

Char. Why for a hundred pound.

Fran. Pawne me some gold of that.

Char. Heere are ten Angels,
 Ile make them good a hundred pound to morrow
 Vpon my Hawks wing.

Fran. 'Tis a match, 'tis done :
 Another hundred pound vpon your dogs,
 Dare ye Sir *Charles* ?

Char. I dare : were I fure to loose
 I durst do more then that : heere's my hand,
 The first course for a hundred pound.

Fran. A match.

Wend. Ten Angels on Sir *Francis Actions* Hawke :
 As much vpon his Dogs.

Cran. I am for fir *Charles Mountford*, I haue
 feene
 His Hawke and Dogge both tride : what clap you hands ?
 Or ist no bargaine ?

Wend. Yes, and flake them downe :
 Were they fiae hundred they were all my owne.

Fran. Be stirring early with the Larke to morrow,
 Ile rise into my saddle ere the Sun
 Rise from his bed.

Char. If there you misse me, say
 I am no Gentleman : Ile hold my day.

Fran. It holds on all sides ; come, to night let's
 dance,
 Earely to morrow let's prepare to ride,
 We had need be three houres vp before the bride.

Exit.

Enter Nicke and Ienkin, Iacke Slime, Roger Brickbat,
with Countrey wenches, and two or three Musitians.

Ienk. Come *Nick*, take you *Ioane Miniuer* to trace

withall : *Iacke Slime* trauerfe you with *Sifly Milk-pale*, I will take *Iane Trubkin*, and *Roger Brickbat* fhall haue *Ifbel Motley*, and now that they are bufie in the Parlour, come ftrike vp, wee'l haue a crafh heere in the yard.

Nick. My humor is not compendious : dancing I poffeffe not, though I can foot it ; yet fince I am falne into the hands of *Sifly Milk-pale*, I confent.

Iack. Truly *Nicke*, though we were neuer brought vp like feruing Courtiers, yet we haue beene brought vp with feruing creatures, I and Gods creatures too ; for we haue beene brought vp to ferue Sheepe, Oxen, Horfes, Hogges, and fuch like ; and though we be but cuntry fellowes, it may be in the way of dancing we can doe the Horfe-tricke as well as Seruing-men.

Roger. I, and the croffe-point too.

Ien. O *Slime*, O *Brickbat*, do not you know that comparifons are odious ; now we are odious our felues too, therefore there are no comparifons to be made betwixt vs.

Nic. I am fodaine, and not fuperfluous :
I am quarrellfome, and not feditious :
I am peaceable, and not contentious :
I am breefe, and not compendious.

Slime. Foote it quickly, if the Muficke ouercome not my melancholly, I fhall quarrell ; and if they fodainly do not ftrike vp, I fhall prefently ftrike thee downe.

Ien. No quarrelling for Gods fake : truly if you doe, I fhall fet a knaue betweene ye.

Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrell : come, what fhall it be ? *Rogero* ?

Ien. *Rogero*, no ; we will dance the beginning of the world.

Sifly. I loue no Dance fo well, as *Iohn come kiffe mee now*.

Nic. I that haue ere now deferu'd a cufhion, call for the cufhion dance.

Roger. For my part I like nothing so wel as
Tom Tyler.

Ienk. No wee'l haue the hunting of the Fox.

Slime. The Hay, the hay, there's nothing like the
hay.

Nick. I haue faide, I do fay, and I will fay
again.

Ien. Euery man agree to haue it as Nicke faves.

All. Content.

Nic. It hath bene, it now is, and it shall be.

Siffy. What Master Nicholas, what?

Nic. Put on your smocke a Monday.

Ien. So the dance will come cleanly off: come,
for Gods sake agree of something; if you like not
that, put it to the Musicians, or let me speake for
all, and wee'l haue Sellengers round.

All. That, that, that.

Nic. No I am resolu'd thus it shall be,
First take hands, then take ye to your heeles.

Ien. Why, would you haue vs run away?

Nic. No, but I would haue you shake your heeles.
Musicke strike vp.

*They dance, Nick dancing speaks stately and
scurvily, the rest after the Countrey fashion.*

Ienk. Hey liuely my Lasses, here's a turne for thee.
Exit.

*Wind hornes. Enter Sir Charles, Sir Francis, Malby,
Cranwel, Wendoll, Faulconer, and Huntsmen.*

Char. So, well cast off; aloft, aloft, well flowne:
O now she takes her at the fowse, and strikes her
Downe to the earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

Wend. She hath stroke ten Angels out of my way..

Fran. A hundred pound from me..

Char. What Faulc'ner?

Faul. At hand Sir.

Char. Now she hath seif'd the Fowle; & gins to
plume her,

Rebecke her not ; rather stand still and checke her.
So : seife her Gets, her Iesses, and her Bels :
Away.

Fran. My Hawke kill'd too.

Char. I, but 'twas at the querre,
Not at the mount, like mine.

Fran. Iudgement my Masters.

Cran. Yours mist her at the Ferre.

Wend. I but our Merlin first had plum'd the
Fowle,

And twice renew'd her from the Riuer too ;
Her Bels Sir *Francis* had not both one waight,
Nor was one semi-tune aboue the other :
Mee thinkes these Millaine bells do sound too full,
And spoile the mounting of your Hawke.

Char. Tis lost.

Fran. I grant it not. Mine likewise seifd a Fowle
Within her talents ; and you saw her pawes
Full of the Feathers : both her petty fingles,
And her long fingles, grip'd her more then other ;
The Terrials of her legges were stain'd with blood :
Not of the Fowle onely she did discomfite
Some of her Feathers, but she brake away.
Come, come, your Hawke is but a Rifler.

Char. How ?

Fran. I, and your Dogges are trindle-tailes and
curs.

Char. You stirre my blood.

You keepe not one good Hound in all your Kennell ;
Nor one good Hawke vpon your Perch.

Fran. How Knight ?

Char. So Knight : you will not fwagger Sir ?

Fran. Why say I did ?

Char. Why Sir, I say you would gaine as much by
fwagg'ring

As you haue got by wagers on your Dogges,
You will come short in all things.

Fran. Not in this,

Now ile strike home.

Char. Thou shalt to thy long home,
Or I will want my will.

Fran. All they that loue Sir *Francis* follow mee.

Char. All that affect Sir *Charles* draw on my
part.

Cran. On this side heaues my hand.

Wend. Here goes my hart.

They diuide themselves.

*Sir Charles, Cranwel, Fauconer, and Huntsman, fight
against Sir Francis, Wendoll, his Faulconer, and
Huntsman, and Sir Charles hath the better, and
beats them away, killing both of Sir Francis his
men.*

Char. My God : what haue I done ? what haue I
done ?

My rage hath plung'd into a Sea of blood,
In which my foule lies drown'd, poore innocents,
For whom we are to answer : well 'tis done,
And I remaine the Victor : A great conquest,
When I would giue this right hand, nay this head,
To breath in them new life whom I haue flaine.
Forgiue me God, 'twas in the heat of blood,
And anger quite remooues me from my selfe :
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murther ;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.
Sir Francis Acton he is fled the field ;
With him, all those that did partake his quarrell,
And I am left alone, with sorrow dumbe,
And in my heighth of conquest, ouercome.

Enter Susan.

Susan. Oh God, my Brother wounded mong the
dead ;

Vnhappy iest that in such earnest ends ;
The rumor of this feare stretcht to my eares,
And I am come to know if you be wounded.

Char. O Sister, sister, wounded at the heart.

Susan. My God forbid.

Char. In doing that thing which he forbad,
I am wounded sifter.

Suf. I hope not at the heart.

Char. Yes, at the heart.

Suf. O God : a Surgeon there.

Char. Call me a Surgeon sifter for my soule,
The sinne of murther it hath pierc'd my heart,
And made a wide wound there : But for these
scratches,

They are nothing, nothing.

Suf. *Charles*, what haue you done ?
Sir *Francis* hath great friends, and will pursue you
Vnto the vtmost danger of the Law.

Char. My conscience is become my enemy,
And will pursue me more then *Action* can.

Suf. O flye sweet Brother.

Char. Shall I flie from thee ?
Why *Sue*, art wearie of my company ?

Suf. Fly from your foe.

Char. You sifter are my friend,
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.

Suf. Your companie is as my eie-ball deere,
Being farre from you, no comfort can be neere :
Yet flye to saue your life ; what would I care
To spend my future age in black despaire,
So you were safe : and yet to liue one weeke
Without my Brother *Charles*, through euery cheeke
My streaming teares would downewards run so ranke,
Till they could fet on either side a banke,
And in the midst a channell ; so my face
For two salt water brookes, shall still finde place.

Char. Thou shalt not weepe so much, for I will
stay
In spight of dangers teeth : ile liue with thee,
Or ile not liue at all ; I will not sell
My countrey, and my Fathers patrimony,
Nor thy sweet fight, for a vaine hope of life.

Enter Sheriffe with Officers.

Sher. Sir *Charles*, I am made the vnwilling instrument

Of your attach and apprehension :
I am forry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you exacted. It was told mee
That you were guarded with a troope of Friends,
And therefore I come thus arm'd.

Char. O master Sheriffe,
I came into the field with many friends,
But see they all haue left me ; onely one
Clings to my sad misfortune, my deere Sister :
I know you for an honest Gentleman,
I yeeld my weapons, and submit to you ;
Conuey me where you please.

Sher. To prison then,
To answer for the liues of these dead men.

Susan. Oh God, oh God.

Char. Sweete Sister, euery straine
Of sorrow from your heart augments my paine,
Your griefe abounds, and hits against my brest.

Sher. Sir will you go ?

Char. Euen where it likes you best.

Enter Master Frankford in a study.

Frank. How happy am I amongst other men,
That in my meane estate imbrace content.
I am a Gentleman, and by my birth
Companion with a King, a Kings no more.
I am possesse of many faire reuennewes,
Sufficient to maintaine a Gentleman.
Touching my minde, I am studied in all Arts ;
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,
Haue beene a good proficient : but the cheefe
Of all the sweete felicities on earth,

I haue a faire, a chafte, and louing wife ;
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament ;
If man on earth may truely happy be,
Of these at once posselt, fure I am he.

Enter Nicholas.

Nick. Sir, there's a Gentleman attends without
To speake with you.

Frank. On horse-backe.

Nick. Yes, on horsebacke.

Fran. Intreate him to alight, I will attend him :
Know'st thou him *Nicke*?

Nick. Know him, yes ; his name's *Wendoll* :
It seemes he comes in hast, his horse is booted
Vp to the flanke in mire ; himselfe all spotted
And stain'd with plashing : fure hee rid in feare,
Or for a wager : Horse and man both sweate,
I neere saw two in such a smoaking heate.

Frank. Entreat him in, about it instantly :
This Wendoll I haue noted, and his carriage
Hath pleas'd me much ; by Obseruation
I haue noted many good deserts in him :
Hee's affable, and seene in many things,
Discourfes well, a good companion ;
And though of small meanes, yet a Gentleman
Of a good house, though somewhat prest by want :
I haue preferr'd him to a second place
In my Opinion, and my best regard.

Enter Wendoll, Mistris Frankford, and Nicke.

Anne. O M. Frankford, Master Wendoll heere
Brings you the strangest newes that ere you heard.

Fran. What newes sweet wife ? what newes good
M. Wendoll.

Wend. You knew the match made twixt Sir *Francis*
Acton,
And Sir *Charles Mountford*.

Fran. True, with their Hounds and Hawkes.

Wend. The matches were both plaid.

Fran. Ha : And which won ?

Wend. Sir *Francis* your wiues Brother had the worst,
And lost the wager.

Fran. Why the worse his chance ;
Perhaps the fortune of some other day
Will change his lucke.

Anne. Oh, but you heare not all.
Sir *Francis* lost, and yet was loath to yeeld :
At length the two Knights grew to difference,
From words to blowes, and so to banding sides ;
Where valorous Sir *Charles* flew in his spleene
Two of your Brothers men : his Faulc'ner,
And his good Huntsman whom he lou'd so well ;
More men were wounded, no more flaine outright.

Fran. Now trust me I am forme for the Knight ;
But is my brother safe ?

Wend. All whole and found,
His bodie not being blemisht with one wound :
But poore Sir *Charles* is to the prison led,
To answere at th' assize for them that's dead.

Fran. I thank your paines Sir ; had the newes bin
better
Your will was to haue brought it M. Wendoll.
Sir *Charles* will finde hard friends : his case is hey-

nous,
And will be most seuerely censur'd on ;
I am sorry for him. Sir, a word with you :
I know you Sir to be a Gentleman
In all things ; your possibilities but meane :
Pleaze you to vse my Table, and my purse,
They are yours.

Wend. O Lord sir, I shall neuer deferue it.

Frank. O sir disparage not your worth too much,
You are full of quality, and faire desert ;
Choose of my men which shall attend on you,
And he is yours. I will allow you sir
Your man, your gelding, and your table all

At my owne charge, be my companion.

Wend. M. Frankford, I haue oft bin bound to
you

By many fauours : this exceeds them all,
That I shall neuer merit your least fauour.
But when your last remembrance I forget,
Heauen at my foule exact that weighty debt.

Frank. There needs no protestation : for I know
you

Virtuous, and therefore gratefull. Prethee Nan
Vse him with all thy louingst curtesie.

An. As farre as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receiue your friend.

Frank. To dinner : come sir, from this present
day

Welcome to me for euer : come away. *Exit.*

Nick. I do not like this fellow by no meanes :
I neuer see him but my heart still ernes ;
Zounds I could fight with him, yet know not why :
The Deuill and he are all one in my eye. *Exit.*

Enter Ienkin.

Ien. O *Nicke*, what Gentleman is that comes to
lie at our house ; my master allowes him one to wayte
on him, and I beleeeue it will fall to thy lot.

Nick. I loue my master, by these Hilts I do :
But rather then Ile euer come to serue him,
Ile turne away my master.

Enter Sifly.

Sifly. *Nichlas*, where are you *Nichlas*, you must
come in *Nichlas*, and helpe the young Gentleman off
with his bootes.

Nick. If I plucke off his boots, Ile eate the spurs,
And they shall sicke fast in my throat like burs.

Sifly. Then *Ienkin* come you.

Ien. Nay 'tis no boote for me to deny it. My

Master hath giuen me a coate here, but he takes paines himfelfe to brush it once or twice a day with a holly-wand.

Silly. Come, come, make haft that you may wafh your hands againe, and helpe to ferue in dinner.

Ien. You may fee my mafters, though it be after-noone with you, 'tis but early dayes with vs, for wee haue not din'd yet : ftay but a little, Ile but go in and helpe to beare vp the firft courfe, and come to you againe prefently. *Exit.*

Enter Malby and Cranwel.

Mal. This is the Seffions day, pray can you tell me

How yong Sir Charles hath fped : Is he acquit,
Or muft he try the Lawes ftrict penalty ?

Cran. Hee's cleer'd of all fpight of his enemies,
Whofe earneft labour was to take his life :
But in this fute of pardon, he hath fpent
All the reuennewes that his Father left him ;
And he is now turn'd a plaine Countrey man,
Reform'd in all things : See fir, here he comes.

Enter Sir Charles and his Keeper.

Keeper. Difcharge your fees, and you are then at freedome.

Char. Here M. Keeper, take the poore remainder

Of all the wealth I haue : my heauy foes
Haue made my purfe light ; but alas to me
'Tis wealth enough that you haue fet me free.

Mal. God giue you ioy of your deliuary,
I am glad to fee you abroad Sir *Charles.*

Char. The pooreft Knight in England M. Malby ;
My life hath coft me all the patrimony
My Father left his fonne : well, God forgiue them
That are the Authors of my penury.

Enter Shafton.

Shaf. Sir Charles, a hand, a hand, at liberty :
Now by the faith I owe I am glad to see it.
What want you ? wherein may I pleasure you ?

Char. Oh me : O most vnhappy Gentleman :
I am not worthy to haue friends stirr'd vp,
Whose hands may helpe me in this plunge of want :
I would I were in heauen, to inherit there
Th' immortall birth-right which my Sauour keeps,
And by no vnthrift can be bought and sold ;
For here on earth what pleasures should we trust ?

Shaf. To rid you from these contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you shall receiue of me :
Nay five for faile : Come fir, the sight of Golde
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
And will reuiue your spirits. You shall hold Law
With your proud aduersaries. Tush, let Franke
Acton

Wage with his Knight-hood like expence with me,
And he will sinke, he will : Nay, good Sir Charles
Applaud your Fortune, and your faire escape
From all these perils.

Char. Oh fir, they haue vndone me :
Two thousand and five hundred pound a yeare
My Father at his death possesst me of ;
All which the enuious Acton made me spend.
And notwithstanding all this large expence,
I had much ado to gaine my liberty :
And I haue onely now a house of pleasure,
With some five hundred pounds, referued
Both to maintaine me and my louing Sister.

Shaf. That must I haue, it lies conuenient for
me :
If I can fasten but one finger on him,
With my full hand Ile gripe him to the heart.
'Tis not for loue I proffer'd him this coine,
But for my gaine and pleasure. Come Sir Charles,

I know you haue neede of money, take my offer.

Char. Sir I accept it, and remaine indebted
Euen to the best of my vnable power.
Come Gentlemen, and see it tendred downe.

Enter Wendoll melancholy.

I am a Villen if I apprehend
But such a thought . then to attempt the deede,
Slaue thou art damn'd without redemption.
Ile driue away this passion with a song :
A song, ha, ha : A song, as if fond man
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy foule
Lies drencht and drowned in red teares of blood.
Ile pray, and see if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts : why prayers are meditations ;
And when I meditate (Oh God forgiue me)
It is on her diuine perfections.
I will forget her ; I will arme my selfe
Not t'entertaine a thought of loue to her :
And when I come by chance into her presence,
Ile hale these bals vntill my eye strings cracke,
From being pull'd and drawne to looke that way.

*Enter ouer the stage, Frankford, his wife, and
Nicke.*

O God, O God ! with what a violence
I am hurried to my owne destruction.
There goest thou the most perfectst man
That euer England bred a Gentleman,
And shall I wrong his bed ? Thou God of Thunder
Stay in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great almighty, and all-rudging hand
From speedy execution on a Villen,
A villen and a Traitor to his friend.

Enter Ienkin.

Ienk. Did your worship call ?

Wend. He doth maintaine me, he allowes mee largely
Money to spend.

Ien. By my faith so do not you me, I cannot get a croffe of you.

Wend. My Gelding, and my man.

Ien. That's Sorrell and I.

Wen. This kindnesse growes of no alliance 'twixt
vs.

Ien. Nor is my seruice of any great acquaintance.

Wen. I neuer bound him to me by desert :
Of a meere stranger, a poore Gentleman ;
A man by whom in no kinde he could gaine :
He hath plact me in the height of al his thoughts,
Made me companion with the best and cheefest
In Yorke-shire. He cannot eate without me,
Nor laugh without me : I am to his body
As necessary as his digestion ;
And equally do make him whole or sicke :
And shall I wrong this man ? Base man, ingrate ;
Hast thou the power straight with thy goary hands,
To rip thy Image from his bleeding heart ?
To scratch thy name from out the holy booke
Of his remembrance ; and to wound his name
That holds thy name so deere ? Or rend his heart
To whom thy heart was knit and ioyn'd together ?
And yet I must : Then *Wendoll* be content ;
Thus villaines when they would, cannot repent.

Ien. What a strange humor is my new master in,
pray God he be not mad : if he should bee so, I should
neuer haue any minde to serue him in Bedlam. It
may bee hee's mad for missing of me.

Wen. What *Ienkin*, where's your Mistris ?

Ien. Is your worship married ?

Wen. Why dost thou aske ?

Ien. Because you are my Master, and if I haue a mistris I would be glad like a good seruant to do my duty to hir.

Wen. I meane wheres Mistris *Frankford*.

Ien. Marry sir her husband is riding out of towne, and she went very louingly to bring him on his way to horse: Do you see sir, here she comes, and here I go.

Wen. Vanish.

Enter Mistris Frankford.

Anne. You are well met Sir; now introth my husband

Before he tooke horse had a great desire
To speake with you: we fought about the house,
Hallow'd into the fields, sent euerie way,
But could not meete you: therefore he inioyn'd me
To do vnto you his most kinde commends.
Nay more, he wils you as you prize his loue,
Or hold in estimation his kinde friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command
Euen as himselfe were present in the house:
For you must keepe his Table, vse his seruants,
And be a present *Frankford* in his absence.

Wend. I thanke him for his loue.

Giue me a name you whose infectious tongues
Are tipt with gall and poison, as you would
Thinke on a man that had your Father slaine;
Murdred your children, made your wiues base strumpets

So call me, call me so: Print in my face
The most stigmaticke title of a villaine,
For hatching treason to so true a friend.

Anne. Sir you are much beholding to my husband;
You are a man most deere in his regard.

Wend. I am bound vnto your husband, and you to.

I will not speake to wrong a Gentleman
Of that good estimation, my kinde friend :
I will not, zounds I will not. I may choose,
And I will choose. Shall I be so misled ?
Or shall I purchase to my Fathers crest
The Motto of a villen ? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can inforce me ?
What can compell me ? What sad destiny
Hath such command vpon my yeelding thoughts ?
I will not. Ha: some fury prickes me on,
The swift Fates drag me at their Chariot wheele,
And hurry me to mischief. Speake I must ;
Iniure my selfe, wrong her, deceiue his trust.

Anne. Are you not well fir that you seeme thus
troubled ?

There is sedition in your countenance ?

Wend. And in my heart faire Angell, chaste and
wife :

I loue you : start not, speake not, answer not.
I loue you : Nay let me speake the rest :
Bid me to sweare, and I will call to record
The hoast of heauen.

Anne. The hoast of heauen forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyall thought.

Wend. Such is my fate, to this suite I was borne,
To weare rich pleasures crowne, or fortunes scorne.

Anne. My husband loues you.

Wend. I know it.

Anne. He esteemes you
Euen as his braine, his eye-ball, or his heart.

Wend. I haue tried it.

Anne. His purse is your Exchequer, and his table
Doth freely serue you.

Wend. So I haue found it.

Anne. O with what face of braffe ? what brow or
steele

Can you vnblushing speake this to the face
Of the espous'd wife of so deere a friend ?
It is my husband that maintaines your state,

Will you dishonor him that in your power
Hath left his whole affaires? I am his wife,
It is to me you speake?

Wend. O speake no more,
For more then this I know, and haue recorded
Within the red-leau'd Table of my heart ;
Faire, and of all belou'd, I was not fearefull
Bluntly to giue my life into your hand ;
And at one hazard all my earthly meanes.
Go, tell your husband ; he will turne me off,
And I am then vndone : I care not I,
'Twas for your sake. Perchance in rage hee'l kill me :
I care not, 'twas for you. Say I incurre
The generall name of Villaine through the world ;
Of Traitor to my friend : I care not I.
Beggery, shame, death, scandall, and reproch,
For you Ile hazard all, why what care I :
For you Ile liue, and in your loue Ile dye.

Anne. You moue me fir to passion and to pittie :
The loue I beare my husband, is as precious
As my foules health.

Wen. I loue your husband too,
And for his loue I will ingage my life ;
Mistake me not, the augmentation
Of my sincere affection borne to you
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.
I will be secret Lady, close as night :
And not the light of one small glorious Starre
Shall shine heere in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.

Anne. What shall I say?
My foule is wandring, and hath lost her way.
Oh master *Wendol*, oh.

Wend. Sigh not sweet Saint ;
For euery fighe you breath, drawes from my heart
A drop of blood.

Anne. I ne're offended yet :
My fault (I feare) will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall not quite bereft of grace,

Haue their offences noted in their face ;
I blush and am ashamed. Oh master *Wendoll*,
Pray God I be not borne to curfe your tongue
That hath enchanted me. This Maze I am in,
I feare will proue the labyrinth of fin.

Enter Nicke

Wend. The path of pleasure, and the gate to
blisse,
Which on your lips I knock at with a kisse.

Nic. Ile kill the Rogue.

Wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's no
blab :

Nay looke not downe and blush.

Nic. Zounds Ile stab.

I *Nick*, was it thy chance to come iust in the nicke :
I loue my master, and I hate that slaue ;
I loue my mistress, but these trickes I like not :
My master shall not pocket vp this wrong,
Ile eate my fingers first. What sayst thou mettle ?
Do's not the rascall *Wendoll* go on legs
That thou must cut off ? Hath he not ham-strings
That thou must hough ? Nay mettle, thou shall stand
To all I say. Ile henceforth turne a spy,
And watch them in their close conueyances :
I neuer look'd for better of that rascall
Since he came miching first into our house :
It is that Sathan hath corrupted her ;
For she was faire and chaste. Ile haue an eye
In all their gestures. Thus I think of them,
(If they proceede as they haue done before)
Wendoll's a Knaue, my Mistress is a ———

*Exit.**Enter Charles and Susan.*

Char. Sister you see we are driuen to hard shift,
To keepe this poore house we haue left vnfold ;
I am now inforc'd to follow husbandry,

And you to milke, and do we not live well?
Well I thanke God.

Susan. O Brother, heeres a change
Since old Sir *Charles* dyed in our Fathers house.

Ch. All things on earth thus change, some vp,
some down,
Contents a kingdome, and I weare that crowne.

Enter Shafton with a Sergeant.

Shaf. God morrow, god morrow, sir *Charles*, what
with your sifter,
Plying your husbandry? Sergeant, stand off;
You haue a pretty house heere, and a Garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lyes
So neere a Lordship that I lately bought,
I would faine buy it of you. I will giue you——

Char. O pardon me: This house succefsiue
Hath long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred yeeres. My great great Grandfather;
He in whom first our gentle stile began
Dwelt heere; and in this ground, increast this Mole-
hill

Vnto that Mountaine which my Father left me.
Where he the first of all our house begun,
I now the last will end and keepe this house:
This virgin Title neuer yet deflour'd
By any vnthrif of the *Mountfords* line;
In breefe, I will not sell it for more Gold
Then you could hide or paue the ground withall.

Shaf. Ha, ha, a proud minde and a Beggars
purse:
Where's my three hundred pounds, besides the vse?
I haue brought it to an execution

By courfe of Law: what, is my money ready?

Char. An execution sir, and neuer tell me
You put my bond in fuite, you deale extreemly.

Shaf. Sell me the Land and Ile acquit you
straight.

Char. Alas, alas : 'Tis all trouble hath left me
To cherish me and my poore Sisters life.
If this were sold, our names should then be quite
Rac'd from the bed-roll of Gentility.
You see what hard shift we haue made to keepe it
Allyed still to our owne name : this palme you see
Labour hath glow'd within her siluer brow,
That neuer tasted a rough winters blast
Without a Maske or Fan, doth with a grace
Defie cold winter, and his stormes outface.

Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard,
We lie vneasie, to referue to vs
And our succession this small plot of ground.

Char. I haue so bent my thoughts to husbandry,
That I protest I scarcely can remember
What a new fashion is ; how filke or fatten
Feeles in my hand : why pride is growne to vs
A meere meere stranger. I haue quite forgot
The names of all that euer waited on me.
I cannot name ye any of my Hounds ;
Once from whose ecchoing mouths I heard all
musicke
That ere my heart desired. What should I say ?
To keepe this place I haue chang'd my selfe away.

Shaf. Arrest him at my suite ; Actions and
actions
Shall keepe thee in continuall bondage* fast.
Nay more, Ile sue thee by a late appeale,
And call thy former life in question.
The Keeper is my friend, thou shalt haue Irons,
And vsage such as Ile deny to dogs :
Away with him.

Char. You are too timorous ; but Trouble is my
master,
And I will serue him truly : my kinde sister
Thy teares are of no force to mollifie
This flinty man. Go to my Fathers Brother,

* perpetuall bondage. 1607.

My Kinsmen and Allies ; intreat them for me
To rancome me from this iniurious man
That seekes my ruine.

Shaf. Come, irons, irons ; away,
Ile see thee lodg'd farre from the sight of day.

Exeunt.

Suf. My heart's so hardned with the frost of
greefe,
Death cannot pierce it through ; Tyrant too fell :
So leade the fiends condemned foules to hell.

Enter Acton and Malby.

Fran. Agen to prison ; *Malby* hast thou seene
A poore slaue better tortur'd ? Shall we heare
The Musicke of his voice cry from the grate,
Meate for the Lords sake : No, no, yet I am not
Throughly reueng'd. They say he hath a pretty
wench

Unto his Sister : Shal I in mercy sake
To him and to his Kindred, bribe the foole
To shame her selfe by lewd dishonest lust :
Ile proffer largely, but the deede being done,
Ile smile to see her base confusion.

Mal. Methinkes Sir Francis you are full reueng'd
For greater wrongs then he can proffer you :
See where the poore sad Gentlewoman stands.

Fran. Ha, ha, now will I flout her pouerty,
Deride her fortunes, scoffe her base estate ;
My very foule the name of Mountford hates.
But stay ; my heart, or what a looke did flye
To strike my foule through with thy piercing eye.
I am enchanted, all my spirits are fled ;
And with one glance my enuious spleene strooke
dead.

Susan. Acton that seekes our blood. *Runs away.*
Fran. O chaste and faire.

Mal. Sir Francis, why Sir Francis, zounds, in a
trance ?

Sir Francis, what cheere man? Come, come,
how ist?

Fran. Was she not faire? Or else this iudging
eye

Cannot distinguish beauty.

Mal. She was faire.

Fran. She was an Angell in a mortals shape,
And ne're descended from old Mountfords line.

But soft, soft, let me call my wits together.

A poore, poore wench; to my great Aduersary
Sister: whose very foules denounce sterne warre
One against other. How now *Franke*, turn'd Foole

Or madman whether? But no master of

My perfect senses and directest wits.

Then why should I be in this violent humor

Of passion, and of loue? And with a person

So different euery way: and so oppos'd

In all contractions, and still-warring actions?

Fie, fie, how I dispute against my soule.

Come, come, Ile gaine her; or in her faire
quest

Purchase my soule free and immortall rest.

*Enter 3. or 4. seruimgmen, one with a Voyder and a
woodden Knife to take away all, another the salt
and bread, another the Table-cloth and Napkins,
another the Carpet, Ienkin with two Lights after
them.*

Ienk. So, march in order and retire in battell
array. My master and the guests haue supp'd
already, all's taken away: heere now spread for the
Seruimgmen in the Hall. Butler, it belongs to your
Office.

But. I know it *Ienkin*.

What de'ye cal the Gentleman that supt there to
night?

Ien. Who my master?

But. No no, master *Wendoll* hee's a daily Guest;

I meane the Gentleman that came but this after-noone.

Ien. His name's M. *Cranwel*. Gods light ; harke within there, my master cals to lay more Billets vpon the fire. Come, come, Lord how wee that are in Office heere in the houle are troubled. One fpre the Carpet in the Parlour, and stand ready to snuffe the lights, the rest be ready to prepare their stomackes. More lights in the Hall there. Come *Nicklas*.

Exit.

Nic. I cannot eate, but had I *Wendols* heart I would eate that ; the Rogue growes impudent. Oh I haue seene such vil'de notorious trickes, Ready to make my eyes dart from my head. Ile tell my master, by this ayre I will ; Fall what may fall, Ile tell him. Here he comes.

Enter Master Frankford, as it were brushing the Crummes from his clothes with a Napkin, as newly risen from supper.

Fran. *Nicklas* what make you heere ? why are not you
At supper in the Hall among your fellowes ?

Nic. Master I staide your rising from the boord
To speake with you.

Fran. Be breefe then gentle *Nicklas*,
My wife and guests attend me in the Parlour ;
Why dost thou pause ? Now *Nicklas* you want
money ;

And vnthrift-like would eate into your wages
Ere you haue earn'd it : heere firs half a crowne ;
Play the good husband, and away to supper.

Nick. By this hand an honourable Gentleman ; I
will not see him wrong'd. Sir, I haue seru'd you
long : you entertain'd me seuen yeeres before your
beard. You knew me fir before you knew my
mistris.

Frank. What of this good *Nicklas* ?

Nick. I neuer was a make-bate, or a Knaue ;
I haue no fault but one, I'me giuen to quarrell,
But not with women. I will tell you Master
That which will make your heart leape from your
brest ;
Your hair to startle from your head, your eares to
tingle.

Frank. What preparation's this to dismall newes ?

Nick. Sblood fir I loue you better then your wife ;
Ile make it good.

Fran. Thou art a knaue, and I haue much adoe
With wonted patience to containe my rage,
And not to breake thy pate. Thou art a knaue ;
Ile turne you with your base comparifons
Out of my doores.

Nick. Do, do.
There is not roome for *Wendoll* and me too
Both in one house. Oh master, master,
That *Wendoll* is a villaine.

Fran. I, faucy.

Nick. Strike, strike, do, strike ; yet heare mee, I
am no Foole,
I know a villaine when I see him act
Deeds of a villaine : master, master, that base slaue
Enioyes my mistris, and dishonors you.

Fr. Thou hast kild me with a weapon whose sharp
point
Hath prick'd quite through & through my shiu'ring
hart.

Drops of cold sweate sit dangling on my haire,
Like mornings dew upon the golden flowers ;
And I am plung'd into strange agonies.
What didst thou say ? If any word that toucht
His credit, or her reputation ;
It is as hard to enter my beleefe,
As *Diues* into heauen.

Nicke. I can gaine nothing ;
They are two that neuer wrong'd me. I knew
before

Tw'as but a thanklesse office ; and perhaps
 As much as is my seruice, or my life
 Is worth. All this I know : But this and more,
 More by a thousand dangers could not hire me
 To smother such a heinous wrong from you ;
 I saw, and I haue sayd.

Fran. Tis probable ; though blunt, yet he is
 honest :

Though I durst pawne my life, and on their faith
 Hazard the deere saluation of my soule :
 Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
 May this be true ? O may it ? Can it be ?
 Is it by any wonder possible ?
 Man, woman, what thing mortall may we trust,
 When friends and bosome wiues proue so vniust ?
 What instance hast thou of this strange report ?

Nic. Eyes, eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceu'd I tell thee :
 For should an Angell from the heauens drop downe,
 And preach this to me that thy selfe hast told,
 He should haue much ado to win beleefe,
 In both their loues I am so confident.

Nic. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance ?

Fran. No more ; to supper, & command your
 fellowes

To attend vs and the strangers. Not a word
 I charge thee on thy life, be secret then,
 For I know nothing.

Nich. I am dumbe ; and now that I haue eas'd my
 stomacke, I will go fill my stomacke.

Fran. Away, be gone.
 She is well borne, descended Nobly ;
 Vertuous her education, her repute
 Is in the generall voice of all the Countrey
 Honest and faire ; her carriage, her demeanor
 In all her actions that concerne the loue
 beo me her husband ; modest, chaste, and godly.
 misall this seeming Gold plaine Copper ?

F. he, that *Iudas* that hath borne my purse,

And fold me for a sin : Oh God, oh God,
Shall I put vp these wrongs ? No, shall I trust
The bare report of this suspicious groome,
Before the double guilt, the well-hatch Ore
Of their two hearts ? No, I will loofe these thoughts :
Distraction I will banish from my brow,
And from my lookes exile sad discontent,
Their wonted fauours in my tongue shall flow ;
Till I know all, Ile nothing seeme to know.
Lights and a Table there. Wife, M. *Wendol*,
And gentle Master *Cranwell*.

Enter Mistris Frankford, Masler Wendoll, master Cranwell, Nicke and Ienkin, with Cards, Carpet, stools, and other necessaries.

Fran. O master *Cranwel*, you are a stranger heere,
And often balke my house : faith y'are a Churle :
Now we haue supp'd, a Table and to Cards.

Ien. A paire of Cards *Nichlas*, and a Carpet to
couer the Table : where's *Sissy* with her Counters and
her box : Candles and Candlestickes there. Fie wee
haue such a household of seruing creatures, vnlesse it
bee *Nicke* and I, there's not one amongst them all can
fay bo to a Goose. Wel-fed *Nicke*.

They spread a Carpet, set downe lights and Cards.

Anne. Come M. *Frankford*, who shall take my
part ?

Frank. Marry that will I sweet wife.

Wend. No by my Faith sir, when you are together
I fitte out ; it must be mistris *Frankford* & I, or els it
is no match.

Fran. I do not like that match.

Nicke. You haue no reason marry knowing all.

Frank. Tis no great matter neither. Come Master
Cranwell, shall you and I take them vp.

Cran. At your pleasure fir.

Fran. I must looke to you master *Wendoll*, for you will be playing false : nay so will my wife too.

Nicke. I, I will be sworne she will.

Anne. Let them that are taken playing false forget the Set.

Frank. Content, it shall go hard but Ile take you.

Cran. Gentlemen what shall our game be ?

Wend. Master *Frankford* you play best at Noddy.

Fran. You shall not finde it so, indeed you shall not.

Anne. I can play at nothing so well as double ruffe.

Fran. If master *Wendoll* and my wife be together, ther's no playing against them at double hand.

Nic. I can tell you fir the game that master *Wendoll* is best at.

Wend. What game is that *Nicke* ?

Nicke. Marry fir, Knaue out of doores.

Wend. She and I will take you at Lodam.

Anne. Husband shall we play at Saint.

Fran. My Saints turn'd deuill. No wee'l none of Saint,

You are best at New-cut wife : you'l play at that.

Wend. If you play at new-cut, I am soonest hitter of any heere for a wager.

Frank. Tis me they play on. Well you may draw out

For all your cunning : 'twill be to your shame,

Ile teach you at your New-cut a new game.

Come, come.

Cran. If you cannot agree vpon the game, to post and paire.

Wend. We shall be soonest paires, and my good host

When he comes late home he must kisse the post.

Fran. Who euer wins it shall be to thy cost.

Cran. Faith let it be Vide-ruffe, and let's make honors.

Fran. If you make honors, one thing let me craue ;

Honor the King and Queene : except the Knaue.

Wend. Well as you please for that. Lift who shall deal.

Anne. The least in fight : what are you Master *Wendol*?

Wend. I am a Knaue.

Nicke. Ile fweare it.

Anne. I a Queene.

Fr. A quean thou shouldst say : wel the cards are mine,

They are the grofcest paire that ere I felt.

Anne. Shuffle, Ile cut ; would I had neuer dealt ?

Fran. I haue lost my dealing.

Wen. Sir the faults in me ;

This Queene I haue more then my owne you see.
Giue me the stocke.

Fran. My minds not on my game ;
Many a deale I haue lost, the more's your shame.
You haue seru'd me a bad tricke master *Wendol*.

Wen. Sir you must take your lot. To end this strife,
I know I haue dealt better with your wife.

Fran. Thou hast dealt falsely then.

Anne. What's Trumpes ?

Wend. Harts : Partner I rub.

Fran. Thou robst me of my soule, of her chafte loue,

In thy false dealing thou hast rob'd my heart.

Booty you play, I like a looser stand,

Hauiug no heart, or heere, or in my hand.

I will giue o're the Set, I am not well :

Come who will hold my Cards ?

Anne. Not well sweet M. *Frankford* ;
Alas what ayle you ? 'Tis some sodaine qualme.

Wend. How long haue you been so master *Frankford* ?

Fran. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health,

But I grew ill when you began to deale.
 Take hence this table. Gentle master *Cranwell*
 You are welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure,

I am sorry that this Megrim takes me so,
 I cannot fit and beare you company.
Ienkin some lights, and shew him to his chamber.

Anne. A night-gowne for my husband, quickly there:

It is some rheume or cold.

Wen. Now in good faith this ilnesse you haue got

By sitting late without your gowne.

Fran. I know it M. *Wendol.*

Go, go to bed, lest you complaine like me:
 Wife, prethee wife into my bed-chamber,
 The night is raw and cold, and rheumaticke;
 Leaue me my gowne and light, Ile walke away my fit.

Wend. Sweet fir goodnight.

Fran. My felfe good night.

Anne. Shall I attend you husband?

Fran. No gentle wife, thou't catch cold in thy head;

Prethee begone sweete, Ile make hast to bed.

Anne. No sleepe will fasten on mine eyes you know

Vntill you come.

Exit.

Frank. Sweet Nan I prethee go.

I haue bethought me, get me by degrees
 The Keyes of all my doores, which I will mould
 In wax, and take their faire impreffion,
 To haue by them new keyes. This being compast,
 At a set houre a Letter shall be brought me:
 And when they thinke they may securely play,
 They are nearest to danger. *Nick*, I must rely
 Vpon thy trust and faithfull secrecie.

Nic. Builde on my faith.

Fran. To bed then, not to rest;

Care lodges in my braine, greefe in my brest.

Enter Sir Charles his Sister, old Mountford, Sandy, Roder, and Tydy.

Mount. You say my Nephew is in great distresse :

Who brought it to him but his owne lewd life ?
I cannot spare a crosse. I must confesse
He was my Brothers sonne : why Neece, what then ?
This is no world in which to pittie men.

Suf. I was not borne a Begger, though his extremes

Enforce this language from me : I protest
No fortune of mine owne could leade my tongue
To this base Key. I do beseech you Vncle,
For the names sake, for Christianity,
Nay for Gods sake to pittie his distresse :
He is den'de the freedome of the prison,
And in the hole is laide with men condemn'd ;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.

Mount. Mony I cannot spare : men should take heede,

He lost my kindred when he fell to neede. *Exit.*

Suf. Gold is but earth, thou earth enough shalt haue,

When thou hast once tooke measure of thy graue.
You know me master *Sandy*, and my sute.

Sandy. I knew you Lady when the olde man liu'd,

I knew you ere your Brother solde his land ;
Then you were Mistris *Sue*, trick'd vp in Iewels :
Than you fung well, plaide sweetly on the Lute,
But now I neither know you nor your sute.

Su. You master *Roder* was my brothers Tenant,
Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farme
Of which you are possesse.

Roder. True he did ;

And haue I not there dwelt still for his sake ?
 I haue some businesse now, but without doubt
 They that haue hurl'd him in, will helpe him out.

Exit.

Suf. Cold comfort fill : what say you cozen
Tydy ?

Tydy. I say this comes of roysting, swagg'ring ;
 Call me not cozen. Each man for himselfe ;
 Some men are borne to mirth, and some to sorrow,
 I am no cofen vnto them that borrow. *Exit.*

Suf. Oh Charity, why art thou fled to heauen,
 And left all things on this earth vneuen ?
 Their scoffing answers I will nere returne ;
 But to myselfe his greefe in silence mourne.

Enter Sir Francis and Malby.

Fran. She is poore, Ile therefore tempt her with
 this gold.
 Go *Malby* in my name deliuer it,
 And I will stay thy answer.

Mal. Faire Mistris, as I vnderstand your greefe
 Doth grow from want, so I haue heere in store
 A meanes to furnish you, a bag of Gold,
 Which to your hands I freely tender you.

Sufan. I thanke you heauens ; I thanke you gen-
 tle fir :
 God make me able to requite this fauour.

Mal. This Gold Sir *Francis Aſton* sends by me,
 And prayes you——

Sufan. Aſton. O God, that name I am borne to
 curse :
 Hence Bawd, hence Broker : see, I spurne his Gold,
 My honour neuer shall for gaine be fold.

Fran. Stay, Lady stay.

Sufan. From you Ile posting hie ;
 Euen as the Doves from featherd Eagles flie. *Exit.*

Fran. She hates my name, my face, how should I
 wo ?

I am disgrac'd in every thing I do.
 The more she hates me, and disdaines my loue,
 The more I am wrapt in admiration
 Of her diuine and chaste perfections.
 Woe her with gifts I cannot : for all gifts
 Sent in my name she spurnes. With looks I cannot,
 For she abhorres my sight. Nor yet with Letters,
 For none she will receiue. How then, how then ?
 Well, I will fasten such a kindnesse on her,
 As shall orecome her hate and conquer it.
 Sir *Charles* her brother lies in execution
 For a great summe of money : and besides
 The appeale is sued still for my Huntsmens death,
 Which onely I haue power to reuerse :
 In her Ile bury all my hate of him.
 Go seeke the Keeper *Malby*, bring him to me :
 To faue his body I his debts will pay ;
 To faue his life, I his appeale will stay.

*Enter Sir Charles in prison, with Irons, his feete bare,
 his garments all ragged and torne.*

Char. Of all on the earths face most miserable,
 Breath in this hellish dungeon thy laments :
 Thus like a slaue ragg'd, like a felon gyu'd,
 That hurles thee headlong to this base estate.
 Oh vnkinde Vncle ! Oh my friends ingrate.
 Vnthankfull Kinsmen : *Mountfords* all too base,
 To let thy name lie fetter'd in disgrace.
 A thousand deaths heere in this graue I dye ;
 Feare, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,
 And ioyne together to depriue my breath.
 But that which most torments me, my deere Sister
 Hath left to visit me, and from my friends
 Hath brought no hopefull answere : therefore I
 Diuine they will not helpe my misery.
 If it be so, shame, scandall, and contempt
 Attend their couetous thoughts. Need make their
 graues ;

Vfurers they liue, and may they dye like flaues.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom
From all thy troubles.

Char. Then I am doom'd to die ;
Death is the end of all calamity.

Keep. Liue, your appeale is staide ; the execution
Of all your debts discharg'd : your Creditors
Euen to the vtmost peny satisfied.
In signe whereof, your shackles I knocke off ;
You are not left so much indebted to vs
As for your fees ; all is discharg'd, all paide :
Go freely to your house, or where you please,
After long miseries, embrace your ease.

Char. Thou grumblest out the sweetest musicke to
me
That euer Organ playd. Is this a dreame ?
Or do my waking senses apprehend
The pleasing taste of these applausiue newes ?
Slauie that I was to wrong such honest friends ;
My louing Kinsmen, and my neere Allies :
Tongue I will bite thee for the scandall breath'd
Against such faithfull Kinsmen : they are all
Composd of pittie and compassion ;
Of melting charity, and of mouing ruth.
That which I spake before was in my rage,
They are my friends, the mirrours of this age :
Bounteous and free. The Noble *Mountfords* race,
Nere bred a couetous thought, or humor base.

Enter Susan.

Susan. I can no longer stay from visiting
My wofull Brother : while I could I kept
My haplesse tidings from his hopefull eare.

Char. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee

And to thy trauell b

Sufan. What, at liberty ?

Char. Thou feeft I am thanks to thy induftry :
Oh vnto which of all my curteous friends
Am I thus bound : My vncle *Mountford* he
Euen of an infant lou'd me, was it he ?
So did my cozen *Tydy* : was it he ?
So mafter *Roder*, mafter *Sandy* too,
Which of all thefe did this hie kindneffe doe.

Sufan. *Charles* can you mocke me in your
pouerty,
Knowing your friends deride your mifery ;
Now I proteft I ftand fo much amaz'd
To fee your bonds free, and your Irons knock'd off,
That I am wrap'd into a maze of wonder.
The rather for I know not by what meanes
This happineffe hath chanc'd.

Char. Why by my Vncle,
My cozens, and my friends ; who elfe I pray
Would take vpon them all my debts to pay ?

Sufan. O Brother, they are men all of Flint,
PiCtures of Marble, and as voide of pittie
As chaced Beares : I begg'd, I fued, I kneel'd,
Laide open all your greefes and miferies,
Which thy derided. More then that, denide vs
A part in their alliance ; but in pride
Said that our Kindred with our plenty dyde.

Char. Drudges too much, what did they : oh
known euil ;
Rich flye the poore, as good men fhun the deuill :
Whence fhould my freedome come ? Of whom
aliue,
Sauing of thofe haue I deferued fo well ?
Geffe Sifter, call to minde, remember me :
Thefe I haue raifd, they follow the worlds guife ;
Whom rich in honor, they in woe defpife.

Sufan. My wits haue loft themfelues, lets afke the
keeper.

Charles. Iaylor.

Keeper. At hand fir.

Charles. Of curtesie refolue me one demand.
What was he tooke the burthen of my debts
From off my backe, staide my appeale to death,
Discharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty?

Keeper. A curteous knight, one call'd fir *Francis*
Acton.

Sufan. *Acton.*

Charles. Ha, *Acton.* Oh me, more distrest in
this
Then all my troubles : hale me backe,
Double my Irons : and my sparing Meales
Put into halues, and lodge mee in a dungeon
More deepe, more darke, more cold, more comfort-
leffe :

By *Acton* freed ; not all thy manacles
Could fetter so my heeles, as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart, and it must now lye bound
In more strict prision then thy stony Iayle.
I am not free, I go but vnder baile.

Keeper. My charge is done fir, now I haue my
fees ;
As we get little, we will nothing leese. *Exit.*

Char. By *Acton* freed, my dangerous opposite,
Why to what end ? On what occasion ? Ha.
Let me forget the name of enemy,
And with indifference ballance this hie fauour :
Ha.

Sufan. His loue to me, vpon my soule 'tis so ;
That is the root from whence these strange things
grow.

Char. Had this proceeded from my Father, he
That by the law of Nature is most bound
In offices of loue, it had deseru'd
My best employment to requite that grace.
Had it proceeded from my friends, or him,
From them this action had deseru'd my life ;

And from a stranger more, because from such
There is lesse execution of good deeds.
But he, nor Father, nor Ally, nor Friend,
More then a stranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart oppofd my enemy,
That this hye bounty should proceede from him.
O there I loofe my felfe : What should I fay ?
What thinke ? what do ? his bounty to repay ?

Suf. You wonder I am fure whence this strange
kindnesse

Proceeds in *Action*. I will tell you Brother :
He dotes on me, and oft hath fent me gifts,
Letters, and Tokens, I refufd them all.

Char. I haue enough ; though poore, my heart
is fet,
In one rich gift to pay backe all my debt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Frankford and Nicke with Keyes, and a letter in
his hand.*

Fran. This is the night, that I muft play my
part
To try two feeming Angels : where's my keyes ?
Nick. They are made according to your mold in
wax

I bad the smith be fecret, gaue him money,
And heere they are. The Letter fir.

Fran. True take it, there it is ;
And when thou feeft me in my pleafantft vaine
Ready to fit to fupper, bring it me.

Nic. Ile do't, make no more question but Ile do't.
Exit.

*Enter Miftris Frankford, Cranwell, Wendoll, and
Ienkin.*

Anne. Sirra, tis fixe a clocke already froke,
Go bid them fpred the cloth and ferue in fupper.

Ien. It fhall be done forfooth. Miftris wheres

Spiggot the Butler to giue vs out salt and Trenchers.

Wen. We that haue bene a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared stomackes master *Frankford*;
We wish'd you at our sport.

Fran. My hart was with you, and my mind was on you.

Fie master *Cranwell* you are still thus fad :
A floole, a floole ; where's *Ienkin*, and where's
Nicke?

Tis supper time at least an houre ago :
What's the best newes abroad ?

Wend. I know none good.

Fran. But I know too much bad.

*Enter Butler and Ienkin with a Table-cloth, Bread,
Trenchers and salt.*

Cran. Methinkes sir, you might haue that interest
In your wiues Brother, to be more remisse
In his hard dealing against poore Sir *Charles*,
Who (as I heare) lies in *Yorke* Castle, needy,
And in great want.

Fran. Did not more weighty businesse of my
owne

Hold me away, I would haue labour'd peace
Betwixt them with all care, indeede I would sir.

Anne. Ile write vnto my brother earnestly
In that behalfe.

Wendol. A charitable deede,
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that loue you Mistris *Frankford*.

Fran. That's you for one, I know you loue sir
Charles,
And my wife too well.

Wendol. He deserues the loue
Of all true Gentlemen ; be your selues iudge.

Fran. But supper ho : Now as thou lou'st me
Wendoll

Which I am fure thou doest ; be merry, pleasant,
And frolicke it to night : Sweet master *Cranwell*
Do you the like. Wife, I protest my heart
Was nere more bent on sweet alacrity :
Where be those lazy knaues to serue in Supper ?

Enter Nicke.

Nicke. Here's a Letter fir.

Fran. Whence come's it ? and who brought it ?

Nicke. A stripling that below attends your answer,

And as he tels me it is sent from *Yorke*.

Fran. Haue him into the feller, let him taste a cuppe of our March Beere : Go, make him drinke.

Nick. Ile make him drunke if he be a Troian.

Fran. My Boots and spurs : where's *Ienkin* ? God forgiue me,

How I neglect my businesse : wife looke here ;

I haue a matter to be tride to morrow

By eight a clocke ; and my Attorney writes me

I must be there betimes with euidence,

Or it will go against me : where's my bootes ?

Enter Ienkin with boots and spurs.

Anne. I hope your businesse craues no such dispatch

That you must ride to night.

Wend. I hope it doth.

Fran. Gods me, no such dispatch :

Ienkin my boots : where's *Nicke* ? Saddle my Roan,

And the gray dapple for himselfe : Content ye,

It much concernes me. Gentle Master *Cranwell*,

And Master *Wendoll*, in my absence vse

The very ripest pleasures of my house.

Wendol. Lord, master *Frankford* will you ride to night ?

The wayes are dangerous.

Fran. Therefore will I ride
Appointed well; and so shall *Nicke* my man.

Anne. Ile call you vp by five a clocke to morrow.

Fran. No by my faith wife, Ile not trust to that,
Tis not such easie rising in a morning
From one I loue so deerely: No by my faith,
I shall not leaue so sweet a bed-fellow
But with much paine: you haue made me a sluggard
Since I first knew you.

Anne. Then if you needs will goe
This dangerous euening: Master *Wendoll*
Let me intreate you beare him company.

Wen. With all my heart sweet mistress: My boots
there?

Fran. Fie, fie, that for my priuate businesse
I should disease my friend, and be a trouble
To the whole house: *Nicke*?

Nicke. Anon sir.

Fran. Bring forth my Gelding, as you loue me
sir

Vse no more words: a hand good master *Cranwell*.

Cran. Sir God be your good speede.

Fran. Goodnight sweet *Nan*; nay, nay, a kisse
and part:

Dissembling lips you sute not with my hart. *Exit.*

Wen. How busines, time, and houres all gracious
proue

And are the furtherers to my new borne loue.
I am husband now in master *Frankfords* place,
And must command the house. My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publicly,
But in your priuate chamber mistress *Frankesford*.

Anne. Oh sir, you are too publicke in your Loue,
And master *Frankfords* wife.

Cran. Might I craue fauour,
I would intreate you I might see my chamber,
I am on the sodaine growne exceeding ill,
And would be spar'd from supper.

Wen. Light there ho.

See you want nothing fir ; for if you do,
You iniure that good man, and wrong me to.

Cran. I will make bold : good night.

Wen. How all conspire
To make our bosome sweet, and full intire.
Come *Nan*, I prethee let vs sup within.

Anne. O what a clog vnto the foule is sin ?
We pale offenders are still full of feare ;
Euery suspitious eye brings danger neare :
When they whose cleere hearts from offence are free,
Dispise report ; base scandals do outface,
And stand at meere defiance with disgrace.

Wend. Fie, fie, you talke too like a Puritan.

Anne. You haue tempted me to mischiefe M.

Wendoll :

I haue done I know not what. Well, you plead cus-
tome ;

That which for want of wit I granted erst,
I now must yeelde through feare. Come, come, lets
in,

Once ore shooes, we are straight ore head in finne.

Wend. My iocond foule is ioyfull aboute measure,
Ile be profuse in *Frankfords* richest treasure. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sifly, Ienkin, Butler, and other Seruingmen.

Ien. My mistris, and master *Wendoll* my master,
sup in her chamber to night ; *Sifly* you are prefer'd
from beeing the Cooke to be chamber-maid, of all the
loues betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou thinkst
of this.

Sifly. Mum, there's an old prouerbe, when the
Cats away, the Mouſe may play.

Ien. Now you talke of a Cat, *Sifly*, I smell a
Rat.

Sif. Good words *Ienkin*, lest you be call'd to
answere them.

Ien. Why God make my mistris an honest woman,
are not these good wordes ? Pray God my new

maister play not the Knaue with my old maister, is there any hurt in this? God fend no villany intended; and if they doe sup together, pray God they doe not lye together. God make my mistris chaste, and make vs all his seruants: what harme is there in all this? Nay more, heere is my hand thou shalt neuer haue my heart vnlesse thou say Amen.

Sisly. Amen I pray God I say.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser. My mistris sends that you shold make lesse noife, to locke vp the doores, and see the housholde all got to bed: you *Ienkin* for this night are made the Porter to see the gates shut in.

Ien. Thus by little and little I creepe into office. Come to kennell my masters to kennell, tis eleuen a clocke already.

Ser. When you haue lockd the gates in, you must fend vp the keyes to my mistris.

Sisly. Quickly for Gods sake *Ienkin*, for I must carrie them: I am neither pillow nor boulder, but I know more then both.

Ien. To bed good Spiggot, to bed good honest seruing creatures, and let vs sleepe as snug as pigs in pease straw.

Exeunt.

Enter Frankford and Nicke.

Fran. Soft, soft; wee haue tied our geldings to a tree two flight shoot off, left by their thundering hoofes they blab our comming back. Hearst thou no noife?

Nic. Heare, I heare nothing but the Owle and you.

Fran. So: now my watches hand points vpon twelue,

And it is dead midnight: where are my keyes?

Nic. Heere sir.

Fran. This is the key that opes my outward gate;

This the Hall doore; this the withdrawing chamber:

But this, that doore that's bawd vnto my fhamē:
Fountaine and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallowed order and true knot
Of Nuptiall sanctity hath bene prophan'd;
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my Terrestriall heauen, now my earths hell,
The place where sins in all their ripenesse dwell.
But I forget my selfe, now to my gate.

Nic. It must ope with far lesse noyse then Cripple-gate, or your plot's dash'd.

Fran. So reach me my darke Lanthorne to the rest;

Tread softly, softly.

Nic. I will walke on Egges this pace.

Fran. A generall silence hath surpriz'd the house,
And this is the last doore. Astonishment,
Feare, and amazement beate vpon my heart, (1)
Euen as a madman beats vpon a drum:
O keepe my eyes you heauens before I enter,
From any sight that may transfix my foule:
Or if there be so blacke a spectacle,
Oh strike mine eyes starke blind. Or if not so,
Lend me such patience to digest my greefe,
That I may keepe this white and virgin hand,
From any violent outrage, or red murder,
And with that prayer I enter.

Nic. Heres a circumstance,
A man may be made Cuckold in the time
That hees about it, and the case were mine
As tis my Masters, sblood that he makes me swere,
I would haue plac'd his action, enter'd there;
I would, I would.

Fran. Oh, oh.

Nic. Master, sblood master, master.

Fran. Oh me vnhappy, I haue found them lying
 Clofe in each others armes, and fast asleepe.
 But that I would not damne two precious foules
 Bought with my Sauours blood, and fend them laden
 With all their scarlet finnes vpon their backes,
 Vnto a fearfull iudgement, their two liues
 Had met vpon my rapier.

Nic. Sblood Master, haue you left them sleeping
 still ?

Let me go wake them.

Fran. Stay, let me pause awhile.
 O God, O God, that it were pofsible
 To vndo things done ; to call backe yesterday :
 That time could turne vp his fwift fandy glaffe,
 To vntell the dayes, and to redeeme these houres.
 Or that the Sunne
 Could rifing from the weft draw his coach backward ;
 Take from th' account of time fo many minutes,
 Til he had all these seasons call'd againe.
 Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
 Euen from her first offence ; that I might take her
 As spotleffe as an Angell in my armes.
 But oh, I talke of things impofsible,
 And caft beyond the moone. God giue me patience
 For I will in and wake them. *Exit.*

Nick. Here's patience perforce,
 He needs muft trot afoot that tires his horfe.

*Enter Wendol running ouer the stage in a Night-gowne,
 hee after him with his sword drawne, the maide in
 her smocke stayes his hand, and clasps hold on him.
 Hee pauses for a while.*

Fran. I thanke thee maide, thou like the Angelles
 hand,
 Haft stayd me from a bloody sacrifice.
 Go villen, and my wrongs fit on thy foule
 As heauy as this greefe doth vpon mine.
 When thou recordst my many curtesies,

And shalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,
Lay them together, weigh them equally,
'Twill be reuenge enough. Go, to thy friend
A Iudas ; pray, pray, lest I liue to see
Thee Iudas-like hang'd on an Elder-tree.

*Enter Mistris Frankford in her smocke, Night-gowne,
and night attire.*

Anne. O by what word ? what title ? or what
name

Shall I intreate your pardon ? Pardon : Oh
I am as farre from hoping such sweete grace
As *Lucifer* from heauen. To call you Husband ;
(O me most wretched) I haue lost that name,
I am no more your wife.

Nick. Sblood fir the founds.

Fran. Spare thou thy teares, for I will weepe for
thee ;

And keepe thy count'nance, for Ile blush for thee :
Now I protest I thinke tis I am tainted,
For I am most asham'd ; and tis more hard
For me to looke vpon thy guilty face,
Then on the suns cleere brow : What wouldst thou
speake ?

Anne. I would I had no tongue, no eares, no
eyes,

No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurne me like a dog ? when tread me
Vnder your feete ? when drag me by the haire ?
Though I deserue a thousand thousand folde
More then you can inflict : yet once my husband,
For woman-hood to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament : Euen for his sake
That hath redeem'd our soules, marke not my face,
Nor hacke me with your sword : but let me go
Perfect and vndeformed to my Tombe.
I am not worthy that I should preuaile

In the leaft fuite ; no, not to ſpeaké to you,
Nor looke on you ; nor to be in your preſence.
Yet as an abieſt this one fute I craue,
This granted I am ready for my graue.

Fran. My God with patience arme me : riſe, nay
riſe,

And Ile debate with thee : Was it for want
Thou plaidſt the ſtrumpet ? Waſt thou not ſupplide
With euery pleaſure, faſhion, and new toy ;
Nay euen beyond my calling ?

Anne. I was.

Fran. Was it then diſability in me ?
Or in thine eye ſeem'd he a properer man ?

Anne. O no.

Fran. Did not I lodge thee in my boſome ? weare
thee

Here in my heart ?

Anne. You did.

Fran. I did indeede ;

Witneſſe my teares I did.

Go bring my infants hither. O *Nan*, O *Nan*,
If neither feare of ſhame, regard of honor,
The blemiſh of my houſe, nor my deere loue
Could haue with-held thee from ſo lewd a fact :
Yet for theſe infants, theſe yong harmleſſe ſoules,
On whoſe white browes thy ſhame is charracter'd,
And growes in greatneſſe as they wax in yeeres ;
Looke but on them, and melt away in teares.
Away with them ; leſt as her ſpotted body
Hath ſtain'd their names with ſtripe of baſtardy,
So her adulterous breath may blaſt their ſpirits
With her infeſtious thoughts. Away with them.

Anne. In this one life I dye ten thouſand
deaths.

Fran. Stand vp, ſtand vp, I will do nothing
raſhly :

I wil retire awhile into my ſtudy,
And thou ſhalt heare thy ſentence preſently. *Exit.*

Anne. Tis welcome be it death. O mee base
 strumpet,
 That hauing such a husband, such sweete children,
 Must inioy neither: oh to redeeme my honor,
 I would haue this hand cut off, these my breasts
 fear'd,
 Be rack'd, strappado'd, put to any torment:
 Nay, to whip but this scandall out, I would hazard
 The rich and deere redemption of my soule.
 He cannot be so base as to forgiue me;
 Nor I so shamelesse to accept his pardon.
 O women, women, you that yet haue kept
 Your holy Matrimoniall Vow vnstain'd,
 Make me your instance, when you tred awry,
 Your sinnes like mine will on your conscience ly.

*Enter Sifly, Spiggot, all the Seruingmen, and Ienkin, as
 newly come out of Bed.*

All. O Miftris, Miftris, what haue you done Mif-
 tris?

Nic. Sbloud what a Catterwauling keepe you
 heere.

Ien. O Lord Miftris, how comes this to passe, my
 Master is run away in his shirt, & neuer so much as
 call'd me to bring his clothes after him.

Anne. See what guilt is, here stand I in this place,
 Aham'd to looke my seruants in the face.

*Enter M. Frankford and Cranwell; whom seeing she
 falls on her knees.*

Fran. My words are registred in heauen already,
 With patience heare me. Ile not martyr thee,
 Nor marke thee for a strumpet; but with vsage
 Of more humility torment thy soule,
 And kill thee euen with kindnesse.

Cran. M. Frankford.

Fran. Good M. *Cranwel.* Woman hear thy iudgment

Go make thee ready in thy best Attire ;
 Take with thee all thy gownes, all thy Apparrell,
 Leaue nothing that did euer call thee Mistris,
 Or by whose sight being left heere in the house
 I may remember such a woman by.
 Choofe thee a bed & hangings for thy chamber ;
 Take with thee euery thing that hath thy marke ;
 And get thee to my Mannor feuen mile off :
 Where liue, 'tis thine, I freely giue it thee.
 My Tennants by shall furnifh thee with waines
 To carry all thy stufte within two houres ;
 No longer wil I limit thee my fight.
 Choofe which of all my feruants thou lik'ft best,
 And they are thine to attend thee.

Anne. A milde fentence.

Fran. But as thou hop'ft for heauen, as thou belieu'ft

Thy name's recorded in the booke of life,
 I charge thee neuer after this sad day
 To fee me, or to meete me ; or to fend
 By word, or writing, giuft, or otherwise
 To moue me, by thy felfe, or by thy friends ;
 Nor challenge any part in my two children.
 So farwell *Nan* ; for we will henceforth be
 As we had neuer feene, nere more shall fee.

Anne. How full my heart is, in mine eies appeares ;

What wants in words, I will fupply in teares.

Fra. Come take your coach, your stufte ; al muft along :

Seruants and all make readie, all be gone,
 It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

Enter Sir Charles Gentleman-like, and his Sister Gentlewoman-like.

Sufan. Brother why haue you trick'd me like a Bride ?

Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments ?

Forget you our estate, our pouertie ?

Char. Call me not brother ; but imagine mee
Some barbarous Out-law, or vnciuill Kerne ;
For if thou shutst thy eie, and onely hearst
The words that I shall vtter, thou shalt iudge me
Some staring Ruffian, not thy Brother *Charles*.

O Sister :

Sufan. O Brother, what doth this strange Language
meane ?

Char. Dost loue me Sister ? wouldst thou see mee
liue

A Bankrupt begger in the worlds disgrace,
And die indebted to my enemies ?
Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beame
In the worlds eie, a by-word and a scorne ?
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may out-strip by thee.

Sufan. By me : why I haue nothing, nothing
left,

I owe euen for the clothes vpon my backe :
I am not worth—

Char. O Sister say not so,
It lies in you my downe-cast state to raise ;
To make me stand on euen points with the world.
Come Sister, you are rich ; indeede you are :
And in your powre you haue without delay,
Actons five hundred pound backe to repay.

Suf. Til now I had thought you lou'd me. By my
honor

(Which I haue kept as spotlesse as the Moone)
I ne're was mistris of that fingle doite
Which I referu'd not to supply your wants :
And do you thinke that I would hoord from you ?
Now by my hopes in heauen, knew I the meanes
To buy you from the slauery of your debts
(Especially from *Acton* whom I hate)
I would redeeme it with my life or blood.

Char. I challenge it, and kindred set apart ;

Thus (Ruffian-like) I lay siege to your hart.

What do I owe to *Acton*?

Suf. Why some five hundred pounds, towards
which I sweare,
In all the world I haue not one deneare.

Cha. It will not proue so. Sifter now resolue
me,

What do you thinke (and speake your conscience)
Would *Acton* giue might he inioy your bed?

Susan. He would not shrink to spend a thousand
pound,

To giue the *Mountfords* name so deepe a wound.

Char. A thousand pound: I but five hundred
owe,

Grant him your bed, hee's payd with intrest so.

Suf. O Brother.

Char. O Sifter, onely this one way,
With that rich Iewell you my debts may pay:
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame,
Nor do I woe you in a Brothers name,
But in a strangers. Shall I dye in debt
To *Acton* my grand foe; and you still weare
The precious Iewell that he holds so deare?

Suf. My honor I esteeme as deere and precious
As my redemption.

Char. I esteeme you sifter
As deare, for so deare prizing it.

Suf. Will *Charles*
Haue me cut off my hands and send them *Acton*:
Rip vp my brest, and with my bleeding heart
Present him, as a token.

Char. Neither Sifter:
But heare me in my strange assertion.
Thy honor and my soule are equall in my regard;
Nor will thy brother *Charles* suruiue thy shame.
His kindnesse (like a burthen) hath furcharged me,
And vnder his good deeds, I stooping, go
Not with an vpright soule. Had I remain'd
In prison still, there doubtlesse I had dyed:

Then vnto him that freed me from that prifon,
Still do I owe this life. What moou'd my foe
To infranchife me? 'Twas fifter, for your loue.
With full fife hundred pounds he bought your
loue,
And fhall he not inioy it? Shall the weight
Of all this heauy burthen leane on me,
And wil not you beare part? You did partake
The ioy of my release, will you not ftand
In ioynt-bond bound to fatisfie the debt?
Shall I be onely charg'd?

Suf. But that I know

Thefe arguments come from an honour'd minde,
As in your moft extremity of neede
Scorning to ftand in debt to one you hate;
Nay rather would ingage your vnftain'd honor
Then to be held ingrate, I fhould condemne you.
I fee your refolution and affent;
So *Charles* wil haue me, and I am content.

Char. For this I trick'd you vp.

Suf. But heere's a knife

To faue mine honor, fhall flice out my life.

Char. I know thou pleafeft me a thoufand times
More in that refolution, then thy grant.
Obferue her loue; to footh it to my fute,
Her honor ſhe wil hazard (though not loofe :)
To bring me out of debt her rigorous hand
Will pierce her heart. Oh wonder? that wil choofe
Rather then ftaine her blood, her life to loofe.
Come you fad Sifter to a wofull Brother,
This is the gate: I'll beare him fuch a prefent,
Such an Acquittance for the Knight to feale,
As wil amaze his fenfes; and furprize
With admiration all his fantasies.

Enter Acton and Malby.

Suf. Before his vnchafte thoughts fhall feize
on mee:

'Tis heere, fhall my imprifon'd foule fet free.

Acton. How? *Mountford* with his fifter hand in hand.

What myracle's afoot?

Mal. It is a fight

Begets in me much admiration.

Char. Stand not amaz'd to fee me thus attended :

Acton, I owe thee money, and being vnable
To bring thee the full fumme in ready coine,
Loe for thy more affurance here's a pawne :
My Sifter, my deere fifter, whose chafte honor
I prize aboue a Million : heere, nay take her,
Shee's worth your mony man, do not forfake her.

Francis. I would he were in earnest.

Suf. Impute it not to my immodesty,
My Brother beeing rich in nothing elfe
But in his intereft that he hath in me ;
According to his pouerty hath brought you
Me, all his ftore ; whom howfoere you prize
As forfeit to your hand, he valewes highly,
And would not fell but to acquit your debt,
For any Emperors ranfome.

Fran. Sterne heart, relent,
Thy former cruelty at length repent.
Was euer knowne in any former age
Such honourable wrested curtefie ?
Lands, honors, life, and all the world forgoe,
Rather then ftand ingag'd to fuch a foe.

Char. *Acton*, fhe is too poore to be thy Bride,
And I too much oppofd to be thy Brother.
There, take her to thee, if thou haft the heart
To ceize her as a rape or luftfull prey,
To blur our houfe that neuer yet was ftain'd ;
To murder her that neuer meant thee harme ;
To kill me now whom once thou faw'dft from death,
Do them at once on her ; all thefe rely
And perifh with her spotted chafteity.

Fran. You ouercome me in your loue fir *Charles*.
I cannot be fo cruell to a Lady

I loue so deerely. ' Since you haue not spar'd
To ingage your reputation to the world,
Your sisters honor which you prize so deere,
Nay all the comforts which you hold on earth
To grow out of my debt being your foe,
Your honor'd thoughts loe thus I recompence.
Your metamorphis'd foe receiues your gift
In satisfaction of all former wrongs.
This Iewell I will weare heere in my heart :
And where before I thought her for her wants
Too base to be my Bride : to end all strife,
I feale you my deere Brother, her my wife.

Susan. You still excede vs, I will yeeld to
fate,
And learne to loue, where I till now did hate.

Char. With that enchantment you haue charm'd,
my foule,
And made me rich euen in those very words,
I pay no debt but am indebted more,
Rich in your loue I neuer can be poore.

Fran. Al's mine is yours, we are alike in state,
Let's knit in loue what was oppos'd in hate.
Come, for our Nuptials we will straight prouide,
Blest onely in our Brother and faire Bride.

Enter Cranwel, Frankford, and Nicke.

Cra. Why do you searce each room about your
house

Now that you haue dispatch'd your wife away ?

Fran. O fir, to see that nothing may be left
That euer was my wiues : I lou'd her deerely,
And when I do but thinke of her vnkindnesse,
My thoughts are all in Hell, to auoide which torment,
I would not haue a Bodkin or a Cuffe,
A Bracelet, Necklace, or Rebato wier ;
Nor any thing that euer was call'd hers,
Left me ; by which I might remember her,
Seeke round about.

Nicke. Sblood master, here's Ker Lute flung in a corner.

Fran. Her Lute : Oh God, vpon this instrument
Her fingers haue run quicke diuision,
Sweeter then that which now diuides our hearts.
These frets haue made me pleasant, that haue
now

Frets of my heart-strings made. O master *Cranwel*,
Oft hath she made this melancholly wood
(Now mute and dumbe for her disastrous chance)
Speake sweetly many a note ; found many a straine
To her owne rauishing voice, which being well
strung,

What pleasant strange aires haue they ioyntly sung ?
Post with it after her : now nothing's left ;
Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

Nic. Ile ride and ouer-take her ; do my message
And come backe agen.

Cran. Meane time sir, if you please
Ile to sir *Francis Acton*, and informe him
Of what hath past betwixt you and his sifter.

Fran. Do as you please : how ill am I bested,
To be a widdower ere my wife be dead.

*Enter mistris Frankford, with Ienkin, her maide Sifly,
her Coach-man, and three Carters.*

Anne. Bid my Coach stay : why should I ride in
state,
Being hurl'd so low downe by the hand of fate ?
A feat like to my fortunes let me haue ;
Earth for my chaire, and for my bed a graue.

Ienkin. Comfort good mistris ; you haue watered
your Coach with teares already : you haue but two
mile now to goe to your Mannor. A man cannot saie
by my olde master *Frankeford* as he may say by me,
that hee wantes Mannors, for he hath three or foure ;
of which this is one that we are going to now.

Sifly. Good mistris be of good cheere ; sorrow you

fee hurts you, but helpes you not: we all mourne to fee you so fad.

Carter. Miftris I spy one of my Landlords men Come riding poft, 'tis like he brings fome newes.

Anne. Comes he from M. *Frankford* he is welcome,
So are his newes becaufe they come from him.

Enter Nick.

Nick. There.

Anne. I know the Lute ; oft haue I fung to thee :
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nick. Would that had beene the worft instrument that ere you played on. My master commends him to ye ; there's all he can finde that was euer yours : he hath nothing left that euer you could lay claime to but his owne heart, and he could afford you that. All that I haue to deliuer you is this ; He prayes you to forget him, and so he bids you farewell.

Anne. I thanke him ; he is kinde, and euer was.
All you that haue true feeling of my greefe,
That know my losse, and haue relenting hearts,
Gird me about ; and helpe me with your teares
To wash my spotted finnes : my Lute shall grone ;
It cannot weepe, but shall lament my mone.

Enter Wendoll.

Wend. Purfu'd with horror of a guilty foule,
And with the sharpe scourge of repentance lash'd,
I flye from my owne shadow. O my starres !
What haue my Parents in their liues deseru'd,
That you should lay this pennance on their sonne ?
When I but thinke of master *Frankfords* loue,
And lay it to my treason, or compare
My murthering him for his releuing me,
It strikes a terror like a Lightnings flash
To scorch my blood vp. Thus I like the Owle

Asham'd of day, liue in these shadowy woods,
 Affraid of euery leafe or murmuring blast,
 Yet longing to receiue some perfect knowledge
 How he hath dealt with her. Oh my sad fate,
 Heere, and so farre from home, and thus attended.
 Oh God, I haue diuorc'd the truest Turtles
 That euer liu'd together, and being diuided
 In feuerall places, make their feuerall mone ;
 She in the fields laments, and he at home.
 So Poets write that Orpheus made the Trees
 And stones to dance, to his melodious Harpe,
 Meaning the Rusticke and the barbarous Hinds,
 That had no vnderstanding part in them :
 So she from these rude Carters teares extracts,
 Making their flinty hearts with greefe to rise,
 And draw downe Riuers from their Rocky eyes.

Anne. If you returne vnto your master say,
 (Though not from me ; for I am all vnworthy
 To blast his name so with a strumpets tongue)
 That you haue seene me weepe, with my selfe dead.
 Nay, you may say to (for my vow is past)
 Last night you saw me eate and drinke my last.
 This to your master you may say and sweare ;
 For it is writ in heauen, and decreed heere.

Nic. Ile say you wept ; Ile sweare you made me
 sad.

Why how now eyes ? what now ? what's heere to
 do ?

I'me gone, or I shall straite turne baby to.

Wen. I cannot weepe, my heart is all on fire ;
 Curst be the fruites of my vnchaste desire.

Anne. Go breake this Lute vpon my coaches
 wheele,

As the last Musicke that I ere shall make ;
 Not as my husbands gift, but my farwell
 To all earths ioy ; and so your master tell.

Nick. If I can for crying.

Wend. Greefe haue done,
 Or like a mad-man I shall franticke ronne.

Anne. You haue beheld the wofull'st wretch on
earth ;

A woman made of teares : would you had words
To expresse but what you see. My inward greefe
No tongue can vtter : yet vnto your power
You may describe my forrow, and disclofe
To thy sad master my abundant woes.

Nic. Ile do your commendations.

Anne. O no :

I dare not so presume ; nor to my children ;
I am disclaim'd in both, alas I am :
O neuer teach them when they come to speake,
To name the name of Mother : chide their tongue
If they by chance light on that hated word ;
Tell them 'tis nought : For when that word they
name,

(Poore pretty foules) they harpe on their owne shame.

Wen. To recompence her wrongs, what canst thou
do ?

Thou hast made her husbandleffe, and childleffe to.

Anne. I haue no more to say. Speake not for
me,

Yet you may tell your master what you see.

Nic. Ile doo't.

Exit.

Wend. Ile speake to her, and comfort her in
greefe.

Oh but her wound cannot be cur'd with words :
No matter though, Ile do my best good will
To worke a cure on her whom I did kill.

Anne. So, now vnto my Coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed ; for from this sad houre,
I neuer will nor eate, nor drinke, nor taste
Of any Cates that may preferue my life :
I neuer will nor smile, nor sleepe, nor rest.
But when my teares haue wash'd my blacke foule
white,

Sweet Sauour to thy hands I yeeld my sprite.

Wend. O mistress *Frankford.*

Anne. O for Gods sake flye ;

The deuill doth come to tempt me ere I dye.
 My coach : This finne that with an Angels face
 Coniur'd mine honor, till he fought my wracke,
 In my repentant eyes seemes vgly blacke.

Exeunt all, the Carters whistling.

Ien. What my yong master that fled in his shirt,
 how come you by your clothes againe? You haue
 made our house in a sweet pickle, ha' ye not thinke
 you? What shall I serue you still, or cleaue to
 the old house?

Wend. Hence flauie, away with thy vnseason'd
 mirth;
 Vnlesse thou canst shed teares, and sigh, and howle,
 Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaime on fate,
 Thou art not for my turne.

Ien. Marry and you will not, another will : farwell
 and be hang'd, would you had neuer come to haue
 kept this quiole within our doores, we shall ha you
 run away like a spright againe.

Wend. Shee's gone to death, I liue to want and
 woe;
 Her life, her sinnes, and all vpon my head.
 And I must now go wander like a Caine
 In forraigne Countries and remoted climes,
 Where the report of my ingratitude
 Cannot be heard. Ile ouer first to *France*
 And so to *Germany* and *Italy*;
 Where when I haue recouered, and by trauell
 Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumors
 May in their height abate, I will returne :
 And I diuine (how euer now deiected) ·
 My worth and parts being by some great man praïd,
 At my returne I may in Court be raisd. *Exit.*

Enter sir Francis, sir Charles, Cranwel, and Susan.

Fran. Brother and now my wife, I thinke these
 troubles
 Fall on my head by iustice of the heauens,

For being so strict, to you in your extremities :
But we are now atton'd. I would my sister
Could with like happineſſe orecome her greefes
As we haue ours.

Susan. You tell us maſter *Cranwel* wondrous
things,

Touching the patience of that Gentleman,
With what ſtrange vertue he demeanes his greefe.

Cran. I told you what I was a witneſſe of,
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Fran. O that ſame villen *Wendoll*, t'was his
tongue

That did corrupt her, ſhe was of her ſelfe
Chafte and deuoted well. Is this the houſe ?

Cran. Yes ſir, I take it heere your ſiſter lies.

Fran. My Brother *Frankford* ſhew'd too milde a
ſpirit

In the reuenge of ſuch a loathed crime ;
Leſſe then he did, no man of ſpirit could do :

I am ſo farre from blaming his reuenge

That I commend it. Had it bin my caſe

Their foules at once had from their breſts bene
freed,

Deaths to ſuch deeds of ſhame is the due meed.

Enter Ienkin and Siſly.

Ien. O my miſtris, my miſtris, my poore miſtris.

Siſly. Alas that euer I was borne, what ſhal I do
for my poore miſtris.

Char. Why, what of her ?

Ien. O Lord ſir, ſhe no ſooner heard that her Bro-
ther and his friends were come to ſee how ſhee did, but
ſhee for very ſhame of her guilty conſcience, fell into
ſuch a ſwoune, that we had much ado to get life
into her.

Suf. Alas that ſhe ſhould beare ſo hard a fate,
Pitty it is repentance comes too late.

Action. Is ſhe ſo weake in body ?

Ien. O fir, I can assure you ther's no hope of life in her, for she will take no sust'nance : she hath plainly staru'd her selfe, and now shee is as leane as a Lath. She euer lookes for the good houre : many Gentlemen and Gentle-women of the countrey are come to comfort her.

*Enter Mistris Frankford in her bed. **

Mal. How fare you mistris *Frankford* ?

Anne. Sicke, ficke, oh ficke : Giue me some aire I pray you.

Tell me, oh tell me, where's master *Frankford* ?

Will not he deigne to see me ere I die ?

Mal. Yes mistris *Frankford* : diuers Gentlemen Your louing neighbors, with that iust request Haue moou'd and told him of your weake estate : Who though with much ado to get beleefe, Examining of the generall circumstance, Seeing your forrow and your penitence, And hearing therewithall the great desire You haue to see him ere you left the world, He gaue to vs his faith to follow vs, And sure he will be heere immediately.

An. You haue half reuiu'd me with those pleasing newes ;

Raise me a little higher in my bed.

Blush I not Brother *Acton* ? Blush I not fir *Charles* ?

Can you not reade my fault writ in my cheeke ?

Is not my crime there, tell me Gentlemen ?

Char. Alas good mistris, sicknesse hath not left you

Bloud in your face enough to make you blush.

Anne. Then sicknesse like a friend my fault wold hide.

Is my husband come ? My foule but tarries

His arriue, then I am fit for heauen.

Acton. I came to chide you, but my words of hate

Are turn'd to pittie and compafsionate greefe.
I came to rate you, but my braules you fee
Melt into teares, and I muft weepe by thee.
Heres M. *Frankford* now.

Enter Frankford.

Fran. Good morrow Brother; morrow Gentle-
men :

God that hath laid this croffe vpon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) haue made our cause of meet-
ing

On a more faire and more contented ground :
But he that made vs, made vs to this woe.

Anne. And is he come ? Me thinkes that voice I
know.

Fran. How do you woman ?

Anne. Well M. *Frankford* well; but shall be
better

I hope within this houre. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace, and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand ?

Fran. This hand once held my heart in faster
bonds

Then now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made vs first breake hold.

Anne. Amen, amen.

Out of my zeale to heauen, whether I'me now
bound,

I was so impudent to wish you heere ;
And once more begge your pardon. Oh (good man)
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me : my fault so heynous is,
That if you in this world forgiue it not,
Heauen will not cleere it in the world to come.
Faintnesse hath so vsurp'd vpon my knees
That kneele I cannot : But on my hearts knees
My prostrate soule lies throwne downe at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon : Pardon, O pardon me.

Frank. As freely from the low depth of my foule
As my Redeemer hath forgiuen his death.
I pardon thee ; I will shed teares for thee, pray with
thee ;

And in meere pittie of thy weake estate,
Ile wish to dye with thee.

All. So do we all.

Nick. So will not I,
Ile sigh and sob, but by my faith not dye.

Aſton. O maſter *Frankford*, all the neere al-
liance

I looſe by her, ſhall be ſupply'd in thee ;
You are my Brother by the neereſt way,
Her kindred hath fallen off, but yours doth ſtay.

Frank. Euen as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great Iudge of heauen in ſcarlet ſits,
So be thou pardon'd. Though thy raſh offence
Diuorc'd our bodies, thy repentant teares
Vnite our foules.

Char. Then comfort miſtris *Frankford*,
You ſee your husband hath forgiuen your fall ;
Then rouze your ſpirits, and cheere your fainting
foule ?

Suſan. How is it with you ?

Aſton. How do you feele your ſelfe ?

Anne. Not of this world.

Frank. I ſee you are not, and I weepe to ſee it.
My wife, the Mother to my pretty babes ;
Both thoſe loſt names I do reſtore thee backe,
And with this kiſſe I wed thee once againe :
Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that greefe vpon thy death-bed ly'eſt,
Honeſt in heart, vpon my foule thou dyeſt.

Anne. Pardon'd on earth, foule thou in heauen art
free,

Once more thy wife, dies thus embracing thee.

Fran. New married, and new widdow'd ; oh ſhe's
dead,
And a cold graue muſt be her Nuptiall bed.

Char. Sir be of good comfort ; and your heauy
forrow

Part equally amongst vs : stormes diuided
Abate their force, and with lesse rage are guided.

Cran. Do master *Frankford* ; he that hath least
part,

Will finde enough to drowne one troubled hart.

Aston. Peace with thee *Nan*. Brothers and Gen-
tlemen,

(All we that can plead interest in her greefe) .

Bestow vpon her body funerall teares.

Brother, had you with threats and vsage bad

Punish'd her sinne ; the greefe of her offence

Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her heart.

Fran. I see it had not : therefore on her graue

Will I bestow this funerall Epitaph,

Which on her Marble toombe shall be ingrau'd.

In golden Letters shall these words be fill'd ;

Heere lyes she whom her Husbands kindnesse kill'd.

FINIS.



The Epilogue.

A *N honest Crew, disposed to be merry,*
Came to a Tauerne by, and call'd for wine :
The Drawer brought it (smiling like a Cherry)
And told them it was pleasant, neate, and fine.
Taste it quoth one : He did so ; Fie (quoth hee)
This wine was good ; now t'runs too neere
the Lee.

Another sipp'd to giue the wine his due,
And saide vnto the rest it drunke too flat ;
The third said, it was olde ; The fourth, too new ;
Nay quoth the fift, the sharpnesse likes me not.
Thus Gentlemen you see, how in one houre
The wine was new, old, flat, sharpe, sweete, and
soure.

Vnto this wine we do allude our play ;
Which some will iudge too triniall ; some too
graue :
You as our Guests we entertaine this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we haue :
Excuse vs then ; Good wine may be disgrast,
When euery seuerall mouth hath sundry tast.



THE

Foure Prentifes of London.

With the Conquest of Ierusalem.

As it hath bene diuerse times Acted, at the
Red Bull, by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD,



[Carefully collated with the later edition of 1632,
“written and newly revised by Thomas Heywood.”]



To the Honest and
High-spirited Prentises, the
Readers.

NOne but to you (as whom this
Play most especially concernes) I
thought good to Dedicate this La-
bour, which though written many yeares
since, in my Infancy of Iudgment in this
kinde of Poetry, and my first practise: Yet
vnderstanding (by what meanes I know not)
it was in these more exquisite and refined
Times to come to the Presse, in such a for-
wardnesse ere it came to my knowledge, that

*it was past preuention, and then knowing with-
all, that it comes short of that accuratenesse
both in Plot and Stile, that these more Cen-
sorious dayes with greater curiosity acquire,
I must thus excuse. That as Playes were
then some fifteene or sixteene yeares agoe it
was in the Fashion. Nor could it haue
found a more seasonable and fit publication
then at this Time, when, to the glory of our
Nation, the security of the Kingdome, and
the Honor of this Renowned Citty, they haue
begunne againe the commendable practice of
long forgotten Armes, the continuance of
which I wish, the Discipline approue, and
the encouragement thereof euen with my
soule applaude. In which great and hoped
good they deserue not the least attribute of
Approbation: who, in the dull and sleepy
time of Peace, first waken'd the Remem-
brance of these armes in the Artillery Gar-
den, which begun out of their voluntary affec-*

tions, *prosecuted by their priuate Industries,*
and continued at their own proper cost and
charge, *deserues in my opinion not onely Re-*
spect and Regard, but recompence and re-
ward. But to retorne agayne to you, my
braue spirited Prentises, vpon whom I haue
freely bestowed these Foure, I wish you all,
that haue their Courages and Forwardnesse,
their noble Fates and Fortunes,

Yours,

Thomas Heywood.



Drammatis Personæ.

The olde Earle of <i>Bulloigne</i> .	The Sophy of <i>Persia</i> .
His foure } <i>Godfrey.</i>	Turnus.
sonnes } <i>Guy.</i>	Moretes.
} <i>Charles.</i>	A. Chorus, or Presentor.
} <i>Eustace.</i>	Mutes.
<i>Bella Franca</i> his daughter.	The French King.
An English Captaine.	The Bullenois.
<i>Robert of Normandy.</i>	Bandetti.
The French Kings daughter.	Irishmen.
<i>Tancred</i> a Prince of <i>Italy.</i>	Ambushes of Pagans.
The Soldane of <i>Babylon.</i>	The Clowne.





The Prologue.

Enter three in blacke clokes, at three doores.

1 *What meane you, my maisters, to appeare thus before your times? doe you not know that I am the Prologue? Do you not see this long blacke velvet cloake vpon my backe? Haue you not founded thrice? Do I not looke pale, as fearing to be out in my speech? Nay, haue I not all the signes of a Prologue about me? Then, to what end come you to interrupt me?*

2 *I haue a Prologue to speake too.*

3 *And I another.*

1 *O superfluous, and more then euer I heard of! three Prologues to one play!*

2 *Haue you not seene three ropes to tole one bell, three doores to one house, three wayes to one Towne?*

1 *I grant you: But I neuer heard of any that had three heads to one body, but Cerberus. But what doth your Prologue meane?*

2 *I come to excuse the name of the Play.*

3 *I the errours in the Play.*

1 *And I the Author that made the Play. Touching the name why is it called, True and Strange, or The foure Prentises of London? A Gentleman that heard the subiect discours't, sayd it was not possible to be true; and none here are bound to beleue it.*

2 *Tis true, that Alexander at thirty-two yeares of age conquered the whole world; but strange he should do so. If we should not beleue things recorded in former ages, wee were not worthy that succeeding times should beleue things done in these our ages.*

The Prologue.

I *But what authority haue you for your History ? I am one of those that wil belieue nothing that is not in the Chronicle.*

2 *Our Authority is a Manuscript, a Booke writ in parchment ; which not being publicke, nor generall in the World, we rather thought fit to exemplifie vnto the publicke censure, things concealed and obscur'd, such as are not common with euery one, than such Historicall Tales as euery one can tell by the fire in Winter. Had not yee rather, for nouelties sake see Ierusalem yee neuer saw, then London that yee see hourelly ? So much touching the name of our History.*

I *You haue satisfied me ; and, I hope, al that heare it. Now what haue you to speake concerning the errours in the play ?*

3 *We acknowledge none ; For the errours we could find, we would willingly amend ; but if these cleare-sighted Gentlemen with the eyes of their iudgments, looking exactly into vs finde any imperfections which are hid from our selues, our request is, you would rather look ouer them, then through them, not with a troubled eye, that makes one obiect to seeme two but with a fauourable eye, which hath power in it selfe to make many to seeme none at all.*

I *Oh now I understand you. Three Prologues to our Play ? pardon me, we haue need of three hundred me thinkes, and all little enough. But to end our beginning in a word. Thus much by the patience of these Gentlemen.*

Spectators, should you oppose your iudgements against vs : where we are three, which some would thinke too many ; were wee three thousand, we thinke our selues too few. Our Author submits his Labours to you, as the Authors of all the content he hath within this Circumference.

*But for your fakes, this onely we dare say,
We promist you, and wee'le performe a Play.*



The foure Prentises OF LONDON.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter the old Earle of Buloigne, and his daughter
BELLA FRANCA.

EARLE.

DAughter, thou seest how Fortune turnes her
wheelee.
Wee that but late were mounted vp aloft,
Lul'd in the skirt of that inconstant Dame,
Are now throwne head-long by her ruthlesse hand,
To kisse that earth whereon our feete should stand.
What censuring eye, that sees mee thus deiect,
Would take this shape to bee that famous Duke,
Which hath made *Boloigne* through the world re-
nown'd,
And all our race with fame and honour crown'd ?
Bell. But father how can you endure a slaue
To triumph in your fortunes ; and heere stand

In foule deieſt, and baniſht from your land ?

Earle. Ile tell thee Girle. The French King, and
my ſelfe,

Vpon ſome termes grew in a ſtrange debate,
And taking carefull vantage of the time,
Whilſt I with all my powers, in aide of *William*
The Norman Duke, now Engliſh Conquerour,
Was buſily emploï'd ; hee ſeiz'd my right,
Planting another, and ſupplanting mee.
This is the ground of my extremitie.

Bel. If for King *Williams* ſake now Conquerour,
You loſt your birth-right and inheritance :
How comes it that hee ſees you in this ſtate,
And liſts not vp your fortunes ruinate ?

Earle. A conquered Kingdome is not eaſily kept,
Hee hath ſo much adoe to guard his owne,
That mine is buried in obliuion ;
And I am forc't to looſe the name of Earle,
And liue in *London* like a Cittizen.

My foure ſonnes are bound prentice to foure Trades.
Godfrey my eldeſt boy I haue made a *Mercer* ;
Guy my next ſonne, enrol'd in *Gold-smithes* Trade ;
My third ſonne *Charles* bound to an *Haberdaſher* ;
Yong *Euſtace* is a *Grocer* : all high borne,
Yet of the Citty-trades they haue no ſcorne.
Thus bare neceſſity hath made me ſeeke
Some refuge, to ſuſtaine our pouerty.

And hauing plac't my ſonnes in ſuch a ſort,
The little wealth I haue left, I leaue to thee.

My ſelfe will trauaile to the holy Land ;
And ere I lie within the earths cold womb,²
Pay my deuoute vowes at my Sauours Tombe,

Bell. Was that the cauſe you ſent for my foure
brothers ?

Earle. Their wiſhed fight will cheere my aged
heart :
And I will bleſſe them all before I part.

Enter Godfrey, Guy, Charles, and Eustace, like Apprentices.

Godf. I wonder, brothers, why my father hath sent for vs thus earely : that, all businesse set apart, wee must meete together this morning.

Guy. I know not the reason. I had much adoe to get leaue of my Maister to be spared from my attendance in the Shop, and seruing of Customers.

Cha. 'Faith as soone as I heard but the messenger say, my father must speake with mee : I left my Tankard to guard the Conduit ; and away came I.

Eust. I beshrew him. I should haue beene at breake-fast with two or three good boyes this morning : but that match is disappointed by this meeting.

Bell. See where my brothers are already come.

Earle. *Godfrey, Guy, Charles, yong Eustace* all at once,

Diuide a fathers blessing in foure parts,
And share my prayers amongst you equally.
First *Godfrey*, tell mee how thou lik'st thy Trade ?
And knowing in thy thoughts what thou hast been,
How canst thou brooke to bee as thou art now ?

Godf. Bound must obey : Since I haue vnder-tooke

To serue my Maister truely for seuen yeares,
My duty shall both answer that desire,
And my old Maisters profite euery way.
I prayse that Citty which made Princes Tradef-men :
Where that man, noble or ignoble borne,
That would not practise some mechanicke skill,
Which might support his state in penury,
Should die the death ; not sufferd like a drone,
To sucke the honey from the publicke Hiue.
I hold it no disparage to my birth,
Though I be borne an Earle, to haue the skill
And the full knowledge of the *Mercers* Trade.
And were I now to be create a new,

It should not grieue me to haue spent my time
 The secrets of so rich a Trade to know,
 By which aduantage and great profits grow.³

Ear. Well hast thou done to ouercome thy fate,
 Making thy minde conformed to thy state.
 How likes my *Guy*, the *Gold-smiths* faculty.

Guy. As a good refuge in extremity.
 Say I be borne a Prince, and be cast downe
 By some finifter chance, or fortunes frowne :
 Say I be banisht : when I haue a Trade,
 And in my selfe a meanes to purchase wealth,
 Though my state waste, and trowing honours fall,
 That still stayeres with me in the extream't of all.

Earle. What sayes my third sonne *Charles* ?

Char. If I should say I would not brooke those
 bonds,

Which Heauen and fate,⁴ and you haue tied me in ;
 You would be preaching disobedience.

Or should I say the Citty-trades are base
 For such a great mans sonnes to take on them :
 Your fatherly regard would straight aduise mee
 To chastise my rebellious thoughts ; and say,
 Sonne, you by this may liue another day.
 Therefore, as my two brothers, I reply ;
 You aske mee if I like it ; I say I.

Earle. What sayes my yongest boy ?

Eust. Father, I say, Hawking is a pretty sport,
 And Hunting is a Princely exercife ;
 To ride a great horse, oh 'tis admirable !

Earle. *Eustace* I know it is : but to my question.
 How canst thou brooke to be a Prentise, boy ?

Eust. Mee thinkes I could endure it for seuen
 yeares,

Did not my Maister keepe me in too much.
 I cannot goe to breake-fast in a morning
 With my kinde mates and fellow-Prentises,
 But he cries *Eustace*, one bid *Eustace* come :

(3) much profitess grow. 1615. (4) God, and fate, *Ib.*

And my name *Eustace* is in euery roome.
If I might once a weeke but see a Tilting,
Sixe dayes I would fall vnto my bufinesse close,
And ere the weekes end winne that idle day.
Hee will not let mee see a mustering,
Nor on a May-day morning fetch in May :
I am no sooner got into the Fencing-schoole,
To play a venew with some friend I bring ;
But *Eustace, Eustace*, all the streete must ring.
Hee will allow me not one howre for sport :
I must not strike a foote-ball in the streete,
But hee will frowne : not view the dancing-schoole,
But hee will misse me straight : not suffer mee
So much as take vp cudgels in the streete,
But hee will chide : I must not go to buffets ;
No, though I bee prouoked ; that's the hell,
Were't not for this, I could endure it well.
· *Earle.* Sonnes, yee must all forget your birth and
honours,
And looke into the times necessity.
I know yee are perfwaded : Thinke not, fonnes,
The names of Prentice can disparage you.
For howfoeuer of you esteem'd they bee,
Euen Kings themselues haue of these Trades beene
free.

I made a vow to see the holy Land,
And in the same my Sauours Sepulchre.
Hauing so well dispos'd you ; I will now
First blesse you Boyes, and then performe my vow.

Godf. With much ado, do I containe my spirit
Within these bands, that haue inclos'd me round.
Though now this case the noble Sunne doth shroud ;
Time shall behold that Sunne breake through this
cloud.

Guy. My *Genius* bids my foule haue patience,
And sayes I shall not be a Prentise long.
I scorne it not : but yet my spirits aime,
To haue this hand catch at the Crowne of Fame.

Char. An *Haberdasher* is the Trade I vse :

But the soft wool feeles in my hand like steele :
 And I could wish each hat comes through my hand
 Were turn'd into an Helmet, and each Helmet
 Vpon a Souldiers head, for me to lead.
 Warre is the walke which I desire to tread.

Eust. I am a *Grocer* : Yet had rather see
 A faire guilt sword hung in a veluet sheath,
 Then the best *Barbary* fugar in the world ;
 Were it a freight of price inestimable.
 I haue a kinde of prompting in my braine,
 That sayes ; Though I be bound to a sweete Trade,
 I must forgoe it, I keepe too much in.
 I would fast from meate and drinke a Summers day,
 To see swords clash, or view a desperate fray.

Earle. Bridle these humours sonnes, expell them
 cleane,

And your high Spirits within your breasts containe :
 Whilst I my tedious Pilgrimage prepare,
 To spend my age in pouerty and prayer.
 My first-borne, first fare-well ; my second next :

Charles, Eustace, Daughter : Heere my blessings stay,
 Your wishes beare me on my sacred way. *Exit.*

Godf. Euen to the place you trauaile, there to
 ascend

With those deuoute prayers you to heauen commend.
 Brothers, since wee are now as strangers here,
 Yet by our fathers prouident care so plac'd,
 That we may liue secure from penury :
 So let vs please our Maisters by our care,
 That we our ruin'd fortunes may repaire.

Guy. Brother, if I knew where to go to warre,
 I would not stay in *London* one houre longer.

Char. An houre ! By heauen I would not stay a
 minute.

Eust. A minute, not a moment. Would you put a
 moment

Into a thousand parts, the thousandth part
 Would not I linger, might I goe to warre.
 Why, I would presently runne from my Maister,

Did I but heare where were a Drumme to follow.

Bell. Would you so brother ?

Eust. I good faith, sweete Sister,
I would shew him as fine a paire of heeles, as light
and nimble, as any the neatest cork shoe in all the
Towne turnes vp : I would i' faith.

Bell. And leaue me here alone ?

Guy. Alone ? why sister,
Can you be left alone 'mongst multitudes ?
London is full of people euery where.

God. Well, leaue this iesting : wee forget our selues.
Sister, wee haue you to our fathers house,
T' enioy the small possessions left you there :
Returne we to our Maisters and our charge,
Left seeking this our loytering to excuse,
With forg'd inuentions wee their eares abuse.

Sound a Drumme within softly.

I heare a Drumme. I haue as much power to sit,
Sort out my wares, and scribble on a Shop-board,
When I but heare the musicke of a drumme,
As to abstaine from meate when I am hungry.
I'le know what newes before I stirre a foote.

Char. By heauen I am enamoured of this tune,
'Tis the best Musicke in the world to mee.

Eust. My legs are marching streight when I but
heare it.

Ran, tan, tan : Oh I could lead a Drumme
With a good grace, if I but saw behind mee
An hundred souldiers follow in euen rankes.
Had I but here a band of men to lead,
Methinkes I could do wonders : Oh 'tis braue
To be a Captaine, and command to haue.

*Enter after a Drumme, a Captaine with a
Proclamation.*

Cap. All Commanders, Captaines, Liefetenants,
Gentlemen of Companies, Sergeants, Corporals, or
common Souldiers whatsoeuer, that will accompany to
the holy warres at *Hierusalem*, Robert Duke of Nor-

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mandy the Kings son : they shall haue pay and place,
according to their deserts. And so God faue King
William Surnamed the *Conqueror*.

Exit Drumme and Captaine.

Eust. *Ran, tan, tan.* Now by *S. George*, he tells vs
gallant newes :

I'll home no more ; I'll runne away to night.

Guy. If I cast Bole, or Spooone, or Salt againe,
Before I haue beheld *Hierusalem*,
Let mee turne Pagan.

Char. Hats and Caps adiew :
For I must leaue you, if the Drumme say true.

Godf. Nay then haue with you brothers ; for my
spirit

With as much vigour hath burst forth as thine,
And can as hardly be restrain'd as yours.
Giue me your hands I will comfort you too :
Let's try what *London* Prentises can doe.

Eust. For my Trades sake, if good succeffe I haue,
The *Grocers* Armes shall in my Ensigne waue.

Guy. And if my valour bring mee to command,
The *Goldsmiths* Armes shall in my colours stand.

Godf. So of vs all ; then let vs in one Fleete^s
Lanch all together : and as wee are brothers,
So let vs enter zealous amity,
And still preuaile by our vnited strength.
I know our hearts are one ; fister Fare-well.
Trust mee in vaine you should perswade our stay :
For wee are bent, comfort vs with your prayers.

All. Farewell.

Bell. Farewell.

Godf. God !

Guy. Heauen.

Char. Fate.

Eust. Fortune.

Godf. Make vs happy men,
To win.

Guy. Weare.

Char. Vanquish.

Eust. Ouercome.

Exeunt.

Bell. Amen.

Haue you all left mee midst a world of strangers,
Here onely to my selfe : not to protect me,
Or to defend me from apparant wrong?

Since it is so, I'll follow after you :

In some disguise I will pursue their steps,

And vnto Heauen and fortune yeeld my selfe.

Toward sea they are gone, and vnto sea must I,

A Virgines vnexpected fate to try. *Exit.*

*Enter marching Robert of Normandy, the Captaine, the
foure brethren, Drumme, and Souldiers.*

Enter the Presenter.

Pre. Thus haue you seene these brothers shipt to
Sea,

Bound on their voyage to the holy Land,
All bent to try their fortunes in one Barke.

Now to auoide all dilatory newes,

Which might with-hold you from the Stories pith,

And substance of the matter wee entend :

I must entreate your patience to forbear,

Whilst we do feast your eye, and starue your eare.

For in dumbe shews, which were they writ at large

Would aske a long and tedious circumstance :

Their infant fortunes I will soone expresse,

And from the truth in no one point digresse.

Yee haue seene the father of these foure faire sons,

Already gone his weary pilgrimage :

Godfrey, Guy, Charles, and Eustace, prest to sea

To follow *Robert Duke of Normandy.*

Imagine now yee see the aire made thicke

With stormy tempests, that disturbe the Maine,⁶

And the foure windes at warre among themselues :

And the weake Barkes wherein the brothers faile,

Split on strange rockes, and they enforc't to swim :
To saue their desperate liues : where what befell
them

Disperst to feuerall corners of the world,
We will make bold to explaine it in dumbe Show .
For from their fortunes all our Scene must grow.

*Enter with a Drum on one side certaine Spaniards, on
the other side certaine Citizens of Bullen : the
Spaniards insult vpon them, and make them do
them homage : to the Citizens enter GODFREY, as
newly landed & halfe naked, conferres with the
Citizens, & by his insligation they set vpon the
Spaniards, & beate them away, they come to
honour him, and he discloseth himselfe vnto them ;
which done, they Crowne him, and accept him for
their Prince : and so Exeunt.*

Those Cittizens you see were *Bullonoyes*,
Kept vnder bondage of that tyrannous Earle,
To whom the *French* King gaue that ancient
feate,

Which to the wronged Pilgrim did belong.

But in the height of his ambition,

Godfrey, by Shipwracke throwne vpon that Coast,

Stirres vp th' oppressed Citty to reuolt :

And by his valour was th' vsurper slaine ;

The Citty from base bondage free'd againe.

The men of *Bulloigne*, wondring what strong hand

Had beene the meanes of their deliuerance,

Befought him to make knowne his birth and
state :

Which *Godfrey* did. The people, glad to see

Their naturall Prince procure their liberty,

Homage to him, create him Earle of *Bulloigne* ;

And repofesse him in his fathers feate.

Where we will leaue him hauing honour wonne ;

And now returne vnto the second sonne.

*Enter the King of France, and his daughter walking.
to them Guy all wet. The Lady entreateth her
father for his entertainment : which is granted ; &
rich cloathes are put about him : & sic Exeunt.*

As the French King did with his daughter walke
By the Sea-side : from farre they might espy
One on a rafter floate vpon the waues,
Who as he drew more neere vnto the shore,
They might discerne a man, though basely clad,
Yet sparkes of honour kindled in his eyes.
Him at first sight the beauteous Lady loues ;
And prayes her father to receiue him home :
To which the King accords ; and in his Court
Makes him a great and speciall Officer.
There leaue we *Guy* a gallant Courtier prou'd,
And of the beauteous Lady well belou'd.

*Enter Bandetto's, with the Earle prisoner : Exeunt
some of them with him to prison : Enter CHARLES
all wet with his sword ; fights with the rest, and
kils their Captaine ; They yeeld and offer to make
him their Captaine, to which hee agrees : & sic
exeunt omnes.*

Charles the third sonne, is by the winds and waues
Borne on a Planke as farre as *Italy*,
And lands iust at a lofty Mountaines foote :
Vpon whose top a many out-law'd Theeues,
Bandetti, Braues, such as keepe in Caues,
Make their abroad. This crue affailes yong *Charles* :
Who in the bickering strikes their Captaine dead.
They wondring at his valour, and being now
Without a Leader, humbly seeke to him
To be their Chieftaine, and command their strength ;
Which at their earnest suite he vndertakes.
Wee leaue him there, thinking his brothers drown'd,
Nor knowing yet his father there lies bound.

Enter a Coarse, after it Irishmen mourning, in a dead March: To them enters Eustace, and talks with with the chiefe Mourner, who makes signes of consent, after buriall of the Coarse, and so Exeunt.

Eustace, the yongest of the foure, was cast
Vpon the coast of *Ireland*: and from thence
Hee comes to trauaile to *Hierusalem*,
Supposing his three brethren drown'd by sea.
Thus haue you seene these foure, that were but now
All in one Fleete, a many thousand leagues
Seuer'd from one another: *Guy* in *France*,
Godfrey in *Bulloigne*, *Charles* in *Italy*,
Eustace in *Ireland* 'mongst the *Irish* kernes.
Yet Gentlemen, the selfe same winde and fortune
That parted them, may bring them altogether.
Their sifter followes them with zealous feete:
Be patient, yee will wonder when they meete.
Foure *London* Prentises will ere they die,
Aduance their trowing fame aboue the skye;
And winne such glorious praise as neuer fades,
Vnto themselues and honour of their trades:
Grant them your wonted patience to proceed,
And their keene swords shall make the Pagans bleed.
Exit.

Enter Guy, and the Lady of France.

Lady. Fie stranger, can a skinne so white and
soft

Couer an heart obdurate, hard as flint?
Since I first saw thee floating on the waues,
The fire of loue flew from your radiant eye,
Which like a Sunne-beame pierc'd vnto my heart.

Guy. Sweete Lady, all my powers I owe to you:
For by your fauour I ascend this height,
Which feates mee in the fauour of a Prince.

A Prince, that did he know me, in the stead
Of doing me honour, would cut off my head :
private to himselfe.

Hee did exile my father : cast mee downe ;
And spurd with enuious hate, distrest vs all.
Since fortune then, and the devouring Seas,
Haue rob'd me of my brothers, and none left
Of all my fathers sonnes aliue but I :
Take this aduantage, and be secret, *Guy* :
Meete this occasion, and conclude with fate,
To raise againe thy fathers ruin'd state.

Lady. Fie niggard, can you spend such precious
breath,
Speake to your selfe so many words apart ;
And keepe their sound from my attentiu eare,
Which saue your words no musicke loues to heare ?

Guy. What would you haue mee say ?

Lady. Would I might teach thee !
Oh that I had the guidance of thy tongue ! *private.*
But what would that auaille thee foolish Girle ?
Small hope in those instructions I should finde,
To rule your tongue, if not to guide your minde.

Guy. My tongue, my thoughts, my heart, my
hand, my sword,
Are all your seruants, who hath done you wrong ?

Lady. I doubt not of your valour. But resolute
mee
And tell me one thing truly I shall aske you.

Guy. Bee't not my birth, no question I'll deny :
Doubt not my truth for honour scornes to lye.

Lady. I do beleue you : faire Knight do you
loue ?

Guy. To ride a horse as well as any man :
To make him mount, curuet, to leape, and spring ;
To chide the bit, to gallop, trot the ring.

Lady. I did not aske you if you loue to ride.
Something I meane ; which though my tongue deny,
Looke on me, you may reade it in mine eye.
But do you loue ?

Guy. To march, to plant a battle, lead an Hoast,
 To bee a fouldier and to goe to Warre,
 To talke of Flankes, of Wings, of skonces, holds,
 To see a fally, or to giue a Charge,
 To leade a Vaward, Rereward, or maine Hoast :
 By heauen I loue it as mine owne deere life.

Lady. I know all this ; your words are but de-
 laies :

Could you not loue a Lady that loues you ?
 Tis hard when women are enforc'd to wooe.

Private.

Guy. Where is my man to bring me certaine
 newes,
 The Kings Commiſſion ſends me to the warres :
 The villaine loyters in my buſineſſe.

Lady. All this is from the matter gentle Knight :
 The Kings Commiſſion may be ſign'd at leaſure.
 What ſay you to my queſtion ?

Guy. You would haue me tell you true.

Lady. Either ſpeake true, or do not ſpeake at all.

Guy. Then as I am true Knight I honour you,
 And to your ſeruiſe will eſpouſe my ſword.
 I wiſh you as I wiſh the glorious Sunne,
 That it may euer ſhine ; without whoſe luſtre
 Perpetuall darkneſſe ſhould o're-ſhade the earth.
 But tell me Lady, what you meane by loue.

Lady. To loue a Lady, is with heart entire,
 To make her Miſtreſſe of his whole deſire :
 To figh for her, and for her loue to weepe ;
 As his owne heart her precious fauours keepe :
 Neuer be from her, in her boſome dwell ;
 To make her preſence heauen, her abſence hell :
 Write Sonnets in her prayſe, admire her beauty :
 Attend her, ſerue her, count his ſeruiſe duty.
 Make her the ſole commandreſſe of his powers,
 And in the ſearch of Loue, looſe all his howres.

Guy. Tis pretty for ſome foole that could en-
 dure it :

How neere am I vnto this loue, ſweete Lady ?

I loue to mount a Steed, whose heauy trot
Crackes all my finewes, makes my Armour crash :
I loue to march vp to the necke in snow :
To make my pillow of a cake of ice,
That in the morning, when I stretch my limbes,
My haire hangs thicke with dropping ificles,
And my bright armes be frozen to the earth.
I loue to see my face besmear'd in blood :
To haue a gaping wound vpon my flesh,
Whose very mouth would make a Lady found :
I loue no chamber-musicke, but a Drumme,
To giue mee hunts-vp. Could your Grace endure
To lye all night within a sheete of maile,
By a drawne sword that parts not from my side,
Embrace a body full of wounds and skarres,
And heare no language but of blood and warres ?
Such is my life, such may my honour proue :
Make warre a Lady, I that Lady loue.

Lady. Fie, fie, you run quite from the byas
cleane,

To loue that deere, which wee hate so deadly :
If loue and I be one, you hate vs both.

Guy. Then can I loue no Lady by my troth :
Madame fare-well : for vnder my command
The King your father sends ten thousand men,
To winne the holy Towne *Hierusalem.*
Thither must I, esteeming your high honour
Like a bright Comet and vnmatched Starre,
But loue no woman in the world, saue war. *Exit.*

Lady. Go flint, strike fire vpon thy enemies steele,
Whilst I descend one step from fortunes wheele :
Thou goest before, loue bids me follow after :
By thee, the King thy Lord must loose his Daughter.
Exit.

*Enter Charles like an Out-law, with Bandettoes and
Theeues, and with the Clowne.*

Char. Theeues, and good fellows, speak what
should I call you ?

There's not a rogue among you that feares God,
 Nor one that hath a touch of honesty.
 Robbers, and knaues and rascals all together,
 Sweet consort of vild villaines, list to me.
 Am not I well preferr'd to become Captaine
 Vnto a crew of such pernicious slaues?
 I shall haue such a coyle to make you Christians,
 And bring you to some shape of honesty,
 That ere I do it, I shall make your bodies
 Nothing but scarre-crowes, to hang round these
 Trees.

Clowne. Braue Captaine couragious whom death
 cannot daunt; wee haue beene all Gentlemen and
 House-holders; But I was banisht for nothing but
 getting of Bastards; but this fellow fled from *Venice*, for
 killing a man cowardly on the *Rialto*; some for one
 villany, and some for another. Our Captaine that
 you killed, and now supply his place, poisoned a wor-
 thy Marchant in the Citty with ratef-bane; and flying
 hither, for his valour we made him our Generall.
 But now braue *Cauallero*, to thee alone wee sing *Hono-
 nonero*.

Char. Well, I must haue you now turne honest
 Theeues.

Hee that commits a rape, shall sure be hang'd:
 Hee that commits a murder, shall be murdered
 With the same weapon that did act the deed.
 Hee that robbes pilgrims, or poore Trauellours,
 That for deuotions sake do passe these Mountaines,
 Hee shall bee naked tyed to armes of Trees,
 And in the dayes heate stung with Waspes and
 Bees.

Yee slaues, I'll teach you some ciuility.

Clowne. Captaine, what shall hee be done withall,
 that lies with a wench with her will, if hee be hung
 that lies with one against her will.

Char. I'll haue him whipt.

Clowne. See, see, I thinke the Captaine hath beene
 a Cooke in his time, he can fit sweete meate with

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fowre fauce. But what a foole is our Captaine, to prescribe Lawes to Out-lawes? If we would haue kept the Lawes before in the City, wee needed not to haue beene driuen now to leade our liues in the Country. But Captaine, since you are our Captaine, we will resigne vnto you all our treasures and prisoners, and our spoiles. Take possession of them in Gods name, that came to vs in the deuils name.

Cha. Your prisoners, spoiles, and treasure all bring forth,
That I may feize them as mine owne by right ;
As heire to him whom I haue slaine in fight.

Enter the Theeues bringing in the old Earle bound.

Earle. Villaines I know you drag me to my death :
And yee shall do me an exceeding grace.

Char. I am deceiu'd but I haue seene that face.

Vill. Come, come you old gray-beard, you must before our Captaine : if hee say *Vrue* then liue ; if not, thou diest if thou wert his father.

Char. Villaine, thou liest if thou wert my brother :
He shall not die. Vpon your low knees fall,
And aske him pardon, or I'll hang you all.

Ear. Tweene ioy and feare amaz'd in heart I stand :
Doth my sonne *Charles* lead this vnruely band.

Char. Your onely sonne, and all the sonnes you haue,
And borne his fathers desperate life to faue.

Ear. How camst thou here? why dost thou call thy selfe
My onely sonne? hauing three brothers more,
Which vnto me thy beauteous mother bore.

Char. Once we were foure, all fellow-prentises ;
And after fellow-souldiers, prest to serue
The good Duke *Robert* in his holy warres.

But in a storme, our ships so brauely man'd,
Were wrackt; and saue myselfe none swimme to
land.

They perisht there : I by the waues and winds
Was driuen vpon this Coast of *Italy*,
Where landing naked, saue my trusty sword,
This crue of old *Bandetto's* set vpon me :
But in the dangerous fight, by chance I flue
The lucklesse Captaine of this damned crue :
Who since haue made me Captaine, here to stay,
Till fortune grant me a more prosperous way.

Earle. Mine eies haue vow'd to die the selfe same
death

My sonnes haue done : sonne let me weepe a while,
To bring the like destruction to my eyne ;
These in salt teares ; they in a sea of brine.

Clowne. Is this our Captaines father? what vil-
laines were we to vse him so roughly?

Vill. If the old fornicator had but told vs so
much, wee should haue had the grace, either to
haue set him free, or fortune to haue vsde him more
gently.

Char. Since father we haue met this happy day,
Secure with me amongst these Out-lawes stay.

Earle. Not for the world, since I haue lost my
sons,

All outward ioyes are from my heart remou'd :
Vaine pleasures I abhorre, all things desie,
That teach not to despaire, or how to dye,
Yet ere I leaue the world, I vow to see,
His holy blessed Tombe that died for mee.

Cha. Then take along with you this bag of
gold,

To beare your charge in euery Inne you come :
Deny it not, reliefe is comfortable.

Earle. Thanks my deere son, expence it will
defray,

And serue to deale to poore men by the way :
And now fare-well sweet *Charles*, thou all my sonnes,

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For now the last sand in my houre-glasse runnes.

Cha. Yee two conduct him safe beyond the mountains.

Vill. Shall I be one ?

Clo. And I another ?

Cha. Yee know the passages, bee it your charge.

Vill. I am glad the filly man is weake and old :
By heauen my fingers tickle at his gold.

Clo. Old man is your purse afloat ?
I haue vow'd to cut his throate,
But to haue it euery groate.

Exeunt.

Cha. And now returne wee to suruey our Caue,
Peruse our treasure got by rape and spoyle,
Though wonne by others, yet possesse by vs :
Yet hencefoorth shall bee vnde no violence.
I'll make these villaines worke in feuerall trades,
And in these Forrests make a Common-wealth.
When them to ciuill nurture I can bring,
They shal proclaim me of these mountains King.

Exeunt.

Enter Eustace and his Irishman.

Eust. I thinke these vpright craggy mountaine
tops,

Are (if the truth were knowne) high way to heauen :

For it is streight and narrow, and some places

Are for the steepnesse, inaccessible.

Faire fall a rafter, and a gale of winde,

Or I had gone to heauen a way by water

Neerer then this by land ; that way they found,

Who in the salt remorselesse seas were drown'd,

My brothers, whom I dreame on when I sleepe,

And my eyes waking at their fortunes weepe.

Forgetting them, the friendly *Irish* coast

Gaue me safe harbor ; thence I haue traueil'd hither

Euen to these lofty hills of *Italy*,

After Prince *Robert* Duke of *Normandy*.

'Tis safer sitting in my maisters shop,

Crying what lacke you, then 'tis here to stay,
To Wolues and wilde beasts to be made a prey.

Irish. Maister, fo Crist me saue, I shal waite on thee, wake for thee when thou sleepest, runne for thee when thou biddest, and flye a thy errands, like an arrow from a bow, when thou wantest wine, or meate, to drinke or eate, or any other necessary prouision :

Now I haue left my best friend in the graue,
My friendship and my seruice you shall haue.

Eust. Well, fortune hath preferu'd me to some end :

It is for some thing, that I did not finke,
When the salt waues my mouth and eares did drinke :
I might haue fed the Haddockes ; but some power,
Is my good Maister, and preferues me stil :
Wel, sword in all my troubles stand me by,
Thou art bound to winne me somewhat ere I die.

Enter the Clowne and the Villaine, dragging the old Earle violently, and rifling him.

Clowne. Giue vs the gold my Captaine gaue you,
you olde Anatomy.

Vill. Gray-beard deliuer, or you are but dead.

Ear. Take it my friends, full little needes this strife,

First take the gold, and after take my life.

Clo. Nay you old Iack a lent, fixe weeks and vpwards : though you be our Captaines father, you cannot stay there, and for surety that you shall not go back, and tell him what we haue done to you, we'll kill you, and fling you into some cole-pit.

Vill. Content, and when wee haue done, wee will returne him word we haue conducted thee past all danger of the mountaines : And now prepare thee for the fatal stroke.

Earle. Thou dost mee a great kindnesse, let it come :

God take my foule, now when thou wilt strike home.

Eust. He strikes his owne foule downe to *Erebus*,
That lifts a sword that shall but touch his haire.

Irish. And by Saint *Patricke* i'll make him garter
his hose with his guts, that strikes any stroke heere.

Clow. Whom haue wee heere? a Gentleman and
his Water-spaniel? Lets rob them too, and after kill
the gray-beard.

Vill. Content, content. Sirra stand.

Eust. Yes, I will stand, bafe wretch, when thou
shalt fall,

And strike thee dead, and trampling on thy bulke
By stamping with my foote crush out thy foule :
Take that you slaue, for bidding *Eustace* stand.

He beates them both away.

Now father go in peace.

Ear. Thankes my faire son,
By whose stout valour I haue freedome wonne :
I can bestow vpon you nought but thankes,
Vnlesse you will diuide this gold with me.

Eust. No, father, keepe it; thou art old and
poore :

But when I want, my sword shall purchase more.

Ear. By vewing him my former griefes abound,
apart to himselfe.

Euen such a one was *Eustace* that was drown'd :
Which had he liu'd, his stature, yeares, and all,
Would haue resembled his, so streight, so tall,
So faire, so strong, of such a worthy spirit ;
But his blest foule, by this, doth Heauen inherit :
Griefe for his death so neere my heart doth dwell,
That for my life I cannot say fare-well. *Exit.*

Eust. The Captains father, whom the slaues had
kil'd

Had not our comming interuented them,
Resembles mine in gesture, face, and looke :
But the olde Earle my father is by this
Within the wals of faire *Ierusalem* :

Elfe had I furely tooke this aged man
T' haue askt him bleffing. But what next enfues?
I finde thefe Mountaines will be full of newes.

Enter Charles, Clowne, Villaine, and the crew.

Clow. Captaine, a prize! we two were affailed
by two hundred, and of them two hundred, we kild
all but thefe two: thefe are the remainder of them
that are left alieue.

Char. Go two or three of you, and fetch them
in:

If they refift you, take their weapons from them.

Clo. I had rather fome body elfe fhould attempt
them then I now: But fince there is no other remedy,
giue me three or foure of the ftoutest of our crew, and
then God and St. *Anthony*.

Eust. More theeues and villaines haue begirt vs
round:

Now *Eustace*, for the honour of thy name,
Returne them to their Captaine backe with fhame.

He fets vpon them all, and beates them.

Char. Now by mine honour, the beft peece of
flef

That euer in thefe woods held Out-law play:

Euen fuch a fpirit had *Eustace* when he liu'd:

We muft not loofe this Gallant, if we can,

Wee'le ftriue to make him our companion.

Eust. Yee flaues, ile beate you all into a moufe-
hole:

And like a baited Lyon at a flake,

Kill all the currees that come but neere to barke:

Yee Guls, haue yee no better men amongft you?

Defie your Captaine from me: here I ftand,

To dare him to a combat hand to hand.

Char. I were a Bastard, not my fathers fonne
Should I refufe it.

Eust. By all the Land I haue left me in the
world,

That's but my graue : Capitaine thou honorest me.

Char. By all the wealth I brought into these woods,

That's but my sword, thou dost the like to me :

Thou shalt haue faire play, Gallant, by mine honour.

Eust. False was my mother to my fathers bed,
If I should aske more oddes of *Hercules*.

Char. He dies vpon my sword, disturbs our fray,

Or in the fight dares disadvantage thee.

Eu. Were I the world-commanding *Alexander*,
I would make thee my *Ephession* for that word :
I loue thee for thy valour, Capitaine thiefe.

Char. Tis that preserues thee from our violence,
An honour'd minde lies in this Out-lawes shape.
So much I reckon of thy chivalry,
That wert thou maister of an *Indian Mine*,
Thou should'st not be diminish't one denier.
Securely fight, thy purse is sanctuary'd,
And in this place shall beard the proudest thiefe.

Eust. An honor'd minded villaine, by my sword,
A right good fellow, and an honest thiefe.
If I should haue thee prostrate at my mercy,
I will not kill thee for thy liberal offer :
Yet winne it lad, and take it without faile,
I scorne to haue my purse go vnder baile.

Cha. He goes beyond me in heroicke thoughts ;
To thine I stake downe this : stand all apart.
He that steps in, be subiect to our curses,
And now the better man take both the purses.

Eust. It is a match, Ile feize them to thy grieve :
Now True man try, if thou canst rob a Thiefe.

They fight, as they are fighting, enter Bella Franca, pursued by an Out-law, she runs betwixt them and parts them.

Bell. If yee were borne of women, aid a woman.

Char. Why what's the matter ?

Bel. Oh turne the edges of your fwords 'gainst him,
That in the Forrest would haue rauisht me.

Cha. Cease thy pursuite, and stranger pause a while,
To heare the tenour of this Ladies plaint.

Eust. Why then Kings truce. But let the purfes lie :
They'le fall to my aduantage by and by.

Cha. Now tell me Lady, what's your suite to me ?

Bell. To saue my life from foule inchaſtity :
For paſſing by theſe Countries on my way,
To pay my zealous vowes in *Golgotha*,
Attended onely by a little page :
This villaine with a crew of ruſſian thieues,
Seiz'd what we had firſt, haled my page from me :
And after would haue wrackt my chaſtity :
But being ſwift of foote, feare lent me wings,
Hither (I hope in happy time) to flye,
Eytherto ſaue mine honour, or to die.

Char. Thy honour and thy life are both ſecur'd :
And for a Ladies ſake you much reſemble,
Command my ſword, my ſubiects, and my caue ;
Where ſuccour, all offenceleſſe, you ſhall haue :
Sirra go you, and ſcoure about the hill.

Clowne. I goe.

Bell. How like is he to *Charles* by ſhipwracke dead !
And he to *Eufſace* periſht in the waues !
But they are both immortal Saints in Heauen :
Yet I am glad becauſe theſe ſhapes are theirs :
My happy comming hath tane vp their ſtrife,
Preſeruing mine owne honour and my life.

Eust. So bluſht my ſiſter: and this Out-law thiefe
Hath a reſemblance to my brother *Charles* :
But ſhe in *London* liues a Virgine pure :
He's in ſome huge Whales belly too too ſure.

Char. A pretty Wench yfaith, I'le marry her,
And make her Queene of all this Out-law crew.

Eust. I am halfe in loue already, at first sight :
How will this raging flame increafe by night ?

Ch. Faire beauteous maide, refigne your loue to
me ;
Mistresse of all these Forrests you shall be.

Eust. Loue me, I'll kisse away these teares of
griefe :
Sweet Wench embrace a True-man, scorne a Thiefe.

Char. How now fir sauce ! You are as bold me
thinks,
As if you were a free-man of our Trade :
None but my selfe plead interest in this maide.

Eust. My interest is as much ; in this 'tis
greater,
Because that of the two, I loue her better.

Char. Proud paffenger, I'll make thee eate that
word.

Eust. If I eate aire, thou shalt digest my sword.
Char. Reuiue this quarrel, let the former die :
Fight we for her, and let the purses lie.

Eust. Out-law, I rather loue to fight, then brall :
I'll win from thee thy Wench, thy purse, and all.

Bell. Stay Gentlemen. *She steps betwene them.*
Eust. By Heauen, I scorne to stay,
Till both the purses I haue tane away.

Char. My sword for me, my mistresse, and my
gold :
My resolution shall my claime vphold.

Enter the Clowne running betwixt them.

Clowne. What doe you meane Gentlemen to fight
among your felues, that should be friends, and had
more need to take one anothers part, to fight against
your enemies. We shall all be flaine, kil'd, murdered,
Maffacred. For my owne part, if I had nine liues
like a Cat ; they were all sure to dye one Dogges
death.

Char. Why ? What's the matter fellow ?

Clowne. Oh noble Captaine, we shal all be slaine.
Tankard a Prince of *Italy*, with an Army hath beset
 the foote of the Mountaines, and hath vow'd to make
 Venifon of all vs poore Out-Lawes, and kill vs like
 Deere. Fare-wel, I'll go shift for one.

Char. Deere we will be too him, before he do it,
 And deerely fell our desperate karcasses.
 Kind stranger wilt thou take a Truce with me,
 Thou shalt diuide with me my dignity :
 We two will ioyntly ore these mountaines raigne,
 And by our valours, our estates maintain.

Eust. Because I hear thy life in jeopardy,
 And thou hast dealt with me so honourably,
 Receive my hand ; now I am wholly thine.
 And, ye mad rogues, I am half your Captain now,
 Look when ye see me nod, ye crouch and kneel,
 Make legs, and curt'sies, and keep bare your crowns.

Clo. 'Tis hard to teach them manners that are
 Clownes.
 But for my owne part, here's a legge, here's a cap,
 here's a knee,
 All these sweete halfe Captaine, I referue for thee.

Eust. Speake, doe you all accept me ?

Omnes. We do, we do.

Eust. Then brother thiefe, I am turn'd Out-law
 too,

But to do no man wrong, I make that Law,
 Onely to passe this tedious Summer heere,
 Till wee our downe-cast fortunes may vp-reare.

Cha. You share with me in loue, in minde, in all.

soft march.

But hearke, I heare our enemies Drummes do
 brawle.

Eust. Their voice is welcome : oh that I had
 with mee

As many good lads, honest Prentises, *Apart.*
 From *Eastcheape*, *Canwicke-streete*, and *London-stone*,
 To ende this Battle, as could wish themselues
 Vnder my conduct if they knew mee heere :

The doubtfull dayes successe wee neede not feare.

Apart.

Char. Oh for some Cheape-side boyes for *Charles*
to lead :

They would sticke to it, when these Out-lawes
faile.

Wishes are winde, lets thinke our selues well man'd,
Weele sooner die, then flye, so make a stand.

Enter Tancred with Drumme and Souldiers.

Tanc. Are these the Out-lawes that disturbe our
peace ?

Thinke they these Mountaine toppes can shelter
them

From our reuenge, and iust assembled Armes ?

Char. Come, come, let vs prepare to answere
them.

Tanc. Which be the chiefe of these confounded
troupes ?

Char. Prince, I am one of them.

Eust. And I another.

Char. I am his friend.

Eust. And I his Out-law-brother.

Tanc. How dare you stand contemptuous 'gainst
your liege ?

Captains, ye are our men.

Char. That we deny :

I am a stranger, *Tancred.*

Eust. So am I.

Tanc. Such valour is reported to appear *apart to his*
In the brave deeds of these rude foresters, *owne people.*
That wee could rather wish they were our friends,
To dwell in Cities, then keepe out in Caues.
Considering now what warres we haue in hand,
Their martiall spirits might much aduantage vs,
Would they but keepe within some honored bounds.
Wee'le worke them if we can to our alliance,
And rather motion loue, then proud defiance.

Char. Why comes the County Palatine in Armes,
To fight againt vnarmed Forrefters ?

If thou wilt winne renowne, bend thy braue forces
Gainst Pagans that besiege *Hierusalem*.
Small fame and honour canst thou winne thee here,
Besides our cheape liues thou shalt purchase deere.

Eu. We haue reform'd thefe villaines since we
came,
And taught them manners and ciuility :
All rape and murder we repay with death :
Amongst vs doth not lue a rauisher.

Tan. I haue heard no lesse, but that you weed out
such

As passe the bounds of Christian honesty :
Which make me rather offer peace then warre.
But what bright virgine stands so discontent ?

Char. My life.

Eust. My loue.

Tan. The word had bene well spent,
If I had said mine too : for I protest,
Of all this number I affect her best.

Char. Beleeue me fellow-partner in my rule,
You offer wrong to impart in this my loue.

Eust. Halfe of al's mine, I claime it as my
due :

In which bright Virgin, I except not you.

Tan. I do containe my loue with much ado :
For her (me thinkes) I could turne Out-law too.

Eust. What, do you thinke to haue a double
share ?

Halfe of her's mine ; I will not bate an haire.

Char. By thine owne words thou gau'st me halfe
at least.

Eust. But I'll haue all, my Title is encreast.

Tanc. Stay Captaines, for our annall Crownes
reuenues,
We would not loofe the weakeft of you both,
So much do we affect your Chiuallries.
Let me take vp this mutuall enmity :

Your quarrell is for her ; both would enioy her.

You claime her as your right. *To Charles.*

Char. 'Tis true I do.

Tanc. And Captaine, you say she belongs to you ?

Eust. True (valiant Prince) my hopes shall his destroy :

Thou art mine owne, sweet wench, Heauen giue vs ioy.

Tanc. Then till this strict contention ended be, Deliuier this bright Virgin vnto me.

Here shall our former hate and discord cease :

This Lady shall be Hostage of your peace.

Vnto thy charge we giue ten thousand men.

To Charles.

As many fouldiers we resigne to thee. *To Eustace.*

Make me her keeper till these warres be done :

Ye haue the price, I my content haue wonne.

Cha. Honour hath taught the Palatine to speake.

Eust. Since what we both desire, one can but haue,

Take charge of her. Let me receiue the charge

Of a great Army, and commanding power ;

Before I marry, I must winne my Dower.

Char. So say I too, and Out-law life adiew.

Tan. And welcome loue, which I must keepe for you.

Their Drummes shall scold, mine shall haue time to cease,

And whilst they warre, with her I'll make my peace.

Are you content, sweete Lady ?

Bell. I must do

That which amongst you all best pleaseth you.

I am a prisoner ; prisoners must obey.

You say I shall, and I must not say nay.

Char. Do so, sweete loue.

Eust. Till these warres ended be

I prethee sweete loue, keepe thy heart to me.

Tan. Come Captaine, we bequeath you to your charge,

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To march with speed towards the holy warres.
This Lady, as our life we will esteeme,
And place her in the honour of a Queene. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Robert of Normandy, Godfrey of Bulloigne,
and Guy of Lessingham, with Drumms and Soul-
diers.*

Godf. What art thou with thy browe confrontest
me ?

Guy. One that thinkes scorne to giue least place to
thee.

Godfr. Thou know'st mee not to set my name so
light.

Guy. I reck thee not, nay frowne thou canst not
fright.

Wee are no babe : or if wee were, yet know
Thy proud face cannot like a Bug-beare shew.

Godf. Thou hast stricke fire vpon a flinty spirit.
Think'st thou because thou lead'st the French Kings
troupes,

And art Commander of a few bold French,
That we will yeeld the vpper hand to thee ?
I let thee know thou hast dishonoured mee.

Guy. I let thee, know thou hast done as much
by me :
Think'st thou, thou canst outface me ? proud man,
no :

Know I esteeme thee as too weake a foe.

Godf. Now by my Knight-hood I'll reuenge this
wrong ;
And for that word, thy heart shall curse thy tongue.

Rob. What meane these hasty Princes thus to
iarre,
And bend their swords against their mutuall breasts,
Whose edge were sharpned for their enemies crests ?

Godfr. He shall not march before me.

Guy. But I will.

Godf. Zounds but thou shalt not, by this blessed day,
I'll pitch thee like a barre out of my way.

Guy. Thy armes want strength, thou canst not
toss me so.

Godf. No, can they not? by heauen I'll try a
throw.

Rob. Prince, I charge you by the honoured zeale,
And loue to him for whom ye come to fight,
To cease this enuy and abortiue iarre.
The fields are broad enough for both to march,
And neither haue the vantage of the ground.

Guy. *Robert*, mine arme shall act a wondrous
thing,
I'll hurle him like a stone out of a sling.
Not haue the way? I'll fling thee on the earth,
And then march ouer thee with all my Troupes.

Godf. *Robert of Normandy*, by all the honour
Thou hop'st t'atchiue thee in these holy warres,
Stand from betwixt vs, let's but try one fall
I'll cast his corke-like trunke by wondrous skill,
As *Hercules* threw *Lycas* from an Hill.

Rob. For Gods sake and our Sauours, in whose
booke

Yee now are entred as his souldiers prest,
In whose Campe Royall if yee mutiny,
Yee are found guilty by his martiall Law,
And worthy death: I charge you Princes both,
T'abandon this iniurious enmity.
Stand you betwixt them Souldiers, lest this sting
Of blinde sedition, raigne in this our Army
And feed vpon our bodies like a plague.
Princes I charge you by your Sauours blood
Shed for your sinnes, yee shed none at this time.

Godf. Well let him march before, I will resigne.

Robert preuailles; French-man the right is thine.

Guy. I will not march first; but in courtesie
I will resigne that honoured place to thee;
But what a King should say, I should not do
With violent rage that would I run into.

Go on, by heauen you shal, I yeeld it to you ;
 By heauen you shal, the place I freely grant.
 Friendship can more with me, then rude constraint.

God. Thy honoured loue with honour I returne,
 What thou would'st giue me, I resigne thee backe ;
 This kind reply to me stands like a charme,
 Then royally let's march on arme in arme.

Rob. Such iust proportion Princes still should
 keepe.
 Braue Lord of *Bulloigne* ioyn your Troupes with
 ours,
 That are by birth approued *Englishmen* :
 And Lord of *France* that vnder your conduct
 Hauē ready arm'd ten thousand fighting men,
 To fight with vs for faire *Ierusalem*,
 Distrest by mis-beleeuing Infidels,
 Let vs vnite a friendly Christian league.
 We haue entred, valiant Lords, vpon our way,
 Euen to the midst of fertile *Lombardy*,
 By writers term'd the Garden of the world.
 Halfe of our way we haue ouercome already :
 Then let vs here incampe vpon these Downes.
 But stay, what threatning voyce of warfare sounds.

Enter after a Trumpet Eustace.

Godf. Had not yong *Eustace* in the seas beene
 drown'd,
 I should haue said, he treads vpon this ground.
 And but none scap'd the dangerous seas saue I,
 This *French-man* I should thinke my brother *Guy*.

Eust. Princes, my Maister County Palatine,
 Wondring what bold foote durst presume to tread
 Vpon his Confines without asking leaue,
 Sends me to know the cause of your arriue :
 Or why the arm'd hooves of your fiery steeds
 Dare wound the fore-head of his peacefull Land.

Godfr. Dare ? sends thy Lord in that ambitious
 key ?

Guy. Or hath the pride of thy refined tongue
Guiled thy message with these words of scorne ?

Rob. Add'st thou vnto thy message, Knight, or
no ?

Eust. The naked tenour of my Maisters minde
Thus I infold ; rash saucy insolent,
That by audacious boldnesse haue not fear'd
To breake into my Soueraignes royall pale ;
I charge you to returne the way you came,
And step by step tell euery tedious stride,
That you haue measured rashly in his Land :
Or by the honour of his name he sweares,
To chace you from the margent of his Coast,
With an vnnubred Army and huge Hoast.

God. March backe againe ? Oh scandall to our
names !

Haue we deseru'd to be so censur'd on,
Though not one man vpon my part would stand,
Alone I'll pierce the bowels of his Land.

Guy. Basely retire, and thirty thousand strong ?
Were the whole worlds power ambusht in our way,
Yet would we on. Returne dishonourably ?
Forward I'll march, though euery step I tread
Plunge me in blood, thus high about my head.

Rob. Princes, haue patience, let me answere him.
Knight, I condemne not thee for speaking boldly
The proud defiance that thy Maister sends :
But mildly we returne our pleasures thus.
We do confesse it was some ouer-sight
To march so farre, without some notice giuen
Vnto the Lord and Prince that owes the Land :
And we could wish that we had crau'd his leaue.
But since 'tis thus, that we haue march'd thus farre,
And basely to retire is infamous.

(If not with leaue) we forward meane to go :
Despight of King or Emp'rour shall say no.

Eust. I will informe the Prince my Soueraigne so.

Exit.

Guy. That yong Knights face, me thinks, I well should know.

Godfr. I see the swords were sharpt 'gainst Infidels,

Must be employ'd to lauish Christian blood.

Vpon his foule lye all the heynous guilt,

Who being a Christian Prince, forbids and barres

Our quiet passage to these Pagan warres.

Guy. This bickering will but keepe our armes in-
vire,

The holy battailes better to endure.

Rob. Well, Heauen for vs, for our intent is good :
Charg'd be their foules with all this Christian blood.

*Enter Tancred, Charles, Eustace, Drumme, Colours
and Souldiers, marching.*

Tanc. What art thou brau't the County Pala-
tine ?

Rob. My name is *Robert* Duke of Normandy.

Tanc. Speake, will yee all retire the way ye
came ?

Rob. God keepe Duke *Robert* from so foule a
shame.

Godf. Basely retire when we haue march'd thus
farre ?

First we'le vnpeople this thy Land by warre.

Char. Then will we driue you backe by our maine
force,

And seize vpon your Troupes of Foote and Horse.

Guy. So say you : but should you attempt to do't.
We straight should ouerthrow you Horse and Foote.

Eust. So said, so done, braue Lord, were gallant
play.

But you would at the first push shrink away.

Rob. No proud *Italians* all our spirits are fire,
Which burnes not down-ward, but is made t'aspire.
Prince we confesse wee did forget our selues,

Prefuming on that ancient priuiledge
Which euery Christian brother Prince should claime
One in the interest of anothers name.
An errour we confesse, though not a fault.
But basely with dishonour backe to flye,
And to be held as cowards we deny.

Tan. And nothing else can satisfie mine ire,
But whence ye came the same way to retire.

Rob. And that I'le neuer do.

Godf. Nor I.

Guy. Nor I.

Char. Then shall yee on these *Lumbard* Cham-
paines die.

To Armes braue Souldiers.

Eust. Strike vp warlike Drumme.

Prepare you, Christian Princes, now we come.

Godf. Stay braue Prince *Tancred*, stay great *Nor-*
man Duke.

Out of my zeale to God and Christendome,
To stanch the blood which should be broacht this
day,

Vnto the grieve of all that honour CHRIST,

And ioy to such as loue Idolatry :

I make this challenge generall through the Hoast

Of him that interrupts vs on our way.

If any proud *Italian* dare take vp

The honour'd gage which I haue here throwne down,

And fight a single combate for our passage ;

These shall be made our strict conditions.

If him I conquer, all our Hoast shall march

Without least let and contradiction :

If I be vanquisht by thy Champions hand,

Our Army shall march backe out of thy land.

Char. A Princely motion to saue Christian blood.

Great Prince of *Italy*, vpon my knee

I humbly beg I may that Champion be.

Tan. Thou hast thy suite ; thy valour hath bene
tride :

With a rough brow see thou confront his pride.

Rob. Then what ten thousand Christian liues should
right,
These two braue Lords will end in single fight.

Tan. It is agreed.

Eust. Stand to't, braue Out law-brother
Would I were one of them.

Guy. And I the other.

Char. What weapon wilt thou vse ?

Godf. That which next comes.

Giue me this Partizan : now strike vp Drummes.

Char. Giue me this fouldiers ; Trumpet, found a
charge :

I'll stop the passage which he seekes t' enlarge.

Godf. Princes stand off, my warlike arme this
day

For all your Troupes shall winne a prosperous way.

Char. Thou canst not enter though the way stood
ope :

My heart, and this, thy passage vowes to stop.

Godf. Yet will I through.

Char. Thou shalt not, this sayes nay.

Godfr. Oh but behold ! I haue this to hew my
way.

They fight, and are parted by Robert and Tancred.

Tan. I would not loose my Champion for the
world.

Rob. Nor I this Prince : For were these spirits
spent,

All Christendome their fortunes might lament.

Part them on equall oddes, and equall termes :

Both a like valiant, both haue honour wonne,

More valorous liue not vnderneath the Sunne.

Tan. We will referue their haughty Chualries,
To exercise against Gods enemies.

Eust. They haue wonne honour, I haue idly
stood :

By my good starres I'll haue a challenge too,

If any in their Campe dares answere mee.

Giue me thy Pike, a Pike a Prince may traile,

And at that weapon will I challenge all.
Great Prince, these fiery Princes that came hither
To braue our forces, had a Champion
To challenge vs : Are we as valiant,
And shall we faile to do the like to them ?
Giue me but leaue, my Lord, to send one boast
T'affright them, like a Diuel, through their Hoast.

Tan. It pleaseth vs ; then when thou wilt begin.

Rob. What Champion shall we haue to answer
him ?

Guy. I should esteeme him my immortal foe,
That should attempt to take away the honour
Of such a strong encounter from my hand :
Champion appeare betwixt our Royal Hoasts,
Let's see thy strength make good thy haughty boasts.

Eust. I am here ; stand thou forth on the aduerse
part :

Suruey me well, braue *Hector* I resemble,
Whose very brow did make the *Greekes* to tremble.

Guy. But I *Achilles*, proud ambitious boy,
Will drag thy coarfe about the Wals of *Troy* :
Giue me thy Pike, Ile tosse it like a reed,
And with this bul-rush make mine enemy bleed :
Rapier and Pike, is that thy honoured play ?
Looke downe yee gods, this combat to suruey.

Eust. Rapier and Pike, this combat shall decide :
Gods, Angels, Men, shall see me tame thy pride.

Guy. Thou do'st thy self wrong to ore-charge thine
arme

With such a weapon as thou canst not wield :
Ile teach thee ; thou shalt like my Zany be :
And feigne to do my cunning after me.

Eust. Thou wouldst instruct thy master at this
play :

Think'st thou this Rye-strew can ore-rule my arme ?
Thus do I beare him when I vse to march :
Thus can I sling him vp, and catch him thus ;
Then thus, to try the sinewes of my arme.

They tosse their pikes.

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Guy. But thou should'st charge him thus, aduance
him thus,
Thus should'st thou take him, when thou seest from
farre

The violent horfes runne to breake our ranks.

Eust. All that is nothing, I can tosse him
thus.

Guy. I thus : tis easier sport then the Balooone.

Eust. We trifle time, this shall thy rage with-
stand.

Guy. With this, our Hoast shall peirce thy Soue-
raignes Land.

They fight. Robert and the Palatine cast their
Warders betweene them, and part them.

Rob. That hoast should loofe ten thousand Pagans
liues
With the rich honour of their ouerthrow,
That should but loofe his Champion in this com-
bat

If both should perish, our braue Christian Army
Should be more weake by thousands then it was.

Tan. Their matchlesse valour hath preuail'd
with vs,

Freely enioy the pleasures of our Land,
Our Army here we do conioyne with yours,
To lead them to the faire *Hierusalem.*

Rob. We pawne our faith to this perpetual
League.

And now we shew our felues that Christian Hoast,
In which true peace should flourish and abound :
Vnto this peace let drums and trumpets found.

flourish.

Champions embrace, and all your sterne debate
Poure in abundance on the Pagans heads :
Princes and Lords, let our vnited bands
Winne backe *Iudea* from the Pagans hands.

Exeunt all marching.

Manet the French Lady.

Lady. Thus haue I maskt my bashful modesty
Vnder the habite of a trusty Page,
And now my seruants seruant am I made :
Loue, that transform'd the gods to sundry shapes,
Hath wrought in me this Metamorphosis :
My loue and Lord, that honoured me a woman,
Loues me a youth ; employes me euery where ;
I serue him, waite vpon him, and he sweares
He fauours both my truth and dilligence :
And now I haue learnt to be a perfect Page,
He will haue none to trusse his poynts but me,
At boord to waite vpon his cup but me :
To beare his Target in the field, but me :
Nay, many a thing, which makes me blush to
speake,
He will haue none to lie with him but me,
I dreame and dreame, and things come in my
mind :
Onely I hide my eyes ; but my poore heart
Is bard and kept from loues satiety :
Like *Tantalus*, such is my poore repast,
I see the Apples that I cannot taste :
I'll stay my time, and hope yet, ere I die,
My heart shall feast as richly as my eye.

Exit. *flourish.*

Enter the old Soldan, the yong Sophy, tables and formes, and Moretes, Turnus, with Drumme ana souldiers.

Sol. Counfel braue Lords, the Christian army
marches
Euen to our gates with paces vndisturb'd :
The hollow earth reounds with weight of armes,
And shrinks to beare so huge a multitude :
They make a valley as they march along,
And rayfing hils encompasse either side :

Counsell, braue Lords, these terrours to decide.

Sop. *Ioues* great Vice-gerent ouer all the world :
Let vs confront their pride, and with our powers
Disperse the strength of their assembled Troupes.

Sol. *Sion* is ours by conquest : All *Iudea*
Is the rich honour of our conquering swords :
Shall we not guard it then, and make our breasts
The Wals that shall defend *Ierusalem* ?

Sop. They shall march ouer vs, that march this
way :

Before the Christians shall attayne these wals
With dead mens faces we will pause the earth.

Sol. I cannot iudge the Christians are so mad
To come in way of battle, but of peace.

Sop. They rather trauayle in deuotion,
To pay their vowes at their *Messiah's* Tombe,
And so, as Pilgrimes, not as souldiers come.

Sol. Your own power blinds you and hath
skreen'd your eies ;
My haire do weare experience liuery :
But yours, the badge of youth and idlenesse :
Their Army stands vpon a mountaine top,
Like a huge Forrest : ther tall Pikes, like Pines,
In height do ouer-peere the lower Trees ;
Their Horsemen ride like *Centaurs* in the meads,
And scout abroad for pillage and for prey :
Courage is their good Captaine.

Sop. Courage : no,
Pale feare, and blacke destruction, leads the foe.

Sol. I say againe, the Christian Princes leade
An Army, for their power, inuincible :
Victorious hope sits howering on their plumes :
Their gilded Armour shines against the Sunne,
Dazeling our eyes from top of yonder Hill,
Like the bright streakes that flow from Paradise.

Sop. O conquest worthy the braue *Persian* swords :
Let vs descend from forth the Towne and meete
them.

Sol. No.

Sop. Yes.

Sol. Should *Ioue* himfelfe in thunder answer I
When we fay no ; wee'd pull him from the skye.

Sop. Should *Soldan*, *Sophy*, Priest or Presbyter,
Or gods, or Diuels, or men, gaine-fay our will ;
Him, them, or thee, would the braue Persian kill.

Mor. Quench your hot spleens with drops of
 fweete aduice,
Temper your rage with counfel mighty Kings.

Sol. I fay we will make peace with Christendome.

Sop. I fay the Persian scornes to be colleague,
Or to haue part with them of Christendome.

Sol. Yet heare my age.

Sop. Yet hearken to my youth.

Mor. My tongue giue place vnto the *Soldans* age.

Tur. But I applaud the *Persians* youthfull rage.

Sol. Stay Lords, our graue experience doth foresee
The mischiefes that attend on this debate :
We tread the path of our destruction,
By our dissentions grow the Christians strong,
Whom our vnited hearts may easily quell :
Braue *Persian Sophy*, we commend your hate
To them that haue abhorr'd our Pagan gods :
Yet temper it with wifedome, valiant Prince :
Tis our security I would increafe,
When with my words I mention gentle peace.

Mor. Experience doth instruct the *Soldans* tongue,
Hearken to him, he speakes iudicially.

Sop. My tongue a while giues licence to mine
 eare :

The depth of your graue wifdomes let vs heare.

Sol. Then thus, let's send vnto the Christian's
 Hoast

To know what cause hath brought them thus far
 arm'd :

If peaceably they come to visite here
The ancient Reliques of their Sauours Tombe ;
Peace shall conduct them in, and guard them out :
But if they come to conquer *Syons* Hill,

And make irruption through our triple Wals ;
 Death and despaire shall ambush in their way,
 And we will feize the Ensignes they display.

Sop. My youth yeelds willingly to your graue
 yeares,

Let it be so. But whom shall we elef
 To be created Lords Embassadours ?

Sol. *Moretes* shall be one, for I am sure
 He will employ his tongue, peace to procure.

Sop. . *Turnus* another, he that all things dares,
 Will with defiance stirre them vp to warres.

Sol. *Moretes* and braue *Turnus*, speed you
 straight

Vnto the Christian Hoast : Say, if they come
 Like Pilgrimes, to behold the Sepulchre,
 Our gates stand open to receiue them in :
 And be you paineful to perswade a peace.
 But if they stand vpon their hostile ground,
 Say that our brefts are arm'd, our swords are keene,
 Bold are our hearts, and fiery is our spleene,
 And so be gone.

Mor. I to perswade a peace. *Exit.*

Tur. I go the furious rage of war t' encrease.

Exit.

Sol. We will meane time conduct, our royall
 hoasts :

(One halfe is mine, the other you shall lead,)

To intercept them ere they winne the fight
 Of these inuincible and high-built Wals :

Braue *Persians*, we will both in ambush lie :

• Sure now the Christians are all come to die.

Exeunt.

*Enter Tancred with Bella Franca, richly attired, she
 somewhat affecting him, though she makes no shew
 of it, Robert of Normandy, the foure brethren,
 and the French Lady like a Page.*

Tanc. Behold, braue Christian Princes, all the
 glory

That *Tancred* can inherite in this World.

Eust. Part of it's mine.

Char. And part belongs to me.

Godf. An heauenly mixture, now beshrew my heart,

But *Godfrey* with the rest could cry halfe part.

Guy. I am all hers.

Rob. That Lady seemes to me

The fairest creature euer eye did see.

Bell. *Tancred*, of all, thy face best pleafeth me :
in private.

Tan. Faire Lady.

Eust. Madame.

Cha. Mistresse.

Godf. Beauteous loue.

Guy. Bright Goddesse.

Rob. Nymph.

Fren. Lady. Loue whom ye will say I :
So yee affect not my beloued *Guy*.

Tan. Lords, she is mine.

Eust. When did my interest cease ?

Char. When I am here, you brother Out-law
peace.

Godf. Why should not I enioy her ?

Rob. Why not I ?

Guy. She can haue none but me.

Eust. & Cha. That we deny.

Bell. Princes, what means this frenzy in your
hearts ?

Or hath some Negromanticke Coniurer

Rais'd by his Art some fury in my shape,

To worke sedition in the Christian campe ?

You haue confirm'd by generall Parliament

A Statute, that must stand inuiolate :

Namely, that mutiny in Prince or Pefant

Is death, a Kingdome cannot saue his life :

Then whence proceed these strange contentions ?

Cha. I seiz'd her first.

Eust. I first her thoughts did proue.

Tan. I plead the composition for my loue.

Rob. If wealth will win the thoughts of that chaste Lady,

I'll bid as faire as any for her loue.

Godf. If valour may atchieue her, I 'mongst many

Will bid more warlike blowes for her then any.

Guy. Nay, if you go to scrambling, this for me.

Draw.

French Lady. Speed they that list, so you repulſed be.

Bell. Yet heare me Princes.

Eust. Hence with friuolous words.

Godf. Stand we to prate, when others draw their ſwords.

Char. Speake thou my cauſe. *Draw.*

Tan. This ſhall my pleader be. *Draw.*

Guy. Thou art for vs. *Draw.*

Rob. And ſword ſpeake thou for me.

Bel. He that beſt loues me, pierce me with his ſword,

Leſt I become your generall ouerthrow :

I do coniure you by the loue you beare me,

Either to baniſh this hoſtility,

Or all at once to act my Tragedy.

A blow is death proclaim'd by Parliament :

Can ye make lawes, and be the firſt that break them ?

Knew I that this my beauty bred this ſtrife,

With ſome black poyſon I would ſtaine my cheeks,

Till I lookt fouler then an *Æthiop*.

Still do ye brandiſh your contentious ſwords ?

This night ſhall end my beauty, and to morrow

Looke to behold my Chriſtall eyes ſcratcht out,

My viſage martyr'd, and my haire torne off ;

Hee that beſt loues it, ranſome it with peace ;

I will preferue it, if your fury ceaſe ;

But if ye ſtill perſiſt, the heauens I call

As my vowes witneſſe, I will hate ye all.

Tan. To shew my loue, my sword shall sleep in rest.

Godf. I'll keepe mine sharpe for the braue *Soldans* crest.

Guy. Peace sword.

Rob. The *Norman Robert* keeps his keen,
T'abate the fury of the *Soldans* spleene.

Ch. My sword cries truce.

Eu. Blade when thou next art seen,
Thou mak'st thy Lord a King, his loue a Queene.

Bell. You haue redeem'd my beauty, your last
iarre
Had made perfection with my face at warre.

Eust. Lady, the vertuous motions of your heart
Adde to the abundant graces of your fame,
It was your beauty that did blinde our soules,
And in our close breasts plac'd obliuion :
Tis true, we haue ordain'd a strict decree,
That whosoeuer in our Christian Host
Strikes with a sword in hostile enmity,
Forfeits his life, then breake off this debate,
And keepe our owne decrees inuiolate.

*Enter with a Tucket before them Turnus,
and Morates.*

Mor. Health to the Christians from the mighty
Soldan.

Tu. Death and destruction from the Persian
Sophy.

Rob. That tongue brings peace, to thee will I
attend.

Godf. That tongue brings war, thy motions we
commend.

Tan. Speake peace, thy lookes are smooth, we'll
list to thee.

Char. Speake warre, bring war, and we to war
agree.

Mor. The *Babylonian Soldan*, mighty Princes,

Sends me to know the cause of this your March
 Into a Land so farre remote from yee :
 If yee intend to see your Prophets Tombe,
 As holy Pilgrimes, Peace shal guard your way.

Eust. Peace we defie : let's heare what thou canst
 say.

Rob. Proceede, proceed.

Guy. Do : and Ile sound my Drumme
 To drowne his voyce, that doth for parleance come.

Eust. Why, I am borne to nothing in this world
 But what my sword can conquer. Should we yeeld
 Our fortunes to base composition,
 I haue no hopes mine honour to encrease :
 Curst be his base eare that attends to peace.

Mor. Let me conclude my message.

Godf. Pagan, no :

Warres friend speake thou, I am to Peace a foe.

Tur. The Persian *Sophy* thus instructs my tongue,
 That Prince amongst you whose heroicke brest
 Dares shew it selfe to his triumphant speare,
 (Excepting but the name of Christian)
 Like to the Persian gods he honours him.
 But should he know a heart in these proud Troupes,
 And know that heart to be addic't to peace,
 Hee'd hate him like a man that should blaspheme.
 In *Sion* Towers hangs his victorious flagge,
 Blowing defiance this way : and it shoves
 Like a red meteor in the troubled aire ;
 Or like a blazing comet, that fore-tels
 The fall of Princes.

Char. Thine owne Princes fall.

Tur. Then in one word, destruction to you all.

Godf. I had not thought such spirits had re-
 main'd

Within the warlike breasts of Infidels.

Eust. Dares the Maiesticke spirit of thy King
 Answer a challenge ? dares he pawne his Crowne
 Against the hazard of ten thousand liues ?

Guy. And who should fight against him ?

Eust. I.

Guy. Thou !

Eust. I, 'gainst him, and thee, and all the world
That interdicts my honour.

Guy. Me !

Eust. Thee.

Guy. Fire, rage, and fury, all my veines do swell.
Be mute my tongue, bright sword my fury tell.

Eust. Fire mount 'gainst his mad fury, check his
rage.

Burne out then flame, his blood thy heate shall swage.

They fight, and are parted.

Godf. What haue ye done ? iniustice stains our
crests

If for this act yee haue not lost your liues.

Rob. I will not beare the badge of Christendome
In such a Bedlam mad society.

Char. Cease to determine of their haire-braine
rage,

Till yee haue sent the Pagans from our Tents.

Tan. 'Tis well aduif'd. Souldiers take charge of
them

Till we determine of our Embassie.

Mor. I feare me *Turnus*, had you known before
The spirits of these haughty Christians,
T' haue bene so full of enuious chialry,
You would haue temper'd some part of your rage.
You see they striue, and fight amongst themselues,
To practise hate against they meete with vs.

Tur. *Morates*, no, we scorne all abiect feares,
And they shall know our hearts as great as theirs.

Godf. It shall be so. Attend me, Pagan Lords ;
We come not with gray gownes, and Pilgrimes
staues,

Beads at our sides, and sandals on our feete,
Feare in our hearts, entreaty in our tongues,
To begge a passage to our Prophets graue.
But our soft Beauer Felts, we haue turn'd to iron,
Our gownes to armour. and our shels to plumes,

Our walking staues we haue chang'd to Cemytars,
 And so with Pilgrimes hearts, not Pilgrims habits,
 We come to hew our way through your maine Ar-
 mies,

And offer at the Tombe our contrite hearts
 Made purple with as many Pagans blouds,
 As we haue in our breasts religious thoughts.
 And so be gone, no words in trifling wast,
 Death followes after you with wings of hast.

Tur. That Prince speaks Musick, which doth
 cheere my heart.

Mor. Princes adew, with terrour I depart.

Exeunt.

Cha. Now to these other Captaine-mutiners,
 What shall be done with them?

Eust. Euen what you please.
 We haue liu'd with paine, and we can die with
 ease.

Guy. What God hath made, a Gods name do you
 marre,

Death is the least I feare, now to the barre.

Rob. Lords giue me leaue to temper our decree,
 The Law is death, but such is our regard
 Of Christian bloud, we moderate it thus.
 Because we know your worths, your liues are sau'd,
 Yet that the world shall see we prize our Lawes,
 And are not partiall should we sit on Kings ;
 We doome you euerlasting banishment
 From out the Christian Army.

Eust. Banishment ?
 This was your doing ; well, I'll be reueng'd :
 By all the hopes that I haue lost, I will.
 Princes, your doomes are vpriht, I obey them,
 And voluntarily exile my selfe.

(Against my furious spirit) I could weepe
 To leaue this royall Army, and to loose
 The honour promist in the Pagans deaths.
 Farewell to all, with teares of grieve I go ;
 Yee are all my friends, thou onely art my foe.

Guy. Hold me so still ; where ere I next shall
meete thee,
This sword, like thunder, on thy crest shall greet thee,
Banisht the Campe I go, but not so farre,
But I will make one in this Christian warre,
Like an vnknowne Knight I will beare a shield,
In it engrauen the Trade I did professe,
When once I was a Gold-smith in Cheape-side :
And if I prosper, to these armes I'll adde
Some honour, and the scutcheon I shall beare,
Shall to the Pagans bring pale death, and feare.
Adiew braue Christian Lords ; for I must stray,
A banisht man can neuer misse his way.

Godf. Why do you looke so sad vpon their
griefes ?

Char. Ah pardon me. My heart begot a thought
At their departure, which had bene of force
T' haue strayn'd a teare or two from my moiste eye.
How like was he to *Eustace* ! he to *Guy* !

Godf. A leaden weight of griefe lies at my heart,
And I could wish my selfe were banisht too,
To beare them in their sorrowes company.

Rob. These, for examples sake, must be remou'd,
And though their absence will much weaken vs,
Yet we had rather put vs in Gods guard,
Lessening our owne strength, then to beare with that
Which might in time lead to our ouerthrow.
March forward Lords ; our loue we will deferre.
Prince *Tancred*, till our warres chiefe heat be spent,
Keepe still this beauteous Lady in your Tent.

Exeunt. flourish.

Manent two Ladies.

Fren. Lad. My Lord is banisht, what shall poore I
do ?

There is no way, but I must after too.
But ere I go, some cunning I must vse,
To make this Lady my Lords loue refuse.

Bell. Faire youth, why haue you singled me alone?

Is it to share ioy, or partake my mone?

Fren. Lady. Whether you please. Inuention
helpe me now (apart)

To bring her out of loue with my sweete Lord,

For should she loue him I were quite vndone.

Madame, in faith, how many suiters haue you?

Bell. More then I wish I had: First, the *French*
Generall.

Fren. Lad. Oh God, I feare, I thinke I am
accurst.

Shee loues him best, because she names him first.

Bell. The *English Robert*, Countie *Palatine*;

Two Gentlemen that tooke me in the woods;

One is now banisht, but the other still

Stayes in the Army; then the *Bulloigne* Duke.

Fren. Lad. And which of all these is the properest
man?

Bell. 'Faith let me heare thy iudgement.

Fren. Lad. Prince *Robert* is a gallant Gentleman,

But the *French* Lord vncomely, and vnshap'd.

Tancred's a proper man, but the *French* Lord,

He hath no making, no good shape at all.

I could not loue a man of his complexion:

I would not haue him if I were a Lady,

Had he more Crownes then *Cæsar* conquered.

Bell. I see no such defects in that *French* Lord.

Fren. Lad. I, I, 'tis so. Vpon my life she loues
him.

I must deuise some plot, or they will vse

Some meanes to meete, and marry out of hand.

Lady, he was my Maister, but beleue me,

He is the most insatiate man for women,

That euer breath'd; nay, Madame, which is more,

He loues variety, and delights in change.

And I heard him say, should he be married,

Hee'd make his wife a Cucke-queane.

Bell. Why though he do, 'tis vertue in a woman,

If she can beare his imperfections.

Fren. Lad. Vpon my life they are made sure already,

Shee's pleas'd with any imperfections.

What should I do ?

Bell. Now faire youth, list to me,

I will acquaint thee with a secrecy.

These Lords so trouble me with their vaine suites,

That I am tir'd and wearied, and resolute

To steale away in secret from the Campe.

Fren. Lad. My *Guy* is gone, and she would follow him :

I must preuent it, or else loose my loue.

Bell. Wilt thou comfort me, beare me company,

And share with me in ioy and misery ?

Fren. Lad. Madam I will. She loues him, and no wonder.

I'll go, be't but to keepe them still assunder.

Bell. Then from their Tents this night wee'll steale away,

And through the wide woods and the Forrests stray.

Exeunt. Flourish.

Enter Soldan, Sophie, Turnus, Moretes, Drummes, Ensignes, and Souldiers.

Sol. Then your reports found nought but death and warre.

Mor. The Christians would not lend an eare to peace.

Sop. Since they demeane themselves so honourably,

This earth shall giue them honourable graues.

Tur. By pride her selfe are their proud Ensignes borne :

Warre in their tongues fits, in their faces scorne.

Sol. Our resolutions shall controule base feares.

Wee are proud as they ; our swords shall answere theirs.

Sop. Didst thou deliuer our strict Embassie?

Tur. I did, my Lord.

Sol. Did they not quake to heare it?

Tur. No more then Rockes shake with a puffe of breath.

They come resolu'd, and not in feare of death.

Sop. Lookt they not pale?

Tur. With fury not with feare.

The' were mad, because your forces were not there.

Sol. Did you not dash their spirits? fell not their eyes

Downe to the earth, when thou didst speake of vs?

Went not a fearefull murmure through their Hoast,

When thou didst number our vnnumbred power?

Did not their faint swords tremble in their hands,

At that name *Soldan*?

Sop. Or when thou namd'st mee,

My power, my strength, my matchlesse chualry:

Fell they not flat vpon the earth with feare?

Tur. No, but their proud hearts bounded in their breasts,

Their plumes flew brauely on their golden crests:

And they were ready to haue fallen at iarre,

Which of them first should with the *Persian* warre.

Mor. There was no tongue but breath'd defiance forth:

I could not see a face but menac'd death:

No hand, but brandisht a victorious sword.

They all cry Battaile, Battaile, peace desie,

And not a heart but promist victory.

Sol. There's not an heart shall scape our tyranny.

Since they prouoke our indignation,

Like the vaste Ocean shall our courage rise,

To drowne their pride, and all their powers surprise.

Sop. My Cemytar is like the bolt of *Ioue*,

That neuer toucheth but it strikes with death.

Oh how I long, till we with speares in rests,

Strike out the lightning from their high-plum'd crests.

Sol. I would burne off this beard in such a
flame,
As I could kindle with my puissant blowes :
Yet the least haire I value at more worth
Then all the Christian Empire.

Sop. Speake, braue *Soldan*,
Shall our bar'd horses clime yond Mountaine tops,
And bid them battell where they pitch their Tents.

Sol. Courage cries, on ; but good aduice faith,
flay.
Experience bids fight another way.

Why should we tire our Troupes in search of them,
That with audacious boldnesse seeke out vs ?
Let vs stand to receiue them when they come,
And with a groue of Pikes growing on this earth
Where now no tree appeares, tosse vp their bodies,
Whose coarces by your strong armes kept aloofe,
May hang like bloody pendants on your staues.

Sop. Oh fight best pleasing to the *Persian* gods !

Tur. In the skies fore-head shall the bright Sunne
stand

Amaz'd to view that glorious spectacle,
And with the pleasing sight forget his way,
To grace our Trophee with perpetuall day.

Mor. But how shall we receiue their armed
Troopes ?

What speciall honour will your grace assigne
To them that shall command your Companies ?

Sol. It shall be thus. This way the Christians
march,

The body of our Hoast shall stay behind,
To be a strength to faire *Hierusalem*.
But we with certaine souldiers secretly,
Will lie in ambush : The great *Persian Sophy*,
With *Turnus*, and a chiefe command of men,
Shall guard that way : my selfe, and thou *Morates*
Will keepe this passage with a troupe select,
To seize on their fore-runners, scouts, and spies.
Assist vs fate, ere-long the world shall know

Our glories by the Christians ouerthrow.

This is my Quarter : these my men shall be.

Sop. *Morates*, thou and these shall follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Robert of Normandy.

Rob. Oh whether will blind loue conduct my steps?

Prince *Tancreds* Deere, and English *Roberts* Ioy,
Is fled in secret, and hath left our Tents.

Thus like an Errant and Aduenturous Knight,
I haue left the Hoast to follow her faire search,
And durst not trust the aire with my intent :
This way, they say, she went ; the Campe's secure.
This way vnknowne, in secret I pursue her.

Enter Charles.

Char. This way went my loue like a shooting
starre,

Whose blazing traine doth guilde the firmament.
Such glorious beauty addes she to the way,
Making the darke night-pathes, shine bright as day.
Ye honoured Armes farewell, and Campe adiew,
I do forsake my selfe her to pursue.

Rob. Behold a traoueller ! I will enquire
If chance hath cast his eye vpon my loue.

Char. I was about to aske of yonder man,
Whether her beauty had enricht his sight :
But 'tis my riual *Robert* ; *Charles* obscure thee.
For should he see thee, he would quickly iudge
What Adamant had drawne me to these woods.
One case I see hath made vs errants both.
To be found wandring thus I should be loth.

Rob. Loue that drew me, hath drawne that knight
along.

Being but a childe, a Gyant's not so strong.

Enter Soldan, Moretes, and Souldiers.

Sol. Stand Christians, by your Croffes on your
brefts

Yee're markt for death, and base destruction.

Rob. What are ye, that like cowards, with such
oddes

Affault vs thus vnfurnisht for the warres.

Sol. I am the *Soldan* : these my men at armes,
That lie to intercept you, and prepare
For your accursed lues this fatall snare.

Cha. The *Soldan*, the grand enemy to CHRIST,
The deuils Lieutenant, Vice-roy vnder him !
Braue *English Robert*, since our frowning starres
Haue brought vs to this narrow exigent,
And train'd vs hither with a chaine of loue
To perish by the swords of Infidels :
Stand foote to foote.

Rob. Tush, I am Pagans swords prooffe, and my
starres,
Haue markt me for a Conqueror in these warres.

Sol. Vpon them, souldiers ; pitty they despise,
Scarce can the world affoord a richer prize. *Alarum.*
They fight, and are both taken.

Cha. Thou glorious eye of heauen, be euer
blind :

Maske thy bright face in clouds eternally :
Darke vapours and thicke mysts my front embrace
And neuer shine to looke on my disgrace.

Rob. A prisoner, *Robert* ! this my comfort bee :
He makes me bound that best can set me free.

Sol. Take them to guard, this entrance to our
warres

Is full of spirit, and begets much hope :
We will not yet examine what ye are,
Till tortures wring it from your flauish tongues :
That done, your bloods these champaines shall
embrue

Meane time we'll waite for more of your loose crue.

Enter Guy with his shield, and a Page brings his sword and Target : in each of his hands a Poleaxe.

Guy. I am turn'd wilde man since I vſde theſe forreſts :

And I haue wonne more weapons in theſe woods,
From Out-lawes, whom my ſword hath vanquiſhed,
Then I can carry on my backe with eaſe.
I haue ſwords, Targets, Pikes, and Partifans,
Pollaxes, Maces, Clubs, and Horſe-mens ſtaues,
Darts, Halberds, Long-ſwords, Piſtols, Petronels,
All which I haue conquered. At this mountaine
ridge

Two villaines with theſe weapons ſet vpon me :
But with my ſword I made them turne their heeles,
And leaue theſe Trophees which I thus ſupport,
And beare vpon my ſhoulders Conquerour-like.
What ? do I ſee an Ambuſh ? by their Armes
They ſhould be Pagans : *Robert* priſoner !
With him a Chriſtian Leader ! O my God,
Thou haſt either brought me to reuiue my name
By reſcuing theſe, or here to die with ſhame.
Come life, come death ; a baniſht man will try,
To liue with honour, or with honour die :
Robert breake from thy guard, make them diſmayd,
Receiue theſe weapons, Heauen hath ſent thee ayde.

Rob. God, and Saint *George*.

Cha. Now by the *Soldans* Crowne,
If I can weild this weapon, he ſhall downe.

Guy. The Chriſtians God for vs.

Sol. What, are they free ?

Alarum Drummes, the heathen powers for me.

They fight ; the Pagans are beaten off, Guy departs ſuddenly.

Rob. Some Angell in the habite of a Knight,
Hath reſkued vs : ſuch heauy downe-right blowes
Could neuer come from any mortall arme.

For euery blow he reacht, was certaine death.

Cha. What is that power, if heauenly power
he be,

That we may laude and praise his Deity ?

Rob. Departed on a suddaine ere we know,
To whom our freedoms, and our liues we owe !

Char. By that inscription grauen on his shield,
We may perhaps descry him in the campe,
Cease admiration then ; let these euent,
Hasten our steps backe to suruey our Tents.

Enter seuerally Godfrey, and Tancred.

Tan. Godfrey !

Godf. Tancred !

Tan. Well met my Lord in these vnpeopled
paths,

What hath your loue made you to leaue the field.

Godf. Godfrey ne're dreamt to haue met with
Tancred here,

The Lady that hath fled from our chaste loue,

(Whom Tancred I do more affectionate,
Because she much resembles my faire sister)

Hath caused me so much to forget my selfe,
And play the wanderer in these vnknowne woods.

soft march.

But soft, that Drumme should speake the Pagans
tongue :

I feare we are betrai'd, I, I, 'tis so :

Tancred, we are round compast by the foe.

Soldan, Sophie, and Souldiers, encompassse the Christian
Princes : *Enter Eustace, and set them free.*

Eust. Thanke me for this ; for, next th' Almighty
Powers,

I haue bene the meanes to saue your desperate
liues.

Now, Christian Princes, I am quit with you

For all the grace you haue done me in the Campe ;
 And now you owe me for my banishment.
 And though you haue exil'd me from your Tents,
 You haue not power to keepe me from the warres.
 Vpon this shield I beare the *Grocers* Armes,
 Vnto which Trade I was enrold and bound :
 And like a strange Knight, I will aid the Christians,
 Thou Trade which didst sustaine my pouerty,
 Didst helpelesse, helpe me ; though I left thee
 then,
 Yet that the world shall see I am not ingrate,
 Or scorning that, which gaue my fortunes breath,
 I will enlarge these Armes, and make their name
 The originall and life of all my fame.
 But I am tir'd with trauaile, Shield lie there,
 Oh that I could but see that lusty spirit,
 My arch-foe, riual in my banishment,
 To be reueng'd, and end my hostile hate !
 I'll dreame I fight with him to ease my spleene,
 And in that thought I lay me on this Greene. *Sleep.*

Enter Guy with a paper and his Shield.

Guy. Armes ye are full of hope and sweete
 succeffe,
 The famous Art, whose honoured badge ye are,
 First, when I liu'd 'mongst London-prentises,
 Gaue me an honest and a pleasant life,
 Now in these woods haue won me fame & honour :
 And I haue rescued Princes with this shield :
 And Princes are indebted to these Armes.
 And if I liue, in memory of this
 Within their faire Hall shall this Scutchion hang,
 Till some smooth pen Historifie my name,
 What obiect's that ? A Knight a sleepe or dead ?
 Oh, 'tis the Basse, and ground of all my hate ;
 I'll kill the villaine : O dishonoured thought !
 Art thou not sonne vnto the *Bullen* Duke,
 And canst thou hatch dishonour ? Arch-foe liue.

I fcorne aduantage, should I fight with *Mars*.
He beares this shield I will exchange with his,
And leaue a Motto written in mine owne
Shall make him quake to reade. Be swift my pen,
T' affright his fence when he shall wake againe.
'Tis done. Then go with me and mine stay here,
Which in despight of thee, base Knight, I weare.

Exit.

Euft. The houres haue ouer-runne me with swift
pace,
And time hath fastned to him fwallowes wings.
Come sword, come Shield; but soft, thou art a
stranger,
And pardon me good shield, I know thee not.
What haue we here?

*Aske not who that Shield doth owe,
For he is thy mortall foe :
And where ere hee sees that shield,
Citty, Borrough, Gròue or Field,
Hee that beares it, beares his bane,
By his hand he must be slaine.
Thine in spight of thee, hee'le beare,
(If thou dar'st) his Scutchion weare.
Hee writ this, that thy shield will keepe,
And might haue slaine thee being asleepe.*

'Tis a fine fellow; by this light, he is
An honest Rogue, and hath a good conceite,
Weare it? I'll weare it. If I do not! well,
He needed not to haue put in the word (*Dare*)
For I dare: dare, I? he shall see I dare.
Belike he feares I dare not challenge mine.
Were't fastned to the arme of *Beelzebub*,
I would fight with him with firebrands for my shield.
But dares he weare mine? On my life he dares:
I loue him like my brother for this act:
And I will beare this shield with as much pride,

As fate I in a Chariot by *Ioues* side.
 Shine bright my Stars, to do me some faire grace,
 Bring vs to meet in some auspicious place.

Enter the Ladies flying, pursued by the Clowne.

Clow. Nay you cowardly Lady, that runne away from the Campe, and dare not stand to it, I am glad I haue light on you; choose your weapon, choose your weapon; I am a Souldier, and a martiall man, and I will offer you the right of Armes: If you vanquish me, I'll be your captiue, if you be cast downe I'll carry you backe prisoner.

Fren. Lad. I weare a weapon that I dare not draw:
 Fie on this womanish feare, what shall I do.

Bel. Some of my fathers spirit reuiues in me,
 Giue me thy weapon, boy, and thou shalt see,
 I for vs both will winne sweete liberty.

Clow. I was neuer so ouer-reacht; and, but for shame, and that I am a man at armes, I would runne away, and take me to my legs. Haue at thee sweete Lady.

As they fight, Eustace comes in:

Eu. Base villaine, dar'st thou offer violence
 Vnto a Lady; stay, maintaine thy challenge.

Clow. You thinke you haue a foole in hand; no by my faith, not I. If you haue any businesse to the Campe, farewell, I am running thither as fast as I can.

Eust. Mount vp my soule, vnto the heighth of ioy!
 Sauing my foe, whose honoured shield I beare,
 None liuing did I more desire to meete.

Bell. Sauing those Christian Lords that seeke my loue
 None liuing did I more desire to shunne.

Eust. Well met, braue Saint, in these vnpeopled
paths,

Feare no rude force, for I am ciuill borne,
Descended from a Princely parentage,
And though an exile from the Christians Campe,
Yet in my heart I weare the Crosse of CHRIST,
Euen in as deepe a crimson as the best.
Loue me, though I am Landleffe, and remote
From the faire clime where first I breath'd this aire,
Yet know I beare a Kingdome in this sword,
And ere I die, looke to behold this Front
Empal'd and circled with a royall Crowne.

Bell. I neuer markt this Gallant halfe so much :
He hath my brothers eye, my fathers brow,
And he is *Eustace* all from top to toe.

Eust. I had a sister, Lady, with that red,
That giues a crimson tincture to your cheekes,
With such a hand hid in a gloue of snow,
That spake all musicke, like your heavenly tongue ;
And for her sake, faire Saint, I honour you.

Bell. I had a brother, had not the rude seas
Depriu'd me of him, with that manly looke,
That grace, that courage, I behold in you.
A Prince, whom had the rude seas neuer seene,
Euen such another had yong *Eustace* beene.

Eust. *Eustace*! euen such an accent gaue her
tongue,
So did my name found in my sisters mouth,
Oh *Bella Franca*, were't thou not obscur'd
Within a cloud and maske of pouerty,
Such fame ere this had thy rare vertues wonne,
Thus had thy beauty checkt th' all-seeing Sunne.

Bell. It is my brother *Eustace*.

Eust. View her well,
Imagine her but thus attir'd, and shee
Would *Bella Franca*, and my sister be.

Bell. But strip my brother from his Prentice cote,
His cap, his common fouldiers base disguise :
Euen such a Gallant as this seemes to me,

228 *The foure Prentises of London.*

Such would my brother, my sweete *Eustace* be.

Eust. Sister!

Bell. Brother!

Eust. Make me immortall then, by heauen I vow,
I am richer then the *Persian Sophy* now.

Bell. All *Asia* flowes not with more plenteous
treasure,

Then I, to embrace my brother, my hearts pleasure.
How did you scape the waues?

Eust. How haue you past

The perillous Land, and crost the Seas so vaste?

Bell. Where are my brothers, *Eustace*?

Eust. Oh, those words,

Pierce to my heart like Darts, and pointed swords,
Omit these passions, sister, they are dead.

But to forget these griefes, what youth is this?

Fren. Lad. Page to the Prince of *France*.

Eust. 'Tis he I hate,

As chiefe occasion of my banishment.

Bell. Yet my sweete brother, do not blame the
youth,

Full well he hath demean'd himselfe with me.

He neuer, since we entred in these woods,

Left me in my distresse; when we alone

Sit in these defarts neuer by rude force

Did do me the least shame, or violence.

Fren. Lad. A good cause why I leade so chaste a
life,

A ienal man may trust me with his wife.

Eust. Well, firra, for your truth and honesty

I pardon thee, though I detest thy Lord.

Fren. Lad. Then let me change my habite, gentle
fir,

Least in this shape I chance to meete my Maister.

Then, if you please, I'll cloath me like a Lady,

And waite vpon your sister in your Tent.

Eust. Nay, if it please thee, I am well content.

Fren. Lad. My plot is good; well howsoere it
proue,

'Twill either end my life, or winne my loue.

Eust. Come, best part of my selfe, we now will
goe

To wayle our fortunes, and discourse our woe.

I will disguis'd vnto the famous sieg,

And in these Armes make knowne my valours prooffe :

You shall in secret in my Tent abide.

I to atchieue fame will my spirits employ,

After this griefe my heart diuines much ioy. *Exit.*

*Enter Robert, and Tancred, Godfrey, and Charles, with
their Shields and Scutchions, Drumme and Sould-
diers, Godfrees Shield, hauing a Maidenhead
with a Crowne in it. Charles his Shield the
Haberdashers Armes.*

Rob. Behold the high wals of *Hierusalem*,
Which *Titus* and *Vespasian* once brake downe :
From off these Turrets haue the ancient Iewes
Seene worlds of people mustring on these Plaines.
Oh Princes, which of all your eyes are dry,
To looke vpon this Temple, now destroy'd.
Yonder did stand the great *Iehouahs* House,
In midst of all his people, there he dwelt :
Vessels of gold did serue his Sacrifice,
And with him for the people spake the Priests.
There was the Arke, the Show-bread, *Aarons* Rod,
Sanctum, *Sanctorum*, and the *Cherubines*.
Now in that holy place, where God himselfe
Was personally present, Pagans dwell.
False Gods are reard, each Temple Idols beares.
Oh who can see this, and abstaine from teares ?

Godf. This way, this sacred path our Sauour trode.
When he came riding to *Hierusalem*,
Whilst the religious people spread his way
With flowers, and garments, and *Hofanna* cry'd.
Yonder did stand the great Church, where he taught,
Confuting all the Scribes and Pharisees.
This place did witnesse all his miracles :

Within this place did stand the iudgement seate,
 Where *Pontius Pilate* with the Elders fate,
 Where they condemn'd him to be whipt and crown'd,
 To be derided, mockt, and crucified,
 His hands bor'd through with nailes, his side with
 Speares.

Oh, who can see this place and keepe his teares?

Cha. On yond side of the Towne he died for vs :
 At whose departure all these wals did shake,
 And the destroyed Temples vaile did rend :
 The graues are to be seene, from which Ghosts rose,
 There stood the Crosse, there stands the Sepulchre :
 The place still beares the name of *Dead mens bones*.
 And still the Tombe our Sauours Liuey weares.
 What eye can see it, and not melt in teares ?

Tan. No souldier but shall looke with reuerence
 Vpon these faire and glorious Monuments.
 To sweare, or speake prophanely, shall be death.
 I cast my heart as low as to this earth,
 And wish that I could march vpon my knees
 In true submission, and right holy zeale.
 Oh since our warres are Gods, abandon feares,
 But in contrition weepe repentant teares.

Rob. Sound a Parlee ; I see your hearts are fir'd,
 Your foules with victory from heauen inspir'd.

*Sound a Parlee. Enter vpon the walles, Soldan, Sophy,
 Turnus, Morates. Souldiers. Flourish.*

Sol. Why swarme these Christians to our Citty
 walls ?

Looke (forreiners) do not the lofty Spires,
 And these cloud-kissing Turrets that you see,
 Strike deadly terrour in your wounded foules ?
 Go Persian, flourish my vermillion flag,
 Aduance my Standerd high, the fight whereof
 Will driue these stragglers in disordered ranks,
 And in a hurly burly throng them hence.

Per. Sop. See how they quake, to view our mar-
 tiall looks !

As when a sturdy *Ciclops* reares aloft
A boisterous Truncheon 'mongst a troupe of Dwarfes.

Godf. *Soldan* and *Sophy*, ye damn'd hel-hounds
both,

So quakes the Eagle to behold a gnat,
The Lyon to behold a Marmofat.
I'll beard and braue you in your owne beliefe,
As when the heathen God, whom you call *Ioue*,
Warr'd with the Gyant, great *Enceladus*,
And flung him from Olympus two-topt Mount
The fwaynes stood trembling to behold his fall,
That with his weight did make the earth to groane.
So, *Soldan*, looke, when I haue skal'd these wals,
And won the place where now thou stand'st secure,
To be hurl'd head-long from the proudest Tower,
In scorn of thee, thy false gods, and their power.

Cha. We will assaile you like rebounding Rocks,
Banded against the battlements of heauen :
Wee'll turne thy Citty into desert plaines :
And thy proud Spires that seeme to kisse the
Cloudes,

Shall with their guilt-tops paue the miry streetes,
As all to base for us to march vpon.
Seest thou this shield, how euer this deuice
Seemes not to ranke with Emperours ; *Soldan*, know
This shield shall giue thy fatall ouerthrow.

Sol. Such peales of Thunder did I neuer heare,
I thinke that very words these wals will teare.

Godf. This shield you see, includes two mysteries ;
A Virgine crown'd it is the *Mercers* Armes,
Withall the picture of my loue that's fled.
Both these I'll grace, and adde to them thy head.

Sop. Me thinks I see pale death flie from their
words :
Their speech so strong ; how powerful are their
fwords !

Cha. Since first I bore this shield I quartered it
With this red Lyon, whom I singly once
Slew in the Forrest ; thus much haue I already

Added vnto the *Haberdashers* Armes.

But ere I leaue these faire *Iudaean* Bounds,

Vnto this Lyon I'll adde all your Crownes.

Tur. Send for some prisoners, martyre, torture
them

Euen in the face of all the Christian Hoast.

Sol. Shall it be so *Moretcs*, bring them forth.

Rob. No drop of blood fals from a Christian
heart,

But thy hearts blood shall ransome.

*Enter some bringing forth old Bullen, and other
prisoners bound.*

Sol. Bring them forth,
Deuise new tortures : Oh for some rare Artift,
That could inuent a death more terrible
Then are the euerlasting paines of hell.

Old Bull. Oh brethren, let not me moue you to
ruth :

Happy is he that suffers for the truth.
The ioyes to come exceed the present grieffe ;
Secure your selues, for CHRIST is my reliefe.

Godf. Why shrinks the warme blood from my
troubled heart ?

Char. Why starts my haire vp at this heauy fight ?

Godf. Say father, are not you the Bullen Earle ?

Old Bul. Faire sonne, I was the happy Bullen
Earle :

But now my sonne———

Char. Call no man sonne but me.

Father, my sword shall winne you liberty.

Godf. Peace forged Bastard whatsoere thou be :
My reuerend father, call none sonne but me,
For in this sword doth rest thy liberty.

Char. Such mercy, as my sword affoordes to
Pagans,
He findes that calls me bastard ; I am *Charles*,

Father you know me since I reskued you,
I am your onely sonne, the rest are dead.

Old Bul. I know thee *Charles*.

Godf. But father, I am *Godfrey* ;
That by my valour haue regain'd your right :
Haue got your Dukedome from th' insulting *French*,
And am my selfe inuested *Bullens* Duke.

Old Bul. I know thee *Godfrey*.

Char. *Godfrey* !

Godf. Brother *Charles* !

The confident assurance of thy death,
Made me to giue the lie to my owne thoughts.

Char. The selfe-same strong opinion blinded mee,
Else for my brother I had challeng'd thee.
Brother, you might haue knowne me by my Armes
Which I haue borne in honour of my Trade.

Godf. Ah, but the resolution of thy death
Made me to loose such thought.

Rob. Let vs reioyce,
And to your plausiue fortunes giue our voyce.

Godf. Prince *Robert*, did the time affoord vs
leauē,

We would discourse the summe of our escapes :
But to our fathers reskue.

Char. Yeeld him slaues.

Sol. Tush, we will keepe him spight of all 'your
braues.

Godf. Be that our quarrell.

Char. With courage, courage striues,
We fight for C H R I S T, our father, and our liues.

Sop. Here stands my Ensigne, and by it a
Crowne,

That you shall know the *Persian* honourable,

Sets vp his Standard & Crowne.

He that can fetch this Ensigne from the wals,
(Which I my selfe will guard) and leauē some token
Behind him, that his sword hath conquered it,
He shall enioy them both.

Sol. And here stands mine,

Set vp his Standard and Crowne.

The *Babylonian* Emperours royall Standard.

By it I plant the rich *Cicilian* Crowne,

Guarded by me and my all-conquering troupes.

He that but leaues a note he hath beene here,

And scapes vnflaine, although he winne them not,

That *Christian* will I honour.

Rob. Drummes, alarum.

Sol. As loud and proud defiance our Drumme
founds.

Godf. For CHRIST, my father, conquest, and
two Crownes. *Exeunt. Alarum.*

*The Christians are repulst. Enter at two feuerall
dores, Guy and Eustace climbe vp the wals, beate
the Pagans, take away the Crownes on their heads,
and in the stead hang vp the contrary Shields,
and bring away the Ensignes, flourishing them,
feuerall wayes.*

*Enter Soldan, Sophy, Moretes, Turnus, with
Souldiers.*

Sol. Now the first wall is wonne, the Ensignes
feiz'd,

The Crownes surpriz'd, the Christians haue the day :
What shall wee leaue the Towne ?

All. I, leaue the Towne.

Sop. 'Tis best, 'tis best to take vs to the field.

Tur. I thinke 'tis best that wee make good the
breach,

And haue no thought of marching towards the field :
We leaue a place of much security.

All. Why then make good the breach.

Sol. It shall be so.

Gather our forces to make good the breach.

Sop. Tush, why should we be pent vp in a Towne ?

Let's ope the gates and boldly issue out,
Leauing some few Pikes to make good the breach.
What say you Lords ?

Lords. Then let vs issue out.

All. Set ope the gates, and let vs issue out.

Sol. And so expose vs to the generall spoyle.
Keepe the gates shut, defend them manfully.
These Christians fight like deuils ; keepe fast the gates,
And once againe let vs make good the wall.

All. Make good the walls, make good the wals.

Enter at one doore Robert and Charles, they meete Eustace with his Trophee : Enter at another doore Godfrey, Tancred, they meete Guy with his Trophee.

Rob. Triumphant honour hovers o're our Armes
What gallant spirit brauely hath borne hence
The Emperours Standard, slaughtered his proud Guard,
And in the steed thereof hung vp his Shield.

Eust. Witnesse this royall Crowne vpon my head,
I seiz'd the Ensigne, I hung vp that Shield.

Godf. What puissant arme snatched hence the
Sophies Standard ?

Guy. This Crowne vpon my head, sayes it was I.

Char. Forgetfull Charles, braue Robert see the Knight,

Whose valour freed vs from the Soldans hands.

Rob. Renowned Christian, euer honoured be,
It was thy sword procur'd vs liberty.

Eust. By heauen not I, I neuer came in place,
Where Robert or that Gallant were distressed :
But there are others thanklesse, whom I freed,
And now too proud forget that honoured deed.

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Godf. 'Twas he releast vs ; honoured franger
thankes,

But they are idle offerings from true hearts.

Prince *Tancred* and my felfe, owe thee our liues.

Guy. You mock me Princes, neuer did my sword
Drinke drop of Pagans blood to fet you free :

But *Robert* and that Prince vnthankefull be.

Cha. Whose shield is that ?

Eust. Mine.

Cha. Then to you we owe
Thankes for our liues, the Pagans ouerthrow.

Eust. The shield I challenge, but the act deny,
I neuer gaue you life or liberty.

Godf. Whose shield is that ?

Guy. Mine.

Godf. Then by thee we live,
Thou didst our desperate liues and freedome giue.

Guy. What meane you Princes to deride a
franger ?

These eyes did neuer see you two in danger.

Eust. Who owes that shield ?

Guy. I : and who owes that ?

Eust. I.

Guy. Thou know'st me then.

Eust. Thankes fortune, that I do.

Guy. Haue at the slaue.

Eust. Braue foe haue at thee too.

Fight, and are parted by the Princes.

Godf. What ere your quarrell be, contend no
more

He drawes his sword 'gainst me that fights againe :
For I am foe to all diffention.

Cha. So are we all, then end these warres in
words,

The Pagans haue employment for your swords.

Eust. For one blow more, take here my Crowne
amongst you,

Now that my spleene is vp, it will not downe,
I'll giue you all I haue for one bout more.

Guy. Lords, take mine too ; by heauen I'll pawne
my life

Against the Soldans head, to bring it you,
So you will let vs try this maistrty.

Rob. Kingdomes nor Crownes can hire it at our
hands,

It shall not be, we say it shall not be.
What are you Lords ? we charge you by his honour
Whom in your outward habite you professe,
To tell vs both what and from whence ye are.

Guy. You charge vs deeply. I a banisht man,
Whom you for mutiny expulst the Camp,
Yet was I leader of ten thousand French,
But thought by you vnworthy of these warres.
Since my exile (Prince *Robert* view me well)
I freed you two from base captiuitie.

'Twas I that brought you weapons in the woods,
And then you term'd me some Celestiall power,
But being now in safety, you forget
Your dangers past, and cancell that great debt.

Eust. Nay I am sure you long to know me too.
I am your Out-law brother, one of your Leaders,
Banisht with him : that from the *Persians* rage
Freed *Tancred*, and that valiant man at Armes ;
Howeuer now they can forget my prowesse.
What need you more, I am he that wonne this
Crowne,

And from these high wals pluckt that Ensigne downe.

Rob. You haue redeem'd all your offences past,
Deseruing best in this society :
But when you freed me, you did beare that shield.

Guy. I did, but since exchang'd it with my foe.

Godf. And you did beare that shield.

Eust. True, I did so.

Ah had I beene awake, thou know'st my minde,
Thou hadst writ thy Ryme in bloud.

Guy. Thy words are mine.

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Char. Leaue brother *Godfrey*, & the *Bullen Duke*.

Eust. How !

Guy. What !

Char. Do you not know theſe faces ?

Godf. Brother *Charles*.

Eust. Brother !

Guy. *Charles* !

Godf. I'll queſtion with them, for may it not be
They might eſcape the ſeas as well as we ?
I had a brother, ſir, reſembled you.

Eust. I had a brother too reſembled you.

Cha. The *Bullen Duke*, if euer you haue heard
Of ſuch a man, had once a ſonne like you.

Guy. I, and another ſonne as much like you.

Godf. My brothers name was *Euſtace*.

Eust. *Godfrey* mine.

Guy. That Duke cal'd his ſonne *Charles*.

Char. Mine cal'd his *Guy*.

Godf. My brother *Euſtace* !

Eust. *Godfrey* !

Char. *Guy* !

Guy. And *Charles* !

All. Brothers !

Rob. This accident breeds wonders in my thoughts.

Godf. Oh let me curſe that head that enuied
thee.

Guy. Nay curſe my heart that emulated thee.

Eust. My brother Out-law, and my owne true
brother !

Cha. For euer thus let vs embrace each other.

Godf. When I was caſt vpon the *Bullen Strand*,
I thought none had eſcapt the ſeas but I.

Guy. When I was throwne vpon the *French Kings*
Coaſt,

I thought none had eſcapt the Seas but I.

Char. I thought the ſeas had fauor'd none but
me,

When I attain'd the ſhores of *Italy*.

Eust. Ireland tooke me, and there I first toucht
ground,
Presuming that my brothers all were drown'd.

Rob. Were ye the foure yong *London* Prentises,
That in the ships were wrackt on *Goodwins* sands?
Were said to haue perisht then of no repute?
Now come the least of you to leade an Hoast,
And to be found the sonnes to a great Duke?

Godf. Witnesse my shield the Trade I haue
profest.

Guy. Witnesse my shield I am one amongst the
rest.

Cha. Witnesse thou mine.

Eust. And witnesse thou for me.

Rob. We witnesse all your martiall chialry.

Eust. And now my foe-turn'd brother, end our
hate,
And praise that Power Diuine who guides our state.

Guy. Diuide we hands and hearts, what hatred
rests,

Powre out in Thunder on the Pagans crests.

Eust. Our ioyes are not at full, they shall not yet
Know where my sifter and their loue remaines,
Vntill these warres haue end. Oh had our God
Not laid our fortunes open, but a brother
Bene brought in triumph to a sifers bed,
Cloudes of despaire had maskt our Sunne of ioy.
Yet will I keepe her secreet, and the rather,
To crowne our haps when we haue freed our father.

Enter Turnus.

Tur. Christians once more defiance in my tongue,
Sounds dismall terrour in your fearefull eares.
The Princes whom I serue, grieue they haue mur'd
Such an huge Army in a wall of stone,
And they are thus resolu'd;
To leaue all place of scorn'd aduantages,
And in a pitcht field end this glorious warre.

Say will ye meete them ?

Rob. Though hee trust his strength,
Yet will we meete his forces face to face,
When the dry earth shall quaffe your bloods apace.

Guy. And tell the *Soldan* from a Christian Prince,
That won from him these colours, and this Crowne,
In that pitcht field my head this Crowne shall beare,
And skarfe-like these athwart my breasts I'll weare.

Eust. This for the *Perfians* sake I'll weare infight,
And vnder his owne Ensigne this day fight.

Cha. Goe tell the *Soldan* that he weares ' my
crowne.

Fortune hath giuen it me, it is mine owne.

Godf. If thou hast more to say concerning warre,
Omit thy braues and trifling circumstance :
Wee'll meete you sooner then you can desire :
Begone, begone, our hearts are all on fire.

Tur. Braue Lords, our conquests will be ho-
norable,

Because we haue to deale with honoured foes :
Our pikes stand to receiue you like a wood,
Wee'll flake our white steeds in your Christian blood.

Tan. Prepare to meet them, and appoynt our
powres,

This day the Citty and themselues are ours.

Rob. Thou vnder whom we fight, this day de-
fend vs,

For vnto thy protection we commend vs. *Exeunt.*

*Enter at one doore with Drumme and colours, Soldan,
Sophy, Moretes, Turnus, and souldiers.*

Sol. Great Monarchs, Kings, and Princes of the
East,

Yee come t'encounter with a valiant Foe ;
Such as haue swomme huge Riuers, climb'd the Alpes ;
That can endure sharpe hunger ; such as shrinke not
To haue their bloods sod with the dog-dayes heate,
Nor to be crudled with cold *Saturnes* Rod.

What honour were it for an hoast of Gyants,
To combate with a Pigmee Nation?
No, Lords, the foe we must encounter with,
Is full of spirit and maiesticke speene,
Strong, hardy, and their hearts inuincible.
Destroy thefe, and you winne your felues a name,
And all the nations of the earth shall feare you.

Sop. The more renown'd the foe is, the more famous

Shall be our conquest, the more great their fall.

Com. Lords, diuide we our battalions.

Sol. Be yours the Vaward.

Sop. I will giue the charge.

Sol. *Turnus*, haue you the Rere-ward, I the battell,

Moretes, thou this day shalt leade the horfe.

Take thou the Cornet, *Turnus* thou the Archers,

Be thine the Guidon, I the men at Armes

Be mine this Ensigne.

Sop. Then mount our Canons, let our flanking peeces

Raile on the Christian Army with wide mouthes,

For I this day will lead the forlorne hope,

The Camifado shall be giuen by me.

Tur. Already they haue plac't their battery,

Th. Ordinance stand fit to beate the Flankes.

Sol. *M.* Cannoniers need no instruction.

Come let vs line our Pikes with Musketiers,

And so attend the Christians fatall charge.

Enter marching, Robert, Tancred, Godfrey, Guy,
Charles, Eustace, *Drumme and Souldiers.*

Th. *Princes*, this day we are espoud to death:

A better place to die in, then this vale,

In which our Sauours Sepulchre remaines,

What man in all our Army could desire?

Speake, how haue you dispos'd our Officers.

Godf. Your Grace is Captaine Generall of the Army.

The foure Prentises of London.

Euen from the Seas that wall in *Albion*,
As far as any Riuer or Brooke runnes,
That Christian drinke on, haue we people here.

Tur. To make our streetes red with your Christian
blood.

Cha. To drowne you slaues in a vermillion flood.

Mor. To burne your bodies o're your Prophets
graue.

Eust. To lead your Emperour captiue like a slaue.

Sol. To make your guide trot by my chariot
wheele.

Tan. To lash your armour with these rods of
steele.

Sop. Then to extirpe you all, yee *Persian* powers,
Affitt our courage, make the conquest ours.

Rob. Heauen match thy might with theirs, protect
vs to,

To let this people know what thou canst do.

Sol. A charge, a charge, rayle drummes, and Can-
nons rore,

Christians, at home your friends abroad deplore.

Godf. Christians at home abroad our conquests
fame ;

Thou God of Hosts this day make knowne thy name.

Alarum. *Ioyne Battle : The Christians are beate[n] off.*
The Soldan victoriously leades off his Souldiers
marching.

Enter Charles and Godfrey with Pistols.

Cha. O God, that multitude should more then
manhood,

That we should thus be borne downe with a presse,
Be throng'd and shouldered from the place we keepe !

Godf. For euery man we leade, the foe hath ten,
Their weapons tops appeare aboue their heads,
In as thicke number as the spikes of graine
Vpon a well-til'd land : they haue more liues

The foure Prentises of London.

Then all our tired armes could fend to death,
If they should yeeld their bare brests to our fwords.

Char. What should we do? we are encompass't round,
Girded with thousand thousands in a ring :
And like a man left on a dangerous rocke,
That waites the climbing tide rise to destroy him :
What way so ere he lookes, sees nought but death :
So we ; the bloody tide grows vp apace,
Whose waues will swallow vs and all our race.
Where's *Guy* and *Eustace* ?

Godf. Gone to scale a Tower
In which our father lies : Oh I did see them
Cut downe a wood of men upon the fuddayne :
Their swords cut lances, as a Sythe cuts Grassie :
Their valour seemes to me miraculous.
Thou Sauour of the world, whose Crosse we beare,
Infuse our hearts with courage, theirs with feare.
Exeunt.

Enter Soldan, Sophy, and souldiers. Alarum.

Enter Guy and Eustace with their father.

Eust. A Syon, a Syon.

Guy. A *Ierusalem*.

Eust. A father, and in him a Crowne of ioy.

Guy. A *Syon*, a *Ierusalem*, a father.

Eust. Through their Decurians, Centurions and
Legions,

Captaines of thousands, and ten thousands guards,
We haue ventured euen vpon the Cannons mouth,
And 'scal'd the bulwarkes where their Ordnance plaid.
The strength of Armies triumphes in those Armes,
We haue surpriz'd the Fortresse and the Hold :
My shield I haue had cut peece-meale from mine
arme.

But now you would haue taken me for an Archer,
So many arrowes were stucke heere and here,
The Pagans thought to make a Quiver of mee.

Alarum enter Pagans.

See brother, how the foe fresh forces gather !

A *Syon*, a *Ierusalem*, a father.*Euery one by turne takes vp their father, and carries him.**Enter the two brothers, they aide and second them.**And with a shout carry him away.**Alarum : Enter Soldan, Sophie.**Sol.* An Enginer, call forth an Enginer.*Sop.* Why, what to do, my Lord ?*Sol.* I'll make these Turrets dance among the
Clouds,

Before the Christians shall inhabite them.

Sop. Yet there is hope of conquest, fight braue
*Soldan.**Sol.* These Christians rage, like spirits coniu'd vp,
Their thundring Ordinance spit huge clouds of fire,
They runne against the wals like iron rammes,
And beate them downe afore them with their brefts.*Sop.* Fortune thou art too enuious of our glory,
Behold the two great'st Emperours of the earth,
The *Babylonian Soldan*, and great *Sophy* ;
Vnueile thine eyes, and looke vpon our fals.*Sol.* Fortune and fate, and death, the diuell and
all,*Enter Moretes and Turnus.*

Oppose themselues against vs. Now what newes ?

Mor. Death.*Sop.* What newes bring'st thou ?*Tur.* Confusion.*Sol.* That death was once my slaue, but now my
Lord.*Sop.* Confusion was once page vnto my sword.

Is the day lost ?

Tur. Lost.*Sol.* Must we needs despaire ?*Mor.* Despaire.

Sol. We will not, we will die resolutely,
The Palace we will make a slaughter-house,
The streets a Shambles, Kennels shall runne blood,
Downe from Mount *Syon*, with such hideous noife,
As when great showres of water fells from Hills.

Sop. Through which way did they make irruption
first ?

Tur. Through the gate, cal'd *Antiochia*,
The selfe-same breach that Romane *Titus* made,
When he destroy'd this Citty, they burst ope.

Sol. There is some vertue in the Crosse they
weare,
It makes them strong as Lyons, swift as Roes.
Their resolutions make them Conquerours.
They haue tane our Royall Standerd from the wals,
In place whereof they haue aduanc'd their Crosse.

Sop. I will not I suruiue so foule a shame,
Once more vnite our powers, (I meane our selues)
For all powers else haue fail'd vs ; brauely fight,
That our declining funne may make there night !

Enter the foure brethren.

Sol. Christians, base Christians, heare vs when we
call,
Eternall darknesse shall confound you all.

Alarum. *The foure brethren each of them kill a Pagan King, take off their Crownes, and exeunt : two one way, and two another way. Retrait.*

Enter Robert, Tancred, Godfrey, Guy, Charles, Eustace, Old Duke, Drumme, Colours, and Soldiers.

Rob. Now smoth againe the wrinkles of your
browes,
And wash the blood from off your hands in milke :
With penitentiall prayes laude our God,

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Ascribe all glory to the heauenly Powers,

Since *Syon* and *Ierusalem* are ours

Tancr. We do abhorre a heart puffed vp with
pride,

That attributes these conquests to our strength :

'Twas God that strengthened vs and weakened them,

And gave vs *Syon* and *Ierusalem*.

Godf. Thou that dost muster Angels in the sky,

That in thy selfe hast power of Victory,

Make thy name shine, bright as the noone-tide

Sunne,

Since *Syon* and *Ierusalem* are wonne.

Old D. My former want hath now sufficient
store,

For hauing seene this, I desire no more.

How faire and smooth my streame of pleasure runnes,

To looke at once on *Syon* and my sonnes !

Guy. Showers of abundance raine into our laps,

To make repentance grow within our hearts :

What greater earthly blisse could Heauen powre
down,

Then *Syon*, our deare father, and this Towne ?

Cha. Then to confirme these conquests Heauen
hath giuen vs

Seal'd with the blood of Kings and Emperours ;

Let vs elect a King, that may maintayne

Our honours with the deaths of Monarches slayne.

Eust. Call forth the Patriarch of *Ierusalem*,

His right hand must bequeath that dignity.

Godf. With teares I speake it, lagging in the
train

Of the distressed *Soldan* he was slaine.

Rob. Prais'd be our God, we haue reueng'd his
death :

Great Potentates comfort him to his graue.

Char. What man, for grauity and sanctity,
May we thinke worthy of this honoured place ?

Rob. Whose yeares, deuotion, and most sacred life,
Better can fit that holy place, then his

Whose worthy sonnes haue brought to end these wars ?

Princes, ioyne hands, inuest him all at once. *Flourish.*

Old D. My feruent zeale, bids I should not deny :

It brings my soule to Heauen before I dye.

Eu. But Princes, whom will ye elect the King,
To guard this Citty from succeeding perill.

Godf. *Robert of Normandy.*

Rob. Oh chose Prince *Tancred* rather.

Tan. Too weake is my desert, and I refuse it.

Eust. Then put it to most voyces.

All. *Robert of Normandy.*

Rob. Princes, we thanke you for your loues :
But letters from *England* tell me *William's* dead,
And by succession left the Crowne to me :
I say Prince *Godfrey* hath deseru'd it best.

Tan. So *Tancred* sayes.

All. And so say all the rest.

Godf. Princes, ye presse me downe with too much
honors,

And load a soule that cannot beare them vp :

Diffwade me not, no counsell I will heare :

Behold a Crowne which *Godfrey* meanes to weare !

A crowne of thornes.

This made the blood run from our Sauours brow

No Crowne but this can *Godfrey's* heart allow.

Prayers are my pride, deuotion drawes my sword,

No pompe but this can *Bullens* soule afford.

My vow's irreuocable, state I refuse ;

No other Crowne but this will *Godfrey* chuse.

Tan. If he refuse the place, elect Prince *Guy* ;
Most voices ; shall he haue the Scepter ?

All. I.

Rob. Then crowne him straight, and henceforth let
his name

Be through the World call'd *Guy* of *Leffingham* :

All these desire it, I consent with them ;

Long liue Prince *Guy*, King of *Hierusalem.* *flourish.*

Guy. The crowne is burst, and parted from my head ;

I feare the heauens are angry with your choice.

Old D. Son *Guy* they are not. By Diuine instinct

The heauens haue lent me a Prophetick spirit :
This shewes thy troublous Raigne, mutines from far,
Shall fright thy Townes and Prouinces with War.

Guy. If it be nothing else, crowne me agayne,
We haue a heart our Kingdome to maintayne :
What honours do my brothers heads awaite ?

Ro. Prince *Eustace*, you shall weare this crown of state

Be King of *Sicil* and command that Isle :
Lord *Charles*, the crowne of *Cyprus* longs to you,
That in the fight the King of *Cyprus* flue : *flourish.*
One general voyce at once proclaime them Kings.

Char. In memory of this solemnity,
Here will I leaue this Scutchion borne by me :
That in what coast so e're my bones be laid,
This shield may be an honour to my Trade.

Eust. Mine shall hang there, a trophie of my fame,

My Trade is famous by King *Eustace* name.

Guy. In memory a King hath borne this shield,
I adde these Challices to this Argent Field.

God. In honour of my first profession,
That shield in all these wars by *Godfrey* borne,
I crowne this Maids head with a wreath of Thorne.

Old D. Oh were my daughter here this ioy to see ;

How light her soule ! how glad would my heart bee !

Tan. Would I had now my loue.

Guy. Or I that Dame,
That addes to beauties funne a brighter flame.

Rob. Were the faire Virgin here, I would renowne

Her glorious beauty with the English Crowne.

Eust. Princes, Ile fit you all, Lady come forth.

Enter Bella Franca.

Bell. The louely Princes.

Tan. Faire Mistresse !

Char. Lady !

Godf. Madame !

Guy. Honoured Saint !

Bell. Nay pardon me, loue comes not by constraint ;

But Princes, will you grant me patience,
Before I part, I meane to please you all.
First holy Patriarch, tell me of all others,
Whom in the World you most desire to see.

Old D. My daughter.

Bell. Prince *Godfrey*, *Charles*, *Eustace*, whom say you ?

All. Next your selfe our sifter.

Bell. And whom you ?

Tan. My loue.

Bell. Who's that ?

Tan. Your honoured selfe faire maide.

Bel. Nay, Ile make good the words that I haue said :

Father, I giue a daughter to your hand ;
Brothers, behold, here doeth your sifter stand :

Tancred behold the Lady you once ceas'd,
Onely I leaue Prince *Robert* heere displeas'd.

Old D. My daughter *Bella Franca* !

Brothers. Sister !

Tan. Loue !

Old D. I am too happy, and too full of ioy ;
Heauen powers on me more good then I can beare ;

I that before was staru'd, now surfet heere.

Rob. Princes, and Lady, nothing can displease vs,
For we pertake in all this glad content,
And with applause reioyce this accident.

Tancred reioyce, your loue, and you your friends,
Where you beginne with marriage, our loue ends.

252 *The foure Prentises of London.*

Kings, and Kings peeres, to Heauen ascribe the
glory,

Whilst we to Chronicles report this story.

Guy. Make loue vnto my sifter ! tis most strange,
Now *Guy* I would thou hadst thy French loue here ;
My heart would grant her what I then refus'd ;
Now hauing got this state of dignity,
I grieue that I haue so obdurate beene,
But for amends would make her Syons Queene.

Eust. And well remembred brother, I must now
Entreate you for a pretty boy your page,
That hath on some occasion stray'd from you.

Guy. Oh brother, where's the villaine ?

Eust. Pardon him, and I will tell you.

Guy. Great were th' offence, I would not cleare
for you.

Eust. The poore boy, brother, staves within my
Tent,

But so disguis'd you cannot know him now,
For hee's turn'd wench ; and but I know the wagge,
To be a boy, to see him thus transform'd,
I should haue sworn he had beene a wench indeed.

Guy. Pray, let me see him, brother in that habite.
I would not loose the villaine for more gold
Then *Syon* would be sold for ; he will blush
To be tane tardy in his Maides attire.

Eust. You haue pardoned him ?

Guy. I haue.

Eust. Then *Iacke* appeare.

Enter the French Lady.

Nay blush not to be in your Womans geere.

Guy. Leape heart, dance spirit, be merry iocund
foule,

Tis she vndoubtedly.

Lady. You know me then !

Guy. I do, 'twas that disguise,
That all this while hath blinded my cleere eyes.

Eust. Fye, are you not asham'd to kisse a boy,

And in your armes to graspe him with such ioy?

Guy. She is no boy, you do mistake her quite.

Eust. A boy, a Page, a wagtaile by this light :
What say you sifter?

Bel. Sure he told me so,
For if he be a maide, I made him one.

Eust. Do not mistake the sex, man, for he's
none.

It is a rogue, a wag, his name is *Iacke*,
A notable dissembling lad, a Cracke.

Guy. Brother, 'tis you that are deceiu'd in her.
Besheew her, she hath beene my bedfellow
A yeare and more, yet I had not the grace——
Brothers receiue a sifter ; reuerent Father
Accept a daughter, whilst I take a Wife,
And of a great Kings daughter make a Queene :
This is the beauteous Virgin, the French Lady,
To whom my fortune still remains in debt.

Eust. A Lady, then I cry you mercy brother,
A gallant Bride, would I had such another.

Lady. A wondrous change ! she that your Page
hath beene
Is now at length transform'd to be your Queene :
Pardon me *Guy*, my loue drew me along,
No shamelesse lust.

Guy. Faire Saint, I did you wrong :
If Fortune had not beene your friend in this,,
You had not laine thus long without a kisse :
Father, embrace her ; brothers ; sifter, all.

Old D. This fortune makes our ioyes meere
comical :
The fame of our succeffe all *Europe* rings :
The Father, Patriarch, sees his sonnes all Kings.

Rob. The heauens are full of bounty ; then braue
Princes
First in the Temple hang these Trophies vp,
As a remembrance of your fortunes past :
You good old Father, weare your Patriarchs Roabes,
Prince *Godfrey*, walk you with your Crown of thorns ;

254 *The foure Prentises of London.*

Guy with his Lady ; *Tancred* with his Wife :
Charles with his Crown of *Cyprus*, and yong *Eustace*
Crown'd with the rich *Sicilian* Diadem :
I with the honour of the Pagans deaths.
So in Proceffion walke we to CHRISTS Tombe,
With humble hearts to pay our Pilgrimes vowes :
Repayre we to our Countries, that once done,
For *Syon* and *Ierusalem* are wonne.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

THE
FAIR MAID
OF THE WEST.

OR,
A Girle worth gold.

The first part.

As it was lately acted before the King and
Queen, with approved liking.
By the Queens Majesties Comedians.

Written by T. H.



LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Royston*, and are to be sold
at his Shop in Ivie Lane. 1631.



To the much worthy, and my most respected,
JOHN OTHOW, Esquire, Counsellour at Law,
in the noble Societie of
Graies Inne.

SIR,

EXcuse this my boldnesse, (I intreat you) and let it passe under the title of my love and respect, long devoted unto you; of which, if I endeavour to present the world with a due acknowledgement without the sordid expectation of reward, or servile imputation of flatterie, I hope it will be the rather accepted. I must ingenuously acknowledge, a weightier argument would have better suited with your grave employment; but there are re-

tirements necessarily belonging to all the labours of the body and brain: If in any such cessation, you will daigne to cast an eye upon this weak and unpollish't Poem, I shall receive it as a courtesie from you, much exceeding any merit in mee, (my good meaning onely accepted.) Thus wishing you healthfull abilitie in body, untroubled content in minde: with the happie fruition of both the temporall felicities of the world present, and the eternall blessednesse of the life future; I still remain as ever,

Yours, most affectionately
devoted,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.



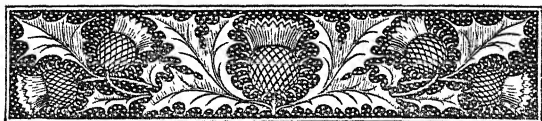
To the READER.

C*Verteous Reader, my Plaies have not beene exposed to the publike view of the world in numerous sheets, and a large volume; but singly (as thou seest) with great modesty, and small noise. These Comedies, bearing the title of, The fair Maid of the West: if they prove but as gracious in thy private reading, as they were plausible in the publick acting, I shall not much doubt of their successe. Nor neede they (I hope) much fear a rugged and censorious brow from thee, on whom the greatest and best in the kingdome, have vouchsafed to smile. I hold it no necessity to trouble thee with the Argument of the story, the matter it selfe lying so plainly before thee in Acts and Scenes, without any deviations, or winding incidents.*

Peruse it through, and thou maist finde in it,
Some mirth, some matter, &, perhaps, some wit.

He that would studie thy content,

T. H.



Dramatis Personæ.

Two Sea Captaines.
Mr. Caroll, a Gentleman.

Mr. Spencer. By Mr.
Michael Bowyer.

Captain Goodlack, Spencers friend; by Mr.
Rich. Perkins.

Two Vintners boyes.

Besse Bridges, *The fair Maid of the West*; by
Hugh Clark.

Mr. Forset, a Gentleman;
by Christoph. Goad.

Mr. Ruffman, a swaggering Gentleman; by William Shearlock.

Clem, a drawer of wine under Besse Bridges; by Mr. William Robinson.

Three Saylers. A Surgeon.

A kitching Maid; by Mr.
Anthony Furner.

The Maior of Foy, an Alderman, and a servant.

A Spanish Cap. by C.
Goad.

An English Merchant; by
Rob. Axell.

Mullisheg, K. of Fesse, by
Mr. Will. Allen.

Bashaw Alcade; by Mr.
Wilbraham.

Bashaw Joffer.

Two Spanish Captains.

A French Merchant.

An Italian Merchant.

A Chorus.

The Earl of Effex going to Cales: the Maior of Plimoth, with Petitioners, Mutes, ; personated.

Prologue.

Spoken to their two Majesties at Hampton Court.

*A*mongst the Grecians there were annual feasts,

*To which none were invited as chief guests,
Save Princes and their Wives. Amongst
the men,*

*No argument could be disputed then
But who best govern'd ; and (as't did appeare)
He was proclaim'd sole Sovereaigne for that
yeare.*

*The Queenes and Ladies argued at that time
For beauty and for vertue, who was prime,
And she had the like honour. Two here be,
For Beauty one, the other Majesty,
Most worthy, did that custome still persever,
Not for one year'e, but to be Sovereignes ever.*



THE FAIRE MAID of the West:

OR,

A Girle worth Gold.

Enter two Captaines, and Mr. Carrol.

1. *Capt.*



hen puts my Lord to Sea?

2. *Capt.* When the winde's faire.

Car. Resolve me I intreat, can you not
guesse

The purpose of this voyage?

1. *Capt.* Most men thinke
The Fleet's bound for the Ilands.

Carr. Nay, 'tis like.
The great successe at *Cales* under the conduct
Of such a Noble Generall, hath put heart
Into the English: They are all on fire
To purchase from the Spaniard. If their Carracks
Come deeply laden, wee shall tugge with them
For golden spoile.

2. *Capt.* O, were it come to that !

1. *Capt.* How *Plimouth* swells with Gallants ! how
the streets

Glisten with gold ! You cannot meet a man
But trickt in skarffe and feather, that it seemes
As if the pride of *Englands* Gallantry
Were harbourd here. It doth appeare (me thinkes)
A very Court of Souldiers.

Carr. It doth so.

Where shall we dine to day ?

2. *Capt.* At the next Taverne by ; there's the best
wine.

1. *Capt.* And the best wench, *Besse Bridges*, she's
the flowre

Of *Plimouth* held : the Castle needes no bush,
Her beauty drawes to them more gallant Customers
Then all the signes ith' towne else.

2. *Capt.* A sweet Lasse,
If I have any judgement.

1. *Capt.* Now in troth
I thinke shee's honest.

Carr. Honest, and live there ?

What, in a publike Taverne, where's such confluence
Of lusty and brave Gallants ? Honest said you ?

2. *Capt.* I vow she is for me.

1. *Capt.* For all I think.

I'm sure she's wondrous modest.

Carr. But withall

Exceeding affable.

2. *Capt.* An argument
That shee's not proud.

Carr. No, were she proud, she'd fall.

1. *Capt.* Well, shee's a most attractive Adamant,
Her very beauty hath upheld that house,
And gain'd her master much.

Carr. That Adamant

Shall for this time draw me to, wee'll dine there.

2. *Capt.* No better motion : Come to the Castle
then.

Enter M. Spencer, and Capt. Goodlack.

Goodl. What, to the old house still?

Spenc. Canst blame me, Captaine,
Beleeve me, I was never surprisde till now,
Or catcht upon the sudden.

Goodl. Pray resolve me,
Why being a Gentleman of fortunes, meanes,
And well revenude, will you adventure thus
A doubtfull voyage, when onely such as I
Borne to no other fortunes then my sword
Should seeke abroad for pillage.

Spenc. Pillage, Captaine?
No, tis for honor; And the brave societie
Of all these shining Gallants that attend
The great L. Generall, drew me hither first:
No hope of gaine or spoyle.

Goodl. I, but what drawes you to this house so
oft?

Spenc. As if thou knewst it not.

Goodl. What, *Besse*?

Spenc. Euen she.

Goodl. Come, I must tell you, you forget your
selfe,

One of your birth and breeding, thus to dote
Upon a Tanners daughter: why, her father
Sold hydes in Somersetsshire, and being trade-falne,
Sent her to service.

Spenc. Prethee speake no more,
Thou telst me that which I would faine forget,
Or wish I had not knowne. If thou wilt humor me
Tell me shee's faire and honest.

Goodl. Yes, and loves you.

Spenc. To forget that, were to exclude the rest:
All saving that, were nothing. Come let's enter.

Enter 2. Drawers.

1. *Draw.* You are welcome Gentlemen. Shew
them into the next roome there.

2. *Draw.* Looke out a Towell, and some Rolls, a Salt and Trenchers.

Spenc. No sir, we will not dine.

2. *Draw.* I am sure ye would if ye had my stomacke.

What wine drinke yee, Sacke or Claret?

Spenc. Wheres *Besse*?

2. *Draw.* Marry above with three or foure Gentlemen.

Spenc. Goe call her.

2. *D.* Ile draw you a cup of the neatest wine in Plimouth.

Spenc. Ile tast none of your drawing. Goe call *Besse*.

2. *Draw.* Theres nothing in the mouthes of these Gallants, but *Besse*, *Besse*.

Spenc. What sa'y Sir?

2. *Draw.* Nothing sir, but Ile goe call her presently.

Spenc. Tell her who's here.

2. *Draw.* The devill rid her out of the house for me.

Spenc. Sa'y sir?

2. *Draw.* Nothing but anon anon sir.

Enter Besse Bridges.

Spenc. See she's come.

Bess. Sweet Mr. *Spencer*, y'are a stranger growne. Where have you beene these three dayes?

Spenc. The last night

I fate up late, at game: here take this bagge, And lay't up till I call for't.

Bess. Sir I shall.

Spenc. Bring me some wine.

Bess. I know your taste, And I shall please your palate.

Goodl. Troth tis a pretty soule.

Spenc. To thee I will unbosome all my thoughts,

Were her low birth but equall with her beauty,
Here would I fixe my thoughts.

Goodl. You are not mad fir ?
You say you loue her.

Spenc. Never question that.

Goodl. Then put her to't, win Oportunity,
Shees the best bawd : If (as you say) she loves you,
She can deny you nothing.

Spenc. I have proved her
Vnto the utmost test. Examin'd her,
Even to a modest force, but all in vaine :
Shee'll laugh, conferre, keepe company, discourse,
And something more, kisse : but beyond that com-
passe
She no way can be drawne.

Goodl. Tis a vertue,
But feldome found in tavernes.

Enter Bessie with wine.

Bessie. Tis of the best Graves wine fir.

Spenc. Gramarcie Girle, come sit.

Bessie. Pray pardon fir, I dare not.

Spenc. Ile ha' it so.

Bessie. My fellowes love me not, and will com-
plaine
Of such a sawcy boldnesse.

Spenc. Pox on your fellowes,
Ile try whether their pottle pots or heads
Be harder, if I doe but heare them grumble.
Sit : now *Bessie* drinke to me.

Bessie. To your good voyage.

Enter the second Drawer.

2 Draw. Did you call fir ?

Sp. Yes fir, to have your absence. Capitaine, this
health.

Goodl. Let it come fir.

2 *Draw.* Must you be fet, and we wait, with a——

Spenc. What say you fir?

2 *Draw.* Anon, anon, I come there. *Exit.*

Spenc. What will you venture *Besse* to sea with me?

Besse. What I loue best, my heart: for I could with

I had beene borne to equall you in fortune,
Or you so low, to have beene rankt with me,
I could have then presum'd boldly to say,
I love none but my *Spencer*.

Spenc. *Besse*, I thanke thee.

Keepe still that hundred pound till my returne
From th' Islands with my Lord: if never, wench
Take it, it is thine owne.

Besse. You binde me to you.

Enter the first Drawer.

1 *Draw.* *Besse*, you must fill some wine into the Portcullis, the Gentlemen there will drinke none but of your drawing.

Spenc. She shall not rise fir, goe, let your Master snick-up.

1 *D.* And that should be cousin-german to the hick-up.

Enter the second Drawer.

2 *Draw.* *Besse*, you must needs come, the gentlemen sling pots, pottles, drawers, and all downe staires. The whole house is in an uprore.

Besse. Pray pardon fir, I needs must be gone.

2 *D.* The Gentlemen sweare if she come not up to them, they will come downe to her.

Spenc. If they come in peace,
Like ciuill Gentlemen, they may be welcome:
If otherwise, let them usurpe their pleasures.
We stand prepar'd for both.

Enter Caroll and two Captaines.

Car. Save you gallants, we are fomewhat bold to
preffe
Into your company. It may be held scarce manners,
Therefore fit that we should crave your pardon.

Spenc. Sir, you are welcome, so are your friends.

1 Capt. Some wine.

Besse. Pray give me leave to fill it.

Sp. You shall not stir. So please you wee'l joyne
company.

Drawer, more stooles.

Car. I tak't that's a she drawer. Are you of the
house?

Besse. I am fir.

Caroll. In what place?

Besse. I draw.

Caroll. Beere, doe you not? You are some
tapstresse.

Spenc. Sir, the worst character you can bestow
Vpon the maide is to draw wine.

Caroll. She would draw none to us,
Perhaps she keepes a Rundlet for your taste,
Which none but you must pierce.

2 Capt. I pray be civill.

Spenc. I know not, Gentlemen, what your in-
tents be,
Nor doe I feare or care. This is my roome,
And if you beare you, as you seeme in shew,
Like Gentlemen, fit and be sociable.

Car. We will. Minx, by your leave: Remove
I fay.

Spenc. She shall not stir.

Car. How fir?

Spen. No fir: could you out-face the devill,
We doe not feare your roaring.

Car. Though you may be companion with a
drudge,
It is not fit shee should have place by us.

270 *The Faire Maid of the West :*

About your bufineffe, hufwife.

Spenc. She is worthy

The place as the best here, and she shall keep't.

Car. You lie. *They bustle.* *Caroll slaine.*

Goodl. The Gentleman's slaine, away.

Beffe. Oh heaven, what have you done ?

Goodl. Vndone thy selfe and me too : Come away !

Beffe. Oh sad misfortune, I shall lose him ever.

What, are you men or milk-sops ? Stand you still

Senslesse as stones, and see your friend in danger

To expire his last ?

1 *Capt.* Tush, all our help's in vaine.

2 *Capt.* This is the fruit of whoores.

This mischief came through thee.

Beffe. It grew first from your incivilitie.

1 *Cap.* Lend me a hand to lift his body hence.

It was a fatall bufineffe. *Exeunt Capitaines.*

Enter the two Drawers.

1 *Dr.* One call my Master, another fetch the constable,

Here's a man kild in the roome.

2 *Dr.* How, a man kill'd faist thou. Is all paid ?

1 *Dr.* How fell they out, canst thou tell ?

2 *Dr.* Sure about this bold Betrice : tis not so much for the death of the man, but how shall we come by our reckoning ?

Exeunt Drawers.

Beffe. What shall become of me ! Of all lost creatures

The most infortunate. My innocence

Hath beene the cause of blood, and I am now,

Purpled with murder, though not within compasse

Of the Lawes severe censure : but which most

Addes unto my affliction, I by this

Have lost so worthy and approv'd a friend,

Whom to redeeme from exile, I would give
All that's without and in me.

Enter Forfet.

Forf. Your name's *Besse Bridges* ?

Besse. An unfortunate Maid.

Knowne by that name too well in Plimouth here.

Your businesse, fir, with me ?

Forf. Know you this Ring ?

Besse. I doe : it is my *Spencers*.

I know withall you are his trusty friend,

To whom he would commit it. Speake, how fares he ?

Is hee in freedome, know yee ?

Forf. Hee's in health

Of body, though in minde somewhat perplext

For this late mischiefe happened.

Besse. Is he fled,

And freed from danger ?

Forf. Neither. By this token

He lovingly commends him to you *Besse*,

And prayses you when tis darke meet him o'th
Hoe

Neere to the new-made Fort, where hee'll attend
you,

Before he flyes, to take a kinde farewell.

Theres only *Goodlack* in his company,

He intreats you not to faile him.

Bef. Tell him from me, Ile come, Ile runne, Ile
flye,

Stand Death before me : were I fure to die. *Exit.*

Enter Spencer and Goodlacke.

Goodl. You are too full of passion.

Spenc. Canst thou blame me,

To have the guilt of murder burden me,

And next, my life in hazard to a death

So ignominious : last, to lose a Love

272 *The Faire Maid of the West :*

So sweet, so faire, so am'rous, and so chaste,
And all these at an instant ? Art thou sure
Carol is dead ?

Goodl. I can beleeeve no lesse.
You hit him in the very speeding place.

Spenc. Oh but the last of these fits neer'st my
heart.

Goodl. Sir be advis'd by mee.
Try her before you trust her. She perchance
May take th' advantage of your hopefull fortunes ;
But when she findes you subject to distresse
And casuality, her flattering love may die :
With your deceased hopes.

Spenc. Thou counselest well.
Ile put her to the test and utmost tryall
Before I trust her further. Here she comes.

Enter Forset, and Bessie with a bagge.

Forf. I have done my message sir.

Bef. Feare not sweet *Spencer*, we are now alone,
And thou art sanctuar'd in these mine armes.

Goodl. While these conferre wee'll centinel their
safety.

This place Ile guard.

Forf. I this.

Bef. Are you not hurt ?
Or your skinnne rac'd with his offensive Steele ?
How is it with you ?

Spenc. *Bessie*, all my afflictions
Are that I must leaue thee : thou knowst withall
My extreame necessity, and that the feare
Of a most scandalous death doth force me hence.
I am not neare my Country, and to stay
For new supply from thence, might deeply ingage
mee

To desperate hazard.

Bessie. Is it coyne you want ?
Here is the hundred pound you gave me late,

Vfe that, befide what I have ftor'd and fav'de
Which makes it fifty more : were it ten thoufand
Nay, a whole million, *Spencer*, all were thine.

Spenc. No, what thou haft keepe ftill, tis all thine
owne.

Here be my keyes, my trunkes take to thy charge :
Such gold fit for tranfportage as I have,
Ile beare along : the reft are freely thine,
Money, apparell, and what elfe thou findeft,
Perhaps worth my bequeft and thy receiving,
I make thee miftrefle of.

Befle. Before I doted,
But now you ftrove to have me extafide.
What would you have me doe, in which t'exprefle
My zeale to you ?

Spenc. Which in my chamber hangs,
My picture, I injoyne thee to keepe ever,
For when thou partft with that, thou lofeft me.

Befle. My foule may from my body be divorc'd,
But never that from me.

Spenc. I have a houfe in Foy, a taverne calld
The Winde-mill, that I freely give thee too,
And thither if I live Ile fend to thee.

Befle. So foone as I have caft my reckonings up,
And made even with my Mafter, Ile not faile
To vifit Foy in Cornwall. Is there elfe
Ought that you will injoyne me ?

Spenc. Thou art faire,
Ioyne to thy beauty vertue. Many fuiters
I know will tempt thee : beauty's a fhrewd baite,
But unto that if thou add'ft chaftitie,
Thou fhalt ore-come all fcandall. Time calls hence,
We now muft part.

Befle. Oh that I had the power to make Time
lame,
To ftay the ftarres, or make the Moone ftand ftill,
That future day might never hafte thy flight.
I could dwell here for ever in thine armes,

And with it alwayes night.

Spenc. We trifle howers. Farewell.

Besse. First take this Ring :

Twas the first token of my constant love
That past betwixt us. When I see this next,
And not my *Spencer*, I shall thinke thee dead :
For till death part thy body from thy foule
I know thou wilt not part with it.

Spence. Swear for me *Besse* : for thou maist safely
doe't.

Once more farewell : at *Foy* thou shalt heare from
me.

Besse. Theres not a word that hath a parting
found

Which through mine eares shrills not immediate
death.

I shall not live to lose thee.

Forf. Best be gone,

For harke I heare some tread.

Spenc. A thousand farewels are in one contracted.
Captaine away.

Exit Spencer, & Goodlacke.

Besse. Oh, I shall dye.

Forf. What mean you *Besse*, wil you betray your
friend,

Or call my name in question ? Sweet, looke up.

Besse. Hah, is my *Spencer* gone ?

Forf. With speed towards *Foy*,
There to take ship for *Fiall*.

Besse. Let me recollect my selfe,
And what he left in charge. Vertue and Chastitie.
Next, with all sudden expedition
Prepare for *Foy* : all these will I conserue,
And keepe them strictly, as I would my life.
Plimouth farewell ; in *Cornwall* I will prove
A second fortune, and for ever mourne,
Vntill I see my *Spencers* safe returne.

Hoboyes.

*A dumbe Show. Enter Generall, Captaines, the Mayor :
Petitioners the other way with papers : amongst
these the Drawers. The Generall gives them bagges
of money. All goe off saving the two Drawers.*

1. *Draw.* Tis well yet we have gotten all the money due to my Master. It is the commonest thing that can bee for these Captaines to score and to score : but when the scores are to be paid, *Non est inventus.*

2. *Draw.* Tis ordinary amongst Gallants now a dayes, who had rather sweare forty oaths, then onely this one oath, God let me never be trusted.

1. *Draw.* But if the Captaines would follow the noble minde of the Generall, before night there would not bee one score owing in Plimouth.

2. *Draw.* Little knowes *Besse* that my Master hath got in these desperate debts : but she hath cast up her account, and is gone.

1. *Draw.* Whither canst thou tell ?

2. *Draw.* They say to keepe a Taverne in *Foy*, and that M. *Spencer* hath given her a stocke to set up for her selfe. Well, howsoever, I am glad, though he kild the man wee have got our money.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Enter Forset and Roughman.

Forset.

I N your time have you feene a sweeter creature ?

Roughm. Some weeke or thereabouts.

Forf. And in that small time shee hath almost un-

done all the other Taverns. The Gallants make no rendezvous now but at the Wind-mill.

Roughm. Spight of them Ile have her. It shall cost me the setting on but Ile have her.

Forf. Why, doe you thinke she is so easily won?

Roughm. Easily or not, Ile bid as fayre and farre as any man within twenty miles of my head, but I will put her to the squeake.

Forf. They say there are Knights sonnes already come as suiters to her.

Roughm. Tis like enough, some younger brothers, and so I intend to make them.

Forf. If these doings hold, shee will grow rich in short time.

Roughm. There shall bee doings that shall make this Wind-mill my grand seate, my mansion, my palace, and my Constantinople.

Enter Bessie Bridges like a Mistrresse, and Clem.

Forf. Here she comes : observe how modestly she beares her selfe.

Roughm. I must know of what burden this vessell is, I shall not beare with her till shee beare with mee, and till then, I cannot report her for a woman of good carriage.

Bessie. Your olde Master that dwelt here before my comming, hath turn'd over your yeares to me.

Clem. Right forsooth : before he was a Vintner, hee was a shoo-maker, and left two or three turne-overs more besides my selfe.

Bessie. How long hast thou to serve.

Clem. But eleven yeares next grassie, and then I am in hope of my freedom. For by that time I shall be at ful age.

Bessie. How old art thou now?

Clem. Forsooth newly come into my Teenes. I have scrap'd trenchers this two yeares, and the next Vintage I hope to be Barre-boy.

Besse. What's thy name?

Clem. My name is *Clem*, my father was a Baker, and by the report of his neighbors, as honest a man as ever lived by bread.

Bef. And where dwelt he?

Clem. Below here in the next crooked street, at the signe of the Leg. Hee was nothing so tall as I; but a little wee-man, and somewhat huckt-backt.

Besse. He was once Constable?

Clem. Hee was indeede, and in that one yeare of his raigne, I have heard them say, hee bolted and sifted out more businesse, then others in that office in many yeares before him.

Besse. How long ist since he dyed?

Clem. Marry the last deare yeare. For when corne grew to be at an high rate, my father never dowed after.

Besse. I thinke I have heard of him.

Clem. Then I am sure you have heard he was an honest neighbor, and one that never lov'd to be meale-mouth'd.

Besse. Well firrah, prove an honest servant, and you shall finde me your good Mistresse. What company is in the Marmaid?

Clem. There be foure Sea-captaines. I believe they be little better then spirats, they are so flush of their rudocks.

Befs. No matter, wee will take no note of them. Here they vent many brave commodities, By which some gain accrews. Th'are my good customers,

And still returne me profit.

Clem. Wot you what Mistresse, how the two Saylers would have served me, that calld for the pound and halfe of Cheese?

Befs. How was it *Clem*?

Clem. When I brought them a reckoning, they would have had me to have scor'd it up. They tooke

me for a fimple gull indeed, that would have had me to have taken Chalke for Cheefe.

Besse. Well, goe waite upon the Captaines, see them want no wine.

Clem. Nor reckoning neyther, take my word Mistrefs.

Roughm. Shee's now at leasure, Ile to her.
Lady, what Gentlemen are those above?

Besse. Sir they are such as please to be my guests,
And they are kindly welcome.

Roughm. Give me their names.

Besse. You may goe search the Church-booke
where they were christned.

There you perhaps may learne them.

Roughm. Minion, how?

Forf. Fie, fie, you are too rude with this faire creature,

That no way seekes t' offend you.

Bess. Pray hands off.

Roughm. I tell thee maid, wife, or what e'er thou beest,

No man shall enter here but by my leave.

Come, let's be more familiar.

Bess. 'Las good-man.

R. Why knowst thou whom thou sleightst. I am

Roughman,

The onely approved gallant of these parts,
A man of whom the Roarers stand in awe,
And must not be put off.

Bess. I never yet heard man so praise himselfe,
But prov'd in th' end a coward.

Roughm. Coward, *Bess?*

You will offend me, raise in me that fury
Your beauty cannot calme. Goe to, no more,
Your language is too harsh and peremptory.
Pray let me heare no more on't. I tell thee
That quiet day scarce past me these seven yeares
I have not crackt a weapon in some fray,

And will you move my spleene ?

Forf. What, threat a woman ?

Bef. Sir, if you thus persist to wrong my house,
Disturbe my guests, and nightly domineire,
To put my friends from patience, Ile complaine,
And right my selfe before the Magistrate.
Can we not live in compasse of the Law,
But must be swaggerd out on't ?

Roughm. Goe too, wench,
I wish thee well, thinke on't, theres good for thee
Stor'd in my brest, and when I come in place
I must have no man to offend mine eye :
My love can brooke no rivals. For this time
I am content your Captaines shall have peace,
But must not be us'd to't.

Bef. Sir if you come
Like other free and ciuill Gentlemen
Y'are welcome, otherwise my doores are barr'd you.

Roughm. That's my good Girle,
I have fortunes laid up for thee : what I have
Command it as thine owne. Goe too, be wise.

Befs. Well, I shall study for't.

Roughm. Consider on't. Farewell. *Exit.*

Bef. My minde suggests me that this prating
fellow

Is some notorious Coward. If he persist
I have a tricke, to try what metall's in him.

Enter Clem.

What newes with you ?

Cle. I am now going to carry the Captaines a
reckning.

Besse. And what's the summe ?

Clem. Let me see, eight shillings and six pence.

Bef. How can you make that good ? write them a
bill.

Clem. Ile watch them for that, tis no time of
night to use our bills, the Gentlemen are no dwarfes,

and with one word of my mouth, I can tell them what is to *be-tall*.

Besse. How comes it to so much?

Clem. *Imprimis*, fix quarts of wine at seven pence the quart, seven fixpences.

Besse. Why dost thou reckon it so?

Clem. Because as they came in by hab nab, so I will bring them in a reckning at fix and at sevens.

Bef. Well, wine——3s, 6d.

Clem. And what wants that of ten groats?

Besse. Tis two pence over.

Clem. Then put fix pence more to it, and make it 4s, wine, though you bate it them in their meate.

Besse. Why so I prethee?

Clem. Because of the old proverbe, What they want in meate, let them take out in drinke. Then for twelve penyworth of Anchoves, 18d.

Besse. How can that be?

Clem. Marry very well Mistresse, 12d. Anchoves, and 6d. oyle and vineger. Nay they shall have a sawcy reckoning.

Bef. And what for the other halfe crowne?

Clem. Bread, beere, salt, napkins, trenchers, one thing with another, so the *summa totalis* is——8s, 6d.

Bef. Well, take the reckoning from the bar.

Clem. What needs that forsooth? The Gentlemen seem to be high-flowne already, send them in but another pottle of Sacke, and they will cast up the reckoning of themselves. Yes, Ile about it.

Bef. Were I not with so many futors pesterd, And might I inioy my *Spencer*, what a sweet Contented life were this? For money flowes And my gaine's great. But to my *Roughman* next: I have a trick to try what spirit's in him, It shall be my next businesse: in this passion For my deare *Spencer*, I propose me this, Mongst many sorrowes some mirth's not amisse. *Exit.*

Enter Spencer, and Goodlacke.

Goodl. What were you thinking fir?

Spenc. Troth of the world, what any man should see in't to be in love with it.

Goodl. The reason of your meditation.

Spenc. To imagine that in the same instant that one forfeits all his estate, another enters upon a rich possession: as one goes to the Church to be married, another is hurried to the gallows to be hang'd, the last having no feeling of the first mans joy, nor the first of the last mans misery. At the same time that one lyes tortured upon the Racke, another lyes tumbling with his Mistresse over head and eares in downe and feathers. This when I truly consider, I cannot but wonder why any fortune should make a man extasy'd.

Goodl. You give your selfe too much to melancholy.

Spenc. These 'are my Maximes, and were they as faithfully practised by others, as truly apprehended by me, we should haue less oppression, and more charitie.

Enter the two Captaines that were before.

1 *Capt.* Make good thy words.

2 *Capt.* I say thou hast injur'd me.

1 *Capt.* Tell me wherein.

2 *Capt.* When we assaulted Fiall,

And I had by the Generals command

The onset, and with danger of my person

Enforc'd the Spaniard to a swift retreat,

And beat them from their Fort, thou when thou sawst

'All feare and danger past, mad'st up with me

To share that honour which was sole mine owne,

And never ventur'd shot for't, or ere came

Where bullet graz'd.

Spenc. See Captaine a fray towards,
Let's if we can attone this difference.

Goodl. Content.

1 *Capt.* Ile prove it with my sword,
That though thou hadst the formost place in field,
And I the second, yet my Company
Was equall in the entry of the Fort.
My sword was that day drawne as soone as thine,
And that poore honour which I won that day
Was but my merit.

2 *Capt.* Wrong me palpably
And justifie the same?

Spenc. You shall not fight.

1 *Capt.* Why sir, who made you first a Iusticer,
And taught you that word *shall*? you are no Generall,
Or if you be, pray shew us your Commiſſion.

Spenc. Sir you have no commiſſion but my coun-
fell,
And that Ile shew you freely.

2 *Capt.* Tis some Chaplaine.

1 *Capt.* I doe not like his text.

Goodl. Let's beate their weapons downe.

1 *Cap.* Ile aime at him that offers to divide us.

2 *Cap.* Pox of these part-frayes, see I am wounded
By beating downe my weapon.

Goodl. How fares my friend?

Sp. You fought for blood, and Gentlemen you
have it,
Let mine appease you, I am hurt to death.

1 *Capt.* My rage converts to pitie, that this Gen-
tleman
Shall suffer for his goodnes.

Goodl. Noble friend,
I will revenge thy death.

Spen. He is no friend
That murmurs such a thought. Oh Gentlemen.
I kill'd a man in Plimouth, and by you
Am slaine in Fiall. *Caroll* fell by me,

And I fall by a *Spencer*. Heav'n is iust,
And will not suffer murder unreveng'd,
Heaven pardon me, as I forgive you both,
Shift for your selves : away.

2 *Capt.* We saw him die,
But grieve you should so perish.

Spenc. Note Heavens justice,
And henceforth make that use on't. I shall faint.

1 *Capt.* Short Farewels now must serve. If thou
surviv'st

Live to thine honour : but if thou expir'st
Heaven take thy soule to mercy.

Exeunt.

Spenc. I bleed much,
must goe seeke a Surgeon.

Goodl. Sir how cheare you ?

Spenc. Like one thats bound upon a new adventure
To th' other world : yet thus much worthy friend
Let me intreat you, since I understand
The Fleet is bound for England, take your occasion
To ship your selfe, and when you come to Foy
Kindly commend me to my dearest *Besse*,
Thou shalt receive a Will, in which I have
Possess her of five hundred pounds a yeare.

Goodl. A noble Legacy.

Spenc. The rest I have bestow'd amongst my
friends,

Onely reserving a bare hundred pounds
To see me honestly and well interr'd.

Goodl. I shall performe your trust as carefully
As to my father, breath'd he.

Spenc. Marke me Captaine :
Her Legacie I give with this *proviso*,
If at thy arrivall where my *Besse* remaines,
Thou findest her well reported, free from scandall,
My Will stands firme : but if thou hear'st her branded
For loose behaviour, or immodest life,
What she should have, I here bestow on thee,
It is thine owne : but as thou lov'st thy soule,
Deale faithfully betwixt my *Besse* and me.

I have beene valiant I must needs confesse,
In street and Taverne, where there have beene
men

Ready to part the fray : but for the fields
They are too cold to fight in.

Besse. You are a villaine, a Coward, and you lie.

R. You wrong me, I protest. Sweet courteous
Gentleman

I never did you wrong.

Besse. Wilt tell me that?

Draw forth thy coward sword, and suddenly,
Or as I am a man Ile runne thee through,
And leave thee dead ith field.

Roug. Hold as you are a Gentleman. I have tane
an oath I will not fight to day.

Besse. Th'ast tooke a blow already and the lie,
Will not both thefe inrage thee?

Rough. No, would you give the bastinado too,
I will not breake mine oath.

Besse. Oh, your name's *Roughman*.
No day doth passe you but you hurt or kill.
Is this out of your calender?

Rough. I, you are deceiv'd.
I ne'er drew sword in anger I protest,
Vnlesse it were upon some poore weake fellow
That ne'er wore steele about him.

Besse. Throw your Sword.

Roug. Here sweet young fir, but as you are a
gentleman,
Doe not impaire mine honor.

Besse. Tye that shooe.

Rough. I shall fir.

Besse. Vntruffe that point.

Rough. Any thing this day to save mine oath.

Besse. Enough : yet not enough, lie downe
Till I stride ore thee.

Rough. Sweet fir any thing.

Besse. Rise, thou hast leave. Now *Roughman* thou
art blest

This day thy life is fav'd, looke to the rest.
Take backe thy sword.

Rough. Oh you are generous: honour me so
much

As let me know to whom I owe my life.

Besse. I am *Besse Bridges* brother.

Roug. Still me thought
That you were somthing like her.

Besse. And I have heard,
You domineir and revell in her house,
Controle her servants, and abuse her guests,
Which if I ever shall hereafter heare,
Thou art but a dead man.

Roughm. She never told me of a brother living,
But you have power to sway me.

Befs. But for I see you are a Gentleman,
I am content this once to let you passe,
But if I finde you fall into relapse,
The second's farre more dangerous.

Roughm. I shall feare it.
Sir will you take the wine?

Befs. I am for London.
And for these two termes cannot make returne:
But if you see my sifter, you may say
I was in health.

Roughm. Too well, the devill take you.

Befs. Pray use her well, and at my comming
backe

Ile aske for your acquaintance. Now farewell.

Rough. None saw't: hee's gone for London: I am
unhurt,

Then who shall publish this disgrace abroad?
One man's no slander, should he speake his worst:
My tongue's as loud as his, but in this country
Both of more fame and credit. Should we contest
I can out-face the proudest. This is then
My comfort: *Roughman*, thou art still the same,
For a disgrace not seene, is held no shame.

Spem. When I have seene the funerall rights perform'd,
To the dead body of my Country-man
And kinsman, I will take your courteous offer.
England no doubt will heare newes of death,
How *Beffe* will take it is to me unknowne :
On her behaviour I will build my fate,
There raise my love, or thence erect my hate.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Roughman and Forset.

Roughman.

O Hy'are well met, just as I propheside
So it fell out.

Forf. As how I pray ?

Rough. Had you but staid the crossing of one
field,

You had beheld a *Hector*, the boldest Trojan
That ever *Roughman* met with.

Forf. Pray what was he ?

Rough. You talke of *Little Davy*, *Cutting Dick*,
And divers such, but tush, this hath no fellow.

Forf. Of what stature and yeares was he ?

Rough. Indeed I must confesse he was no giant,
Nor above fifty, but he did bestirre him,
Was here and there, and every where at once,
That I was ne'er so put to't since the Midwife
First wrapt my head in linnen. Let's to *Beffe*.
He tell her the whole project.

Forf. Heres the house, wee'll enter if you
please.

Rough. Where be these Drawers, Rascals I should
say ?
That will give no attendance.

Enter Clem.

Clem. Anon, anon fir, please you see a roome.
What you here againe ? Now we shall have such roaring.

Rough. You firrah call your Mistrresse.

Clem. Yes fir, I know it is my duty to call her Mistrresse.

Rough. See and the slave will stir.

Clem. Yes I doe stir.

Rough. Shal we have humors, fauce-box, you have eares

Ile teach you prick-song.

Clem. But you have now a wrong Sow by the eare. I will call her.

Roughm. Doe fir, you had best.

Clem. If you were twenty *Roughmans*, if you lug me by the eares againe, Ile draw.

Roughm. Ha, what will you draw ?

Clem. The best wine in the house for your worship : and I would call her, but I can assure you she is eyther not stirring, or else not in case.

Roughm. How not in case ?

Clem. I thinke she hath not her smocke on, for I thinke I saw it lye at her beds head.

Rough. What, Drawers grow capritious ?

Clem. Help, help.

Enter Bessie Bridges.

Bessie. What uprore's this ? shall we be never rid From these disturbances ?

Rough. Why how now *Bessie* ?

Is this your hufwifry ? When you are mine
Ile have you rife as early as the Larke,
Looke to the Bar your selfe : these lazy rascalls
Will bring your state behinde hand.

Clem. You lye fir ?

Roughm. How? lye?

Clem. Yes fir at the Raven in the high-street, I was at your lodging this morning for a pottle pot.

Roughm. You will about your businesse, must you heare

Stand gaping and idle?

Bess. You wrong me fir,

And tyrannize too much over my servants.

I will have no man touch them but my selfe.

Clem. If I doe not put Rats-bane into his wine in stead of Suger, say I am no true Baker.

Roughm. What, rise at noone?

A man may fight a tall fray in a morning,
And one of your best friends too be hackt and man-
gled,

And almost cut to peeces, and you fast

Clofe in your bed, ne'er dreame on't.

Besse. Fought you this day?

Roughm. And ne'er was better put too't in my daies.

Besse. I pray, how was't?

Roughm. Thus: as I past yon fields:

Enter the Kitchin-maid.

Maid. I pray forsooth, what shall I reckon for the Iolles of Ling in the Port-cullis.

Roughm. A pox upon your Iolles, you kitchin-stuffe,

Goe scowre your skillets, pots, and dripping-pans,
And interrupt not us.

Maid. The Devill take your Oxe-heeles, you foule Cods-head, must you be kicking?

Roughm. Minion dare you scould?

Maid. Yes fir, and lay my ladle over your cox-combe.

Besse. I doe not thinke that thou darst strike a man,

That fwaggerft thus ore women.

Roughm. How now *Befse*?

Befse. Shall we be never quiet?

Forf. You are too rude.

Roughm. Now I professe all patience.

Befse. Then proceede.

Roughm. Rifing up early, Minion whilst you fleep,
To croffe yon field, I had but newly parted
With this my friend, but that I foone efpipe
A gallant fellow, and moft strongly arm'd.
In the mid-field we met, and both being refolute,
We iuftled for the wall.

Befse. Why, did there ftand a wall in the mid-field?

Roughm. I meant ftrove for the way.
Two fuch brave fpirits meeting, fraight both drew.

• *Enter Clem.*

Clem. The Maid forfooth fent me to know whether you would have the fhoulder of mutton roasted or fod.

Roughm. A mifchiefe on your fhoulders.

Cl. That's the way to make me never prove good porter.

Befse. You ftill heape wrongs on wrongs.

Rough. I was in fury
To thinke upon the violence of that fight,
And could not ftay my rage.

Forf. Once more proceed.

Roughm. Oh had you feene two tilting meteors
juftle
In the mid Region, with like feare and fury
We two encounter'd. Not *Briarius*
Could with his hundred hands have ftucke more
thicke.

Blowes came about my head, I tookē them ftill.
Thrusts by my fides twixt body and my armes,

Yet still I put them by.

Besse. When they were past he put them by.

Goe on.

But in this fury what became of him ?

Ro. I thinke I paid him home, hee's soundly maul'd,

I bosom'd him at every second thrust.

Besse. Scap'd he with life ?

Rough. I, that's my feare : if he recover this,

Ile never trust my sword more.

Besse. Why fly you not if he be in such danger ?

Rough. Because a witch once told me

I ne'er should dye for murder.

Besse. I beleeeve thee,

But tell me pray, was not this gallant fellow,

A pretty faire young youth about my yeares ?

Rough. Even thereabout.

Clem. He was not fiftie then.

Besse. Much of my stature ?

Rough. Much about your pitch.

Clem. He was no giant then.

Besse. And wore a suit like this ?

Rough. I halfe suspect.

Besse. That gallant fellow,

So wounded and so mangled, was my selfe,

You base white-lyver'd slave, it was this shooe

That thou stoopt to untie : untrust those points :

And like a beastly coward lay along,

Till I stridd over thee. Speake, was't not so ?

Rough. It cannot be deny'd.

Besse. Hare-hearted fellow, Milk-sop, dost not blush ?

Give me that Rapier : I will make thee sweare,

Thou shalt redeeme this scorne thou hast incurr'd,

Or in this woman shape Ile cudgell thee,

And beate thee through the streets. As I am *Besse*,
I'll do't.

Rough. Hold, hold ; I sweare.

Bef. Dare not to enter at my doore till then.

Rough. Shame confounds me quite.

Bef. That shame redeem ; perhaps wee'l doe thee
grace

I love the valiant, but despise the base. *Exit.*

Clem. Will you be kickt fir ?

Rough. She hath wakend me,
And kindled that dead fire of courage in me,
Which all this while hath slept : To spare my flesh
And wound my fame, what is't ? I will not rest
Till by some valiant deed I have made good
All my disgraces past. Ile crosse the streete,
And strike the next brave fellow that I meet.

Forf. I am bound to see the end on't.

Rough. Are you fir ?

Beates off Forfet.

Enter Mayor of Foy, an Alderman, and Servant.

Mayor. Beleeve me fir, she beares her selfe so
well,

No man can justly blame her : and I wonder
Being a single woman as she is,
And living in an house of such resort,
She is no more distastd.

Alder. The best Gentlemen
The Country yeelds, become her daily guests.
Sure fir I thinke shee's rich.

Mayor. Thus much I know, would I could buy
her state

Were't for a brace of thousands. *A shot.*

Ald. Twas said a ship is now put into harbour,
Know whence she is.

Serv. Ile bring newes from the key.

Mayor. To tell you true fir, I could wish a match
Betwixt her and mine owne and onely sonne,
And stretch my purse too upon that condition.

Ald. Please you Ile motion it.

Enter the Servant.

Serv. One of the ships is new come from the
Islands,
The greatest man of note's one Captaine *Goodlack*.
It is but a small Veffell.

Enter Goodlack and Sailors.

Goodl. Ile meet you straight at th' Wind-mill.
Not one word of my name.

Sail. We understand you.

Mayor. Sir tis told us you came late from th'
Islands.

Goodl. I did so.

Mayor. Pray fir the newes from thence.

Goodl. The best is, that the Generall is in health,
And Fiall won from th' Spaniards : but the Fleet
By reason of so many dangerous tempests
Extremely wether-beaten. You fir I take it,
Are Mayor o'th towne.

Mayor. I am the Kings Lieftenant.

Goodl. I have some Letters of import from one
A Gentleman of very good account,
That dide late in the Islands, to a Maide
That keepes a Taverne here.

Mayor. Her name *Besse Bridges*?

Goodl. The same. I was desir'd to make in-
quirie
What fame she beares, and what report shee's of.
Now you fir being here chiefe Magistrate,
Can best resolve me.

Mayor. To our understanding,
Shee's without staine or blemish well reputed,
And by her modesty and faire demeanour,
Hath won the love of all.

Goodl. The worse for me.

Alder. I can assure you many narrow eyes
Have lookt on her and her condition,
But those that with most envy have endeavour'd

T' entrap her, have return'd won by her vertues.

Goodl. So all that I inquire of make report.
I am glad to heare't. Sir I have now some businesse,
And I of force must leave you.

Mayor. I intreat you
To sup with me to night.

Goodl. Sir I may trouble you.
Five hundred pound a yeare out of my way.
Is there no flaw that I can tax her with,
To forfeit this revenew? Is she such a Saint
None can mislay her? why then I my selfe
Will undertake it. If in her demeanour
I can but finde one blemish, flaine or spot,
It is five hundred pound a yeare well got. *Exit.*

*Enter Clem and the Sailors on the one side, at the other
Roughman, who drawes upon them, and beates
them off.*

Enter Bessie, Clem, and the Sailors.

Bef. But did he fight it bravely?

Clem. I assure you mistresse most dissolutely: hee
hath runne this Sailer three times through the body,
and yet never toucht his skinne.

Bessie. How can that be?

Clem. Through the body of his doublet I meant.

Bessie. How shame, base imputation, and disgrace
Can make a coward valiant: Sirrah you
Looke to the barre.

Clem. Ile hold up my hand there presently.

Bef. I understand, you came now from the
Islands.

Sail. We did so.

Bef. If you can tell me tydings of one Gentleman
I shall requite you largely.

Sailor. Of what name?

Bessie. One *Spencer*.

Sailor. We both saw and knew the man.

Beff. Onely for that call for what wine you please.
Pray tell me where you left him.

2 Sailor. In Fiall.

Bef. Was he in health? how did he fare?

2 Sail. Why well,

Befs. For that good newes, spend, revell, and
carouse,

Your reckning's paid before-hand. I'me extaside,
And my delights unbounded.

1 Sail. Did you love him?

Befs. Next to my hopes in heaven.

1 Sail. Then change your mirth.

Besse. Why, as I take it, you told me he was well,
And shall I not rejoyce?

1 Sail. Hee's well in heaven, For Mistrisse, he is
dead.

Beff. Hah, dead! was't so you said? Th'ast
given me, friend

But one wound yet, speake but that word againe,
And kill me out-right.

2 Sail. He lives not.

Befs. And shall I? Wilt thou not breake heart?
Are these my ribs wrought out of brasie or Steele,
Thou canst not craze their barres?

1 Sail. Mistris use patience, which conquers all
despaire.

Besse. You advise well:

I did but jeast with sorrow: you may see

I am now in gentle temper.

2 Sail. True, we see't.

Bef. Pray take the best roome in the house, and
there

Call for what wine best tastes you: at my leasure

Ile visit you my selfe.

1 Sail. Ile use your kindnesse. *Exeunt.*

Besse. That it should be my fate. Poore poore
sweet-hart

I doe but thinke how thou becomst thy grave,
In which would I lay by thee: what's my wealth

To enjoy't without my *Spencer*. I will now
Study to die, that I may live with him.

Enter Goodlack.

Goodl. The further I inquire, the more I heare
To my discomfort. If my discontinuance
And change at Sea disguise me from her knowledge
I shall have scope enough to prove her fully.
This sadnesse argues she hath heard some newes
Of my Friends death.

Besse. It cannot sure be true
That he is dead, Death could not be so envious
To snatch him in his prime. I study to forget
That ere was such a man.

Goodl. If not impeach her,
My purpose is to seeke to marry her.
If she deny me, Ile conceale the Will,
Or at the least make her compound for halfe.
Save you faire Gentlewoman.

Bess. You are welcome sir.

Goodl. I heare say there's a whore here that draws
wine,
I am sharp fet, and newly come from sea,
And I would see the trash.

Bess. Sure you mistake sir.
If you desire attendance and some wine
I can command you both. Where be these boyes?

Goodl. Are you the Mistresse?

Besse. I command the house.

Goodl. Of what birth are you, pra'y?

Bess. A Tanners daughter.

Goodl. Where borne?

Besse. In Somersethshire.

Goodl. A trade-falne Tanners daughter goe fo
brave :

Oh you have trickes to compasse these gay cloaths.

Besse. None sir, but what are honest.

Goodl. What's your name?

Besse. *Besse Bridges* most men call me.

Goodl. Y'are a whore.

Besse. Sir, I will fetch you wine to wash your mouth,

It is so foule, I feare't may fester else.

There may be danger in't.

Goodl. Not all this move her patience.

Besse. Good fir, at this time I am scarce my selfe
By reason of a great and weighty losse
That troubles me : but I should know that Ring.

Goodl. How, this, you baggage ? It was never
made

To grace a strumpets finger.

Besse. Pardon fir,

I both must and will leave you.

Exit.

Goodl. Did not this well ? This will sticke in my
stomack.

I could repent my wrongs done to this maid :
But Ile not leave her thus : if she still love him,
Ile breake her heart-strings with some false report
Of his unkindnesse.

Enter Clem.

Clem. You are welcome Gentleman : what wine
will you drinke ? Claret, Metheglin, or Muscadine,
Cyder or Pyrrey, to make you merry, Aragoosa, or
Peter-see-mee, Canary or Charnico ? But by your
nose fir you should love a cup of Malmsey : you shall
have a cup of the best in Cornwaile.

Goodl. Here's a brave drawer will quarrell with his
wine.

Clem. But if you preferre the Frenchman before
the Spaniard, you shall have either here of the deepe
red grape or the pallid white. You are a pretty tall
Gentleman, you should love High-Country wine : none
but Clarkes and Sextons love Graves wine. Or are
you a married man, Ile furnish you with bastard, white

or browne, according to the complexion of your bed-fellow.

Goodl. You rogue, how many yeares of your prentiship have you spent in studying this fet speech?

Clem. The first line of my part was, Anon anon, fir: and the first question I answerd to, was logger-head, or block-head, I know not whether.

Goodl. Speake, where's your Mistresse?

Clem. Gone up to her chamber.

Goodl. Set a pottle of Sacke in th' fire, and carry it into the next roome. *Exit.*

Clem. Score a pottle of Sacke in the Crowne, and fee at the barre for some rotten egges to burne it: we must have one tricke or other to vent away our bad commodities. *Exit.*

Enter Bessie with Spencers Picture.

Bessie. To dye, and not vouchsafe some few commendments

Before his death, was most unkindly done.

This Picture is more courteous: 'twill not shrinke

For twenty thousand kisses: no nor blush:

Then thou shalt be my husband, and I vow

Never to marry other.

Enter Goodlacke.

Goodl. Wheres this harlot?

Bessie. You are immodest fir to presse thus rudely Into my private chamber.

Goodl. Pox of modesty

When punks must have it mincing in their mouthes.

And have I found thee? thou shalt hence with me.

Bessie. Rob me not of the chiefeest wealth I have:

Search all my trunks, take the best Jewels there:

Deprive me not that treasure, Ile redeeme it

With plate, and all the little coyne I have,

So I may keepe that still.

Goodl. Thinkst thou that bribes
Can make me leave my friends Will unperform'd ?

Besse. What was that Friend ?

Goodl. One *Spencer*, dead i'th Islands,
Whose very last words uttered at his death
Were these, If ever thou shalt come to Foy,
Take hence my picture, and deface it quite :
For let it not be said, my pourtrature
Shall grace a strumpets chamber.

Bess. Twas not so :
You lye, you are a villaine : twas not so.
Tis more then sinne thus to bely the dead :
Hee knew if ever I would have transgreft,
'T had beene with him : he durst have sworne me
chaste,
And dyde in that believe.

Goodl. Are you so brieft ?
Nay, Ile not trouble you : God b'oy you.

Besse. Yet leave me still that Picture, and Ile
sweare
You are a Gentleman, and cannot lie.

Goodl. I am inexorable.

Besse. Are you a Christian, have you any name
That ever good man gave you ?

'Twas no Saint you were call'd after. Whats thy
name ?

Goodl. My name is Captaine *Thomas Good*——

Bess. I can see no good in thee. Race that syl-
lable

Out of thy name.

Goodl. *Goodlacke's* my name.

Besse. I cry you mercy fir : I now remember you,
You were my *Spencers* friend, and I am sory,
Because he lov'd you, I have beene so harsh :
For whose sake, I intreat ere you take't hence,
I may but take my leave on't.

Goodl. You'l returne it ?

Besse. As I am chaste I will.

Goodl. For once Ile trust you.

Besse. Oh thou the perfect semblance of my Love,
And all that's left of him, take one sweet kisse,
As my last farewell. Thou resemblest him
For whose sweet safety I was every morning
Downe on my knees, and with the Larkes sweet
tunes

I did begin my prayers : and when sad sleepe
Had charm'd all eyes, when none save the bright
starres

Were up and waking, I remembred thee,
But all, all to no purpose.

Goodl. Sure, most sure,
This cannot be diffembled.

Besse. To thee I have beene constant in thine
absence,

And when I look'd upon this painted peece
Remembred thy last rules and principles :
For thee I have given almes, visited prisons,
To Gentlemen and passengers lent coyne,
That if they ever had abilitie
They might repay't to *Spencer* : yet for this,
All this, and more, I cannot have so much
As this poore table.

G. I should question truth,
If I should wrong this creature.

Besse. I am resolv'd.
See sir, this Picture I restore you backe,
Which since it was his will you should take hence,
I will not wrong the dead.

Goodl. God be w' you.

Besse. One word more.
Spencer you say was so unkinde in death.

Goodl. I tell you true.

Besse. I doe intreat you even for goodnesse sake
Since you were one that he intirely lov'd,
If you some few dayes hence here me expir'd
You will mongst other good men, and poore people
That hanly may misse *Besse.* grace me so much

As follow me to th' grave. This if you promise,
You shall not be the least of all my friends
Remembred in my will. Now fare you well.

Goodl. Had I a heart of flint or adamant
It would relent at this. My Mistris *Besse*,
I have better tydings for you.

Besse. You will restore my Picture ? will you ?

Goodl. Yes, and more then that,
This Ring from my friends finger sent to you,
With infinite commends.

Besse. You change my blood.

Goodl. These writings are the evidence of Lands,
Five hundred pound a yeare's bequeath'd to you,
Of which I here possesse you : all is yours.

Besse. This furplussage of love, hath made my
losse

That was but great before : now infinite.
It may be compast : there's in this my purpose
No impossibilitie.

Goodl. What study you ?

Besse. Foure thousand pound besides this Legacie,
In Jewels, gold, and silver I can make,
And every man discharg'd. I am resolv'd
To be a patterne to all Maides hereafter
Of constancy in love.

G. Sweet Mistris *Besse*, will you command my service,

If to succeed your *Spencer* in his Love,
I would expose me wholly to your wishes.

Besse. Alas my love sleepes with him in his
grave,

And cannot thence be wakend : yet for his sake
I will impart a secret to your trust,
Which, saving you, no mortall should partake.

Goodl. Both for his love and yours, command my
service.

Besse. There's a prize

Brought into Famouth Road, a good tight Veffell,
The Bottome will but cost eight hundred pound,

You shall have money : buy it.

Goodl. To what end ?

Besse. That you shall know hereafter. Furnish
her

With all provision needfull : spare no cost :
And joyne with you a ginge of lusty ladds,
Such as will bravely man her : all the charge
I will commit to you : and when shee's fitted,
Captaine she is thine owne.

Goodl. I found it not.

Besse. Spare me the rest. This voyage I intend,
Though some may blame, all Lovers will commend.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

*After an Alarume, Enter a Spanish Captaine, with
Saylors, bringing in a Merchant, Spencer, and the
Surigion prisoners.*

Spaniard.

FOr Fialls losse, and spoile by th' English done,
We are in part reveng'd. There's not a Veffell
That beare's upon her top *S. Georges* Croffe,
But for that act shall suffer.

Merchant. Infult not Spaniard,
Nor be too proud, that thou by oddes of Ships,
Provision, men, and powder mad'st us yeeld.
Had you come one to one, or made assault

With reasonable advantage, wee by this
Had made the carkasse of your ship your graves,
Low funcke to the Seas bottome.

Span. Englishman, thy ship shall yeeld us pillage,
These prisioners we will keepe in strongest Hold,
To pay no other ransome then their lives.

Spenc. Degenerate Spaniard, there's no nobleffe in
thee

To threaten men unarm'd and miserable,
Thou mightst as well tread ore a field of slaughter,
And kill them ore, that are already flaine,
And brag thy manhood.

Span. Sirrah, what are you?

Spenc. Thy equall as I am a prisioner,
But once to slay a better man then thou,
A Gentleman in my Country.

Span. Wert thou not so, we have strappadoes,
bolts,

And engines to the Maine-mast fastened,
Can make you gentle.

Spenc. Spaniard doe thy worst,
Thou canst not act more tortures then my courage
Is able to endure.

Span. These Englishmen
Nothing can daunt them : Even in misery
They'l not regard their masters.

Spence. Masters ! Insulting bragging *Thrafoes.*

Span. His sawcinesse wee'l punish 'bove the rest.
About their censures we will next devise, *Flourish.*
And now towards Spaine with our brave English prise.
Exeunt.

Enter Bessie, Mayor, Alderman, Clem. A table set out,
and stooles.

Bessie. A Table and some stooles.

Cl. I shal give you occasion to ease your tales
presently.

Bef. Will't please you fit?

Mayor. With all our hearts, and thanke you.

Besse. Fetch me that parchment in my Clofet window.

Cl. The three sheep-skins with the wrong side outward.

Besse. That with the seale.

Clem. I hope it is my Indenture, and now shee meanes to give me my time.

Alder. And now you are alone, faire Mistresse *Elizabeth*

I thinke it good to taste you with a motion,
That no way can displease you.

Besse. Pray speake on.

Alder. 'T hath pleas'd here Master Mayor so far to
look

Into your faire demeanour, that he thinkes you
A fit match for his Sonne.

Enter Clem with the parchment.

Clem. Here's the parchment, but if it bee the
lease of your house, I can assure you 'tis out.

Besse. The yeares are not expired.

Clem. No, but it is out of your Clofet.

Besse. About your businesse.

Cl. Here's even *Sufanna* betwixt the two wicked
elders.

Ald. What thinke you Mistresse *Elizabeth*?

Besse. Sir I thanke you.

And how much I esteeme this goodnesse from you
The trust I shall commit unto your charge
Will truly witnes. Marry, gentle Sir!
'Las I have sadder businesse now in hand,
Then sprightly marriage, witnesse these my teares.
Pray reade there.

Maior. The last Will and Testament of *Elizabeth
Bridges* to be committed to the trust of the Mayor and
Aldermen of Foy, and their Successors for ever.

To set up yong beginners in their trade, a thousand pound

To relieve such as have had losse by Sea, 500 pound.

To every Maid that's married out of Foy,
Whose name's *Elizabeth* ten pound.

To relieve maimed Souldiers, by the yeare ten pound.

To Captaine *Goodlacke*, if hee shall performe
The businesse hee's imployed in, five hundred pound.

The Legacies for *Spencer* thus to stand,

To number all the poorest of his kin,

And to bestow on them. Item to——

Besse. Enough: you see fir I am now too poore
To bring a dowry with me fit for your sonne.

Mayor. You want a president, you so abound
In charitie and goodnesse.

Besse. All my servants
I leave at your discretions to dispose
Not one but I have left some Legacie.
What shall become of me, or what I purpose
Spare further to enquire.

Mayor. Wee'll take our leaves,
And prove to you faithfull Executors,
In this bequest.

Alder. Let never such despaire,
As dying rich, shall make the poore their heyre.

Exit.

Besse. Why what is all the wealth the world contains,
Without my *Spencer*?

Enter Roughman and Forset.

Roughm. Where's my sweet *Besse*?
Shall I become a welcome suiter now?
That I have chang'd my Copie?

Besse. I joy to heare it.
He finde imployment for you.

310 *The faire Maid of the West :*

Enter Goodlacke, Sailors, and Clem.

Goodl. A gallant ship, and wondrous proudly trim'd,

Well calkt, well tackled, every way prepar'd.

Besse. Here then our mourning for a feason end.

Rough. *Besse,* shall I strike that Captaine? say the word,

Ile have him by the eares.

Besse. Not for the world.

Goodl. What faith that fellow?

Besse. He desires your love,

Good Captain let him ha'it.

Goodl. Then change a hand.

Besse. Resolve me all, I am bound upon a voyage,
Will you in this adventure take such part,

As I my selfe shall doe?

Rough. With my fayre *Besse,* to the worlds end.

Besse. Then Captaine and Lieftenant both, joine hands,

Such are your places now.

Goodl. Wee two are friends.

Bess. I next must sweare you two, with all your ginge

True to some articles you must observe,

Reserving to my selfe a prime command,

Whilst I inioyne nothing unreasonable.

Goodl. All this is granted.

Bess. Then first, you said your ship was trim and gay,

Ile have her pitcht all ore, no spot of white,

No colour to be seene, no Saile but blacke,

No Flag but fable.

Goodl. Twill be ominous,

And bode disaister fortune.

Besse. Ile ha' it so.

Goodl. Why then she shall be pitcht blacke as the devil.

Besse. She shall be call'd *The Negro*, when you know

My conceit, Captaine, you will thanke me for't.

Roug. But whither are we bound ?

Besse. Pardon me that.

When wee are out at sea Ile tell you all.

For mine owne wearing I have rich apparell,

For man or woman as occasion ferves.

Clem. But Mistresse, if you be going to sea, what shall become of me aland.

Besse. Ile give thee thy full time.

Clem. And shall I take time, when time is, and let my Mistresse slip away. No, it shall be seene that my teeth are as strong to grinde bisket as the best sailor of them all, and my stomacke as able to digest pouderd beefe and Poore-john. Shall I stay here to scoare a pudding in the Halfe-moone, and see my Mistresse at the Maine-yard with her sailes up, and spread. No it shall be seene that I who have beene brought up to draw wine, will see what water the ship drawes, or Ile beray the Voyage.

Bess. If thou hast so much courage, the Captaine shall accept thee.

Clem. If I have so much courage ? When did you see a blacke beard with a white lyvor, or a little fellow without a tall stomacke. I doubt not but to prove an honour to all the Drawers in Cornwall.

Good. What now remaines ?

Forf. To make my selfe assotiate
In this bold enterprise.

Goodl. Most gladly sir.

And now our number's full, what's to be done.

Besse. First, at my charge Ile feast the towne of
Foy;

Then set the Cellers ope, that these my Mates
May quaffe unto the health of our boone voyage,
Our needfull things being once convey'd aboard,
Then casting up our caps in signe of joy,

Our purpose is to bid farewell to Foy.

Hoboyes long

Enter Mullisheg, Bashaw, Alcade, and Joffer : with other Attendants.

Mullish. Out of these bloody and intestine broiles
Wee have at length attain'd a fort'nate peace,
And now at last establisht in the Throne
Of our great Ancestors, and raigne King
Of Fesse and great Morocco.

Alcade. Mighty *Mullisheg*,
Pride of our age, and glory of the Moores,
By whose victorious hand all Barbary
Is conquer'd, aw'd, and fwai'd : behold thy vassalls
With loud applauses greet thy victory.

Shout. flourish.

Mull. Vpon the slaughtered bodies of our foes,
We mount our high Tribunall, and being sole
Without competitor, we now have leasure
To stablish lawes first for our Kingdomes safetie,
The enriching of our publique Treasury,
And last our state and pleasure : then give order
That all such Christian Merchants as have traffique
And freedome in our Country, that conceale
The least part of our Custome due to us,
Shall forfeit ship and goods.

Ioff. There are appointed
Vnto that purpose carefull officers.

Mull. Those forfeitures must help to furnish up
Th' exhausted treasure that our wars consum'd,
Part of such profits as accrue that way
We have already tasted.

Alc. Tis most fit,
Those Christians that reape profit by our Land
Should contribute unto so great a losse.

Mull. Alcade, They shall. But what's the stile of
King

Without his pleasure ? Finde us concubines,
The fayrest Christian Damsells you can hire,
Or buy for gold : the loueliest of the Moores
We can command, and Negroes every where :
Italians, French, and Dutch, choise Turkish Girles
Must fill our Alkedavy, the great Pallace,
Where *Mullisheg* now daines to keepe his Court.

Ioffer. Who else are worthy to be Libertines,
But such as beare the Sword ?

Mull. *Ioffer*, Thou pleasest us.
If Kings on earth be termed Demi-gods,
Why should we not make here terrestriall heaven ?
We can, wee will, our God shall be our pleasure,
For so our *Mecan Prophet* warrants us.
And now the musicke of the Drums surcease,
Wee'll learne to dance to the soft tunes of peace.

Hoboyes.

*Enter Bessie like a Sea-captaine, Goodlacke, Roughman,
Forset, and Clem.*

Bess. Good morrow Captaine. Oh this last Sea-
fight
Was gallantly perform'd. It did me good
To see the Spanish Carveile vaile her top
Vnto my Maiden Flag. Where ride we now ?

Goodl. Among the Islands.

Bess. What coast is this wee now descry from
farre.

Goodl. Yon fort's call'd Fiall.

Bess. Is that the place where *Spencers* body
lies ?

Goodl. Yes, in yon Church hee's buried.

Bessie. Then know, to this place was my voyage
bound

To fetch the body of my *Spencer* thence.
In his owne Country to erect a tombe,
And lasting monument, where when I die
In the same bed of earth my bones may lye.

Then all that love me, arme and make for shore,
Yours be the spoile, he mine, I crave no more.

Rough. May that man dye derided and accurst
That will not follow where a woman leades.

Goodl. *Roughman*, you are too rash, and coun-
fell ill,

Have not the Spaniards fortifide the towne?
In all our Ginge wee are but fixty five.

Rough. Come, Ile make one.

Goodl. Attend me good Lieutenant,
And sweet *Besse*, listen what I have devis'd,
With ten tall Fellowes I have man'd our Boat,
To see what stragling Spaniards they can take.
And see where *Forset* is return'd with prifoners.

Enter Forset with two Spaniards.

Forf. These Spaniards we by breake 'of day fur-
pris'd,
As they were ready to take boat for Fishing.

Good. Spaniards, upon your lives resolve us
truly
How strong's the Towne and Fort.

Span. Since English *Rawleigh* wan and spoil'd it
first,
The Towne's reedifide, and Fort new bnilt,
And foure Field peeces in the Block-houfe lye
To keepe the Harbours mouth.

Goodl. And what's one ship to these?

Besse. Was there not in the time of their abroad
A Gentleman call'd *Spencer* buryed there
Within the Church, whom some report was flaine,
Or perisht by a wound?

Span. Indeed there was,
And ore him rais'd a goodly monument,
But when the English Navy were fail'd thence,
And that the Spaniards did possesse the Towne,
Because they held him for an Heretike,
They straight remov'd his body from the Church.

Bef. And would the tyrants be so uncharitable
To wrong the dead ? where did they then bestow
him ?

Span. They buried him ith fields.

Besse. Oh still more cruell.

Span. The man that ought the field, doubtfull his
corne

Would never prosper whilst an hereticks body

Lay there, hee made petition to the Church

To ha' it digd up and burnt, and so it was.

Besse. What's he that loves me would persuade me
live,

Not rather leape ore hatches into th' Sea :

Yet ere I die I hope to be reveng'd

Vpon some Spaniards for my *Spencers* wrong.

Rough. Let's first begin with these.

Bess. 'Las these poore slaves ! besides their par-
dond lives

One give them money. And Spaniards where you
come,

Pray for *Besse Bridges*, and speake well o'th English.

Span. We shall.

Bess. Our mourning wee will turne into revenge,
And since the Church hath censur'd so my *Spencer*,
Bestow upon the Church some few cast Peeces,
Command the Gunner do't.

Goodl. And if he can to batter it to the earth.

A Peece.

Enter Clem falling for haste.

Clem. A Saile, A Saile.

Besse. From whence ?

Clem. A pox upon yon Gunner, could he not giue
warning before he had shot ?

Rough. Why I prethee ?

Clem. Why ? I was sent to the top-mast to watch,
and there I fell fast asleepe. Bounce quoth the guns,
downe tumbles *Clem*, and if by chance my feet had

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not hung in the tackles, you must have sent to England for a bone-fetter, for my necke had beene in a pittifull taking.

Rough. Thou toldst us of a Saile.

Enter Sailer above.

Sailor. Arme Gentlemen, a gallant ship of warre Makes with her full sailes this way: who it seemes Hath tooke a Barke of England.

Besse. Which wee'll rescue
Or perish in th' adventure. You have sworne
That howsoere we conquer or miscary
Not to reveale my sex.

All. Wee have.

Bess. Then for your Countries honor, my re-
venge,
For your owne fame, and hope of golden spoile,
Stand bravely to't. The manage of the fight
We leaue to you.

Go. Then now up with your fights, & let your
ensignes
Blest with S. *Georges* Croffe, play with the windes.
Faire Besse, keepe you your cabin.

Besse. Captaine, you wrong me, I will face the
fight,
And where the bullets sing loudst 'bout mine
eares,
There shall you finde me chearing up my men.

Rough. This wench would of a coward make an
Hercules.

Besse. Trumpets a charge, and with your whistles
thrill
Sound boatwaynes an alarum to your mates.
With musicke cheare up their astonisht foules,
The whilst the thundring Ordnance beare the Base.

Goodl. To fight against the Spaniards we desire,
Alarme Trumpets. *Alarme.*

Rough. Gunners straight give fire. *Shot.*

*Enter Goodlacke hurt, Bessie, Roughman,
Forset, Clem.*

Goodl. I am shot and can no longer man the
Decke,
Yet let not my wound daunt your courage mates.

Bessie. For every drop of blood that thou hast
shed,
Ile have a Spaniards life. Advance your Targets,
And now cry all, Boord, boord, amaine for England.
Alarme.

*Enter with victory Bessie, Roughman, Forset, Clem, &c.
The Spaniards Prisoners.*

Bessie. How is it with the Captaine ?

Rough. Nothing dangerous,
But being shot ith' thigh hee keepes his Cabin,
And cannot rise to greet your victory.

Bessie. He stood it bravely out whilst he could
stand.

Clem. But for these Spaniards, now you *Don
Diegoes*,
You that made *Paules* to flinke.

Roughm. Before we further censure them, let's
know

What English prisoners they have here aboard.

Span. You may command them all. We that
were now

Lords ouer them, Fortune hath made your slaves,
Release our prisoners.

Bessie. Had my captaine dide
Not one proud Spaniard had escap'd with life,
Your ship is forfeit to us, and your goods.
So live. Give him his long Boate : him and his
Set safe ashore ; and pray for English *Bessie.*

Sp. I know not whom you meane, but bee't your
Queene
Famous *Elizabeth*, I shall report

She and her subjects both are mercifull. *Exeunt.*

Enter Roughman, with the Merchant and Spencer.

Bea. Whence are you fir? and whither were you bound?

Merch. I am a London bound for Barbary,
But by this Spanish Man-of-warre surpris'd,
Pillag'd and captiv'd.

Besse. We much pittie you,
What losse you have sustain'd, this Spanish prey
Shall make good to you to the utmost farthing.

Merc. Our lives, and all our fortunes whatsoever
Are wholly at your service.

Besse. These Gentlemen have been dejected long,
Let me peruse them all, and give them money
To drinke our health, and pray forget not Sirs,
To pray for—— Hold, support me, or I faint.

Roughm. What sudden unexpected extasie
Disturbs your conquest.

Besse. Interrupt me not,
But give me way for Heavens sake.

Spencer. I have seene a face ere now like that
yong Gentleman,
But not remember where.

Besse. But he was slaine,
Lay buried in yon Church, and thence remov'd,
Denyde all Christian rights, and like an Infidell
Confinde unto the fields, and thence digd up,
His body after death had martyrdom:
All these assure me tis his shadow dogs me,
For some most just revenge thus farre to Sea.
Is it because the Spaniards scap'd with life,
That were to thee so cruell after death
Thou hauntest me thus? Sweet ghost thy rage for-
beare,

I will revenge thee on the next we feaze.

I am amaz'd, this sight Ile not endure.

Sleepe, sleepe, faire ghost, for thy revenge is sure.

Roug. Forfet, convey the owner to his cabin.

Spencer. I pray fir what young Gentleman is that

Rough. Hee's both the owner of the ship and goods,

That for some reasons hath his name conceal'd.

Spencer. Me thinke he lookes like *Besse*, for in his eyes

Lives the first love that did my heart surprife.

Roughm. Come Gentlemen, first make your losses good

Out of this Spanish prize. Let's then divide Both severall wayes, and heavens be our guide.

Merc. We towards Mamorrah.

Roughm. We where the Fates doe please, Till we have tract a wilderneffe of Seas. *Flourish.*

Enter Chorus.

Our Stage so lamely can expresse a Sea,
That we are forst by *Chorus* to discourse
What should have beene in action. Now imagine
Her passion ore, and *Goodlacke* well recoverd,
Who had he not been wounded and feene *Spencer*,
Had fure descride him. Much prise they have
tane,

The French and Dutch she spares, onely makes
spoile

Of the rich Spaniard, and the barbarous Turke.
And now her fame growes great in all these seas.
Suppose her rich, and forst for want of water
To put into Mamorrah in Barbary,
Where wearied with the habit of a man,
She was discovered by the Moores aboard,
Which told it to the amorous King of Fesse,
That ne'er before had English Lady feene.
He sends for her on shore, how he receives her,
How she and *Spencer* meet, must next succeed.

Sit patient then, when these are fully told,
Some may hap fay, I, there's a Girle worth gold.

Exeunt. Act long.

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Mullisheg, Alcade, Foffer, and Attendants, &c.

Mullisheg.

BVt was she of such prefence?
Alc. To describe her
Were to make eloquence dumb.

Mull. Well habited?

Alc. I ne'er beheld a beauty more compleat.

Mull. Thou hast inflam'd our spirits. In England
borne?

Alc. The Captaine so reported.

Mull. How her ship?

Alc. I never saw a braver Vessell saile,
And she is call'd *The Negro*.

Mull. Ominous
Perhaps to our good fate. She is a *Negro*
Hath sail'd thus farre to bofome with a Moore.
But for the motion made to come ashore,
How did she relish that?

Alc. I promise to the Captaine large reward
To winne him to it, and this day he' hath promise
To bring me her free answer.

Mull. When he comes
Give him the entertainment of a Prince.

Enter a Moore.

The newes with thee?

Moore. The Captaine of *The Negro* craves admittance

Vnto your Highnesse prefence.

Mul. A Guard attend him, and our noblest
Bashawes

Conduct him safe where we will parly him. *Flourish.*

Enter Goodlacke, and Roughman.

Goodl. Long live the high and mighty King of
Fesse.

Mull. If thou bringst her then dost thou bring me
life.

Say, will she come?

Goodl. She will my Lord, but yet conditionally
She may be free from violence.

Mull. Now by the mighty Prophet we adore,
She shall live Lady of her free desires,
Tis love, not force, must quench our amorous fires.

Rough. We will conduct her to your prefence
straight.

Mull. We will have banquets, revels, and what
not

To entertaine this stranger. *Hoboyes.*

*Enter Bessie Bridges vail'd, Goodlack, Roughman,
Forset, and Moores.*

A goodly prefence! why's that beauty vail'd?

Bessie. Long live the King of Fesse.

Mull. I am amaz'd,
This is no mortall creature I behold,
But some bright Angell that is dropt from heaven,
Sent by our prophet. Captaine, let me thus
Imbrace thee in my armes. Load him with gold

For this great favour.

Befs. Captaine, touch it not.
Know King of Fesse my followers want no gold,
I onely came to see thee for my pleasure,
And shew thee, what these say thou never saw'st,
A woman borne in England.

Mull. That English earth may well be term'd a
heaven,
That breeds such divine beauties. Make me sure
That thou art mortall, by one friendly touch.

Besse. Keepe off: for till thou swear'st to my demands
I will have no commerce with *Mullisneg*,
But leave thee as I came.

Mull. Were't halfe my Kingdome,
That, beautious English Virgin, thou shalt have.

Besse. Captaine reade.

Goodl. First, libertie for her and hers to leave the
Land at her pleasure.

Next, safe conduct to and from her ship at her
owne discretion.

Thirdly, to be free from all violence, eyther by the
King or any of his people.

Fourthly, to allow her mariners fresh victuals
aboard.

Fifthly, to offer no further violence to her person,
then what hee seekes by kingly usage, and free in-
treaty.

Mull. To these I vow and seale.

Besse. These being assur'd
Your courtship's free, and henceforth we secur'd.

Mull. Say Gentlemen of England, what's your
fashion

And garbe of entertainment ?

Goodl. Our first greeting
Begins still on the lips.

Mul. Fayre creature, shall I be immortaliz'd
With that high favour ?

Besse. Tis no immodest thing

You aske, nor shame, for *Besse* to kisse a King.

Mul. This kisse hath all my vitalls extaside.

Rou. Captain this king is mightily in love. Wel
let her doe as she list, Ile make use of his bounty.

Goodl. We should be mad men else.

Mullish. Grace me so much as take your seat by
me.

Besse. Ile be so farre commanded.

Mull. Sweet, your age?

Besse. Not fully yet feaventeene.

Mu. But how your birth? how came you to this
wealth,

To have such Gentlemen at your command?

And what your cause of travell?

Besse. Mighty Prince,

If you desire to see me beat my brest,
Poure forth a river of increasing teares,
Then you may urge me to that sad discourse.

Mull. Not for Mamorrahs wealth, nor all the
gold

Coynd in rich Barbary. Nay sweet arise,
And aske of me be't halfe this kingdomes treasure,
And thou art Lady on't.

Besse. If I shall aske, 'tmust be, you will not give.
Our country breeds no beggers, for our hearts
Are of more noble temper.

Mull. Sweet, your name?

Besse. *Elizabeth.*

Mull. There's vertue in that name.

The Virgin Queene so famous through the world,
The mighty Empreffe of the maiden-Ile,
Whose predeceffors have ore-runne great France,
Whose powerfull hand doth still support the Dutch,
And keeps the potent King of Spaine in awe,
Is not she titled so?

Besse. She is.

Mull. Hath she her selfe a face so faire as yours
When she appeares for wonder.

Besse. Mighty *Fesse,*

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You cast a blush upon my maiden cheeke,
To patterne me with her. Why Englands Queene
She is the onely Phoenix of her age,
The pride and glory of the Westerne Isles :
Had I a thousand tongues they all would tyre
And faile me in her true description.

Mull. Grant me this,
To morrow we supply our Iudgement-seate,
And sentence causes, fit with us in state,
And let your presence beautifie our Throne.

Befs. In that I am your servant.

Mul. And we thine.
Set on in state, attendants, and full traine :
But finde to aske, we vow thou shalt obtaine.

Enter Clem, manet Goodlacke.

Clem. It is not now as when *Andrea* liv'd,
Or rather *Andrew* our elder Iourneyman :
What, Drawers become Courtiers? Now may I
speake

With the old ghost in *Ieronimo* ;
When this eternall substance of my soule
Did live imprisoned in this wanton flesh,
I was a Courtier in the Court of Fesse.

Goodl. Oh well done *Clem*. It is your Mistris
pleasure
None come a shore that's not well habited.

Clem. Nay for mine owne part, I hold my selfe as
good a Christian in these cloaths, as the proudest In-
fidell of them all.

Enter Alcade and Foffer.

Alcade. Sir, by your leave, y'are of the English
traine?

Clem. I am so thou great Monarch of the Mauri-
tanians.

Ioff. Then tis the Kings command we give you
al attendance.

Clem. Great Seignior of the Sarazens I thanke thee.

Alc. Will you walke in to banquet ?

Clem. I will make bold to march in towards your banquet, and there comfit my felfe, and cast all carawayes downe my throat, the best way I have to conserve my felfe in health : and for your countries sake which is called Barbery, I will love all Barbers and Barberies the better :

And for you Moores, thus much I meane to fay,
Ile fee if Moore I eate the Moore I may.

Enter two Merchants.

1. *Merch.* I pray fir are you of the English traine ?

Clem. Why what art thou my friend ?

1. *Mer.* Sir, a French merchant runne into relapse,

And forfeit of the Law : heres for you fir
Forty good Barbery peeces to deliver
Your Lady this petition, who I heare
Can all things with the King.

Clem. Your gold doth binde me to you : you may fee what it is to be a fudden Courtier. I no sooner put my nose into the Court, but my hand itches for a bribe already. What's your businesse my friend ?

2. *Mer.* Some of my men for a little outrage done

Are sentenc'd to the Gallies.

Clem. To the Gallowes ?

2. *Mer.* No, to the Gallies : now could your Lady purchase

Their pardon from the King, heres twenty angels ?

Clem. What are you fir ?

2. *Mer.* A Florentine Merchant.

Clem. Then you are, as they fay, a Christian ?

3. *Mer.* Heaven forbid else.

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Clem. I should not have the faith to take your gold
elfe.
Attend on mee, Ile speake in your behalfe.
Where be my Bafhawes? vther vs in state, *Florish.*
And when we fit to banquet fee you waite. *Exit.*

Enter Spencer folus.

Spenc. This day the king ascends his royall
throne,
The honest Merchant in whose ship I came,
Hath by a cunning quiddit in the Law
Both ship and goods made forfeit to the king,
To whom I will petition. But no more,
Hee's now upon his entrance. *Hoboyes.*

*Enter the King, Befse, Goodlacke, Roughman, Alcade,
Ioffer, with all other Traine.*

Mull. Here feat thee Maid of England like a
Queene,
The style wee'll give thee, wilt thou daigne us love.

Befse. Bleffe me you holy Angels.

Mull. What ist offends you Sweet?

Spence. I am amaz'd, and know not what to thinke
on't.

Befse. Captaine, dost not see? Is not that *Spencers*
ghost?

Goodl. I see, and like you I am extaside.

Spenc. If mine eyes mistake not,
That should be Captaine *Goodlacke*, and that *Befse*.
But oh, I cannot be so happy.

Goodl. Tis he, and Ile salute him.

Befse. Captaine stay,
You shall be fwaide by me.

Spenc. Him I wel know, but how should she come
hither.

Mull. What ist that troubles you?

Besse. Most mighty king,
Spare me no longer time, but to bestow
My Captaine on a message.

Mull. Thou shalt command my silence, and his
eare.

Besse. Goe winde about, and when you see least
eyes
Are fixt on you, fingle him out and see
If we mistake not. If he be the man,
Give me some private note.

Goodl. This.

Bess. Enough. What said you highnesse?

Mull. Harke what I profer thee, Continue here,
And grant me full fruition of thy love.

Bess. Good.

Mull. Thou shalt have all my Peeres to honour
thee
Next our great prophet.

Besse. Well.

Mull. And when th'art weary of our Sun-burnt
clime,
Thy *Negro* shall be ballast home with gold.

Bess. I am eterniz'd ever.
Now all you sad disasters dare your worst,
I neither care nor feare: my *Spencer* lives.

Mull. You minde me not sweet Virgin.

Besse. You talke of love.
My Lord, Ile tell you more of that hereafter.
But now to your State-businesse: bid him doe thus
No more, and not be seene till then.

Goodl. Enough: come sir, you must along with
me.

Bess. Now stood a thousand deaths before my
face,
I would not change my cheare, since *Spencer's* safe.

Enter Clem and the Merchants.

Clem. By your leave my Masters: roome for Gene-
rosity.

1. *Merch.* Pray fir remember me.

2. *Mer.* Good fir, my fuit.

Cl. I am perfect in both your parts without prompting. Miftrefse, here are two christen friends of mine have forfeited ships and men to the black a Morrian king. Now one sweet word from your lips might get their release. I have had a feeling of the bufineffe already.

Mul. For dealing in commodities forbid
Y'are fin'd a thousand duckats.

Beffe. Cast off the burden of your heavy doome,
A follower of my traine petitions for him.

Mull. One of thy traine, sweet *Beffe* !

Clem. And no worfe man then my selfe fir.

Mull. Well, firrah, for your Ladies sake,
His ship and goods shall be restor'd againe.

1 *Mer.* Long live the King of Fesse.

Clem. Maist thou never want sweet water to wash
thy blacke face in, most mighty Monarke of Morocco.
Mistris, another friend, I, and paid before hand.

Mull. Sirrah, your men for outrage and contempt
Are doom'd unto the Gallies.

Befs. A censure too severe for Christians.
Great King, Ile pay their ransome.

Mul. Thou my *Beffe* ?
Thy word shall be their ransome, th'are discharg'd.
What grave old man is that ?

Ioff. A Christian Preacher, one that would convert
Your Moores, and turne them to a new believe.

Mull. Then he shall die, as wee are king of
Fesse.

Bef. For these I onely spake, for him I kneele,
If I have any grace with mighty Fesse.

Mul. We can deny thee nothing beautious maid,
A kisse shall be his pardon.

Bef. Thus I pay't.

Clem. Must your black face be smooching my
Mistresses white lips with a moorian. I would you had
kist her a——

Alc. Ha, how is that fir ?

Clem. I know what I fay fir, I would he had kift her a——

Alcade. A—— what ?

Clem. A thoufand times to have done him a pleafure.

Enter Spencer and Goodlacke.

Mull. That kiffe was worth the ranfome of a King.

What's he of that brave prefence ?

Beffe. A Gentleman of England, and my friend,
Doe him fome grace for my fake.

Mull. For thy fake what would not I performe ?
Hee fhall have grace and honour. *Ioffer,* goe
And fee him gelded to attend on us,
He fhall be our chiefe Eunuch.

Beffe. Not for ten worlds. Behold great king
I ftand

Betwixt him and all danger. Have I found thee ?
Ceaze what I have, take both my fhipe and goods,
Leave nought that's mine unrifled : fpare me him.
And have I found my *Spencer* !

Clem. Pleafe your Majeftie, I fee all men are not
capable of honour, what he refuseth, may it pleafe you
to beftow on me.

Mull. With all my heart. Goe beare him hence

Alcade,

Into our Alkedavy, honour him,
And let him tafte the razor.

Clem. There's honour for me.

Alc. Come follow.

Clem. No fir, Ile goe before you for mine honour.
Exit.

Spenc. Oh fhew your felfe renowned king the
fame

Fame blazons you : beftow this Maid on me,
Tis fuch a gift as kingdoms cannot buy :
She is a prefident of all true love,

And shall be registered to after times,
That ne're shall patterne her.

Goodl. Heard you the story of their constant love,
'Twould move in you compassion.

Rough. Let not intemperate love sway you bove
pitty,
That forraigne nation that ne'er heard your name
May chronicle your virtues.

Mull. You have wakend in me an heroick spirit :
Lust shall not conquer vertue . Till this hower
We grac'd thee for thy beauty English woman,
But now we wonder at thy constancy.

Bef. Oh were you of our faith, Ide sweare great
Mullisheg
To be a god on earth. And lives my *Spencer* ?
In troath I thought thee dead.

Spenc. In hope of thee
I liv'd to gaine both life and libertie.

Enter Clem running.

Clem. No more of your honour if you love me. Is
this your Moorish preferment to rob a man of his best
jewels ?

Mul. Hast thou seene our Alkedavy ?

Clem. *Davy* doe you call him ? he may be call'd
shavee. I am sure he hath tickled my currant com-
modity. No more of your cutting honour if you
love me.

Mul. All your strange fortunes we will heare
discourt
And after that your faire espoufals grace,
If you can finde a man of your beliefe
To doe that gratefull office.

Spenc. None more fit
Then this religious and grave Gentleman
Late rescuwed from deaths sentence.

Preacher. None more proud
To doe you that poore service.

Mul. Noble Englishman,
I cannot fasten bounty to my will,
Worthy thy merit, move some suite to us.

Spencer. To make you more renown'd great king,
and us

The more indebted, theres an Englishman
Hath forfeited his ship for goods uncustom'd.

Mul. Thy suite is granted ere it be halfe begg'd,
Dispose them at thy pleasure.

Spenc. Mighty king
We are your Highnesse servants.

Mul. Come beautilous Maid, wee'll see thee crown'd
a bride,

At all our pompous banquets these shall waite.
Thy followers and thy servants presse with gold,
And not the mean'st that to thy traine belongs,
But shall approve our bounty. Leade in state,
And wherefoe'er thy fame shall be inroll'd,
The world report thou art a Girle worth gold.

Explicit Actus quintus.

F I N I S.



THE
FAIR MAID
OF THE WEST.

OR,
A Girle worth gold.

The second part.

As it was lately acted before the King and
Queen, with approved liking.

By the Queens Majesties Comedians.

Written by T. H.



LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Royston*, and are to be sold
at his Shop in *Irvie Lane*. 1637.



To the true favourer of the
Muses, and all good Arts, *Thomas*
Hammon, Esquire, of *Graies*
Inne, &c.



He first part of this work I bestowed
upon your friend Mr. *Iohn Othow*, the
second I have confer'd upon you, both
being incorporated into one House, and noble
Societie. The proximitie in your Chambers,
and much familiar conference, having bred a
mutuall correspondencie betwixt you. The
prime motive inviting me to this Dedication;
the much love, and many courtesies reflecting
upon me from you both: Being the rather
incouraged thereunto, that though the subject
it self carry no great countenance in the Title,
yet it hath not onely past the censure of the
Plebe and *Gentry*; but of the *Patricians* and

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Prætextatæ : as also of our royall *Augustus* and *Livia*. The reason why I have selected you my Patrons, was to exclude my self from the number of those whom *Juvenal* speaks, *Satyre* 7.

Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.

Please you at any of your more leasur'd houres to vouchsafe the perusall of these sleight papers, your acceptance shall be my recompence. Receive my wishes for your earths happineffe in *millions*, for your heavens blisse in *myriads*. Taking my leave of you with that in *Adelph*.

*Nunquam ita magnifice quicquam dicam,
Id virtus quin superet tua.*

Yours plenally devoted

THOMAS HEYVVOOD.



To the READER.

Vrteous Reader, if thou beest tired in the first part, I would not wish thee to be travel'd in the second; but I hope much better, and that thou didst leave in the last, as one that came late to his Inne to rest himself for that night, onely with purpose to go on with the second, as he that riseth early the next morning (having refresht himself) to proceed on his journey. By this time you cannot choose but be acquainted with the most of our Acts, but not with all; and more particularly for Spencer and his westernne Besse. With these Countreymen of ours in their fellowship, you have heard the beginning of their troubles, but are not yet come to the end of their travells; in which you may accompany them on land, without the prejudice of deep wayes, or robbers; and by Sea, free from the danger of rocks or Pirates; as neither using horse or ship, more then this book in thine hand, and thy chaire in thy chamber. More complement I purpose not, and (I hope) thou expectest not. Farewell.

One studious to be thine

T. H.



Dramatis Personæ.

TOota, *Queen of Fesse,*
and wife of Mulli-
shég. *By* Theophilus
Bourne.

Bashaw Ioffer.

Ruffman.

Clem, *the Clown.*

Mullishég, *King of Fesse.*

Bashaw Alcade. *By* Mr.
Anthonie Turner.

Mr. Spencer.

Capt. Goodlacke.

Forset.

Bessie Bridges.

A Porter of the kings gate.

A Lieutenant of the Moors.

A Guard.

A Negro.

A Chorus.

A Captain of the Ban-
detti.

The D. of Florence, with
followers. *By* Mr. Ioh.
Somner.

The Duke of Mantua. *By*
Rob. Axall.

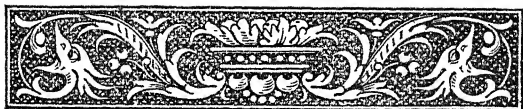
The D. of Farara. *By*
Christoph. Goad.

An English Merchant.

Two Florentine lords.

Pedro Venturo, *Generall*
at Sea for the D. of Flo-
rence.





THE FAIRE MAID of the West:

OR,

A Girle worth Gold.

The second part.

Enter Tota Mullishes wife.

Tota.



T must not, may not, shall not be indur'd :
Left we for this our Countrey? to be
made
A meere neglected Lady here in *Fesse*,
A slave to others, but a scorne to all ?
Can womanish ambition, heat of blood,
Or height of birth brooke this, and not revenge ?
Revenge ? on whom ? on mighty *Mullisheg* ?
We are not safe then ; On the English stranger ?
And why on her. when thers no apprehension

That can in thought pollute her innocence ?
 Yet something I must doe. What ? nothing yet ?
 Nor must we live neglected ; I should doubt
 I were a perfect woman, but degenerate
 From mine owne sex if I should suffer this :
 I have a thousand projects in my braine,
 But can bring none to purpose.

Enter Bashaw Ioffer.

Ioff. Cal'd your Majestie ?

Tota. No, yet I thinke I did, be gone, yet stay.
 Will not this misshapt Embrion grow to forme ?
 Not yet ? nor yet ?

Ioff. I attend your highnesse pleasure.

Tota. 'Tis perfect, and I ha'te,
 I am ambitious but to thinke upon't,
 And if it prove as I have fashiond it,
 I shall be trophide ever.

Ioff. I wait still.

Tota. The King no way in perill, the secure,
 None harm'd, all pleas'd, I sweetly satsified,
 And yet reveng'd at full. Braine, I for this
 Will wreathe thee in a glorious arch of gold,
 Stuck full of Indian gemmes. But *Tota*, whom
 Wilt thou imploy in this ? the Moores are treacherous,
 And them we dare not trust.

Ioff. You neede not mee.

Tot. Say, wher's the King ?

Ioff. I'th Prefence.

Tot. How ?

Ioff. Distempered late, and strangely humerous,
 The cause none can conjecture.

Tot. Send in his sweet heart,
 And were his owne heart double rib'd with brasse,
 Yet she would search the inmost of his thoughts.
 No, 'tis not her on whom I build my project.
 Is the King upon his entrance ?

Ioff. 'Tis thought he is,

If so, this sudden strange distemperature
Hath not his purpose altered.

Tot. You have now leave
To leave us and attend the King.

Ioff. I shall.

Tot. If any of the English Ladies traine
Come in your way, you may request them hither,
Say, we would question some things of their country.

Ioff. Madam, I shall.

Tot. Then to your attendance, what we must,
Weele worke by th' English, these we dare not trust.

Enter Clem meeting Ioffer.

Ioff. 'Tis the Queenes pleasure you attend her.

Clem. The Queene speake with me? Can you
tell the businesse? A murren of these barbers of Bar-
berie, they have given me a receipt, that scape the
collicke as well as I can, I shall be sure never to be
troubled with the stone.

Ioff. Yonder she walkes. I leave ye.

Tot. Now fir, you are of England?

Clem. And I thinke you are a witch.

Tot. How firrah?

Clem. A foolish proverbe we use in our country,
which to give you in other words, is as much as to
say, You have hit the naile on the head.

Tot. And servant to the English *Elizabeth*,
So great in Court by mighty *Mullisneg*,
You follow her?

Clem. I must confesse I am not her Gentleman
uiser to goe before her, for that way as the case stands
with mee now, I can doe her but small pleasure, I doe
follow her.

Tot. You have seene both nations, *England* and
our *Fesse*,
How doe our people differ?

Clem. Our countrey men eate and drinke as yours
doe for all the world, open their eyes when they would

fee, and shut them againe when they would sleepe : when they goe they set one leg before another, and gape when their mouthes open, as yours eate when they have stomackes, scratch when it itcheth : onely I hold our nation to be the cleaner.

Tot. Cleaner, wherein?

Clem. Because they never sit downe to meat with such foule hands and faces.

Tot. But how your Ladies and choice Gentlewomen?

Clem. You shall meete some of them sometimes as fresh as flowers in May, and as faire as my Mistrisse, and within an hower the same Gentlewoman as blacke as your selfe, or any of your Morians.

Tot. Can they change faces so? not possible : Shew me some reason for't.

Clem. When they put on their maskes.

Tot. Maskes, what are they?

Clem. Please you to put off yours, and Ile tell you.

Tot. We weare none but that which nature hath bestowed on us, and our births give us freely.

Clem. And our Ladies weare none but what the shops yeeld, and they buy for their money.

Tot. Canst thou be secret to me Englishman?

Clem. Yes, and chaste too, I have tane a medicine for't.

Tot. Be fixt to me in what I shall employ thee, Constant and private unto my designs, More grace and honour I will do to thee, Then ere thou didst receive from *Mullitheg*.

Clem. Grace and honour? his grace and honour was to take away some part, and she would honour me to take away all : Ile see you damn'd as deep as the black father of your generation the devill first.

Tot. Mistake me not.

Clem. Nay if you were with childe with a young princely devill, and had a minde to any thing that's here, Ide make you lose your longing.

Tot. Sure this fellow is some sot.

Clem. Grace and honour, quotha.

Enter Ruffman.

Ruff. How now *Clem*, whither in such post hast ?

Clem. There, if you will have any grace and honour, you may pay fort as deare as I have done ; 'sfoot I have little enough left, I would faine carry home something into my own countrey.

Ruff. Why, what's the matter ? I prethee stay.

Clem. No, Lieutenant you shall pardon me, not I, the room is too hot for me : Ile be gone, do you stay at your own perill : Ile be no longer a prodigall, Ile keep what I have.

Exit Clem.

Tot. This should have better sence, Ile next prove him.

Ruff. Excuse me mighty Princeesse, that my boldnesse

Hath prest thus far into your privacies.

Tot. You no way have offended ; nay, come neare,

We love to grace a stranger.

Ruff. 'Twas my ignorance,
And no pretended boldnesse.

Tot. I have observed you
To be of some command amongst the English,
Nor make I question but that you may be
Of fair revennues.

Ruff. A poore Gentleman.

Tot. Weel make thee rich ; spend that.

Ruff. Your graces bounty
Exceeds what merit can make good in me :
I am your highnesse servant.

Tot. Let that jewell
Be worne as our high favour,

Ruff. 'Sfoot I think

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This Queen's in love with me. Madam, I shall.

Tot. If any favour I can do in Court
Can make you further gracious, speak it freely ;
What power we have is yours.

Ruff. Doubtlesse it is so, and I am made for
ever.

Tot. Nay wee shall take it ill
To give our selves so amply to your knowledge,
And you not use us.

Ruff. Use us, now upon my life shee's caught ;
What, courted by a Queene ? a royall Princeesse ;
Where were your eyes *Besse*, that you could not see
These hidden parts and misteries, which this Queene
Hath in my shape observed ? 'tis but a fortune
That I was borne to, and I thanke heaven fort.

Tot. May I trust you ?

Ruff. With your life, with your honour.
Ile be as private to you as your heart
Within your bosome, close as your owne thoughts.
Ile bragge of this in *England*, that I once
Was favourite to a Queene, my royall mistris.

Tot. If what you have already promised youle
make good,
Ile prove so.

Ruff. Madam, let this,

Tot. What ?

Ruff. This kisse.

Tot. This foole, this asse, this insolent gull.

Ruff. Why, did not your grace meane plainly ?

Tot. In what, sir ?

Ruff. Did you not court me ?

Tot. How, that face ?

Thinkest thou I could love a Monkey, a Babone ?
Know, were I mounted in the height of lust,
And a mere prostitute, rather then thee
Ide imbrace, one, name but that creature
That thou dost thinke most odious.

Ruff. Pardon me, Lady,
I humbly take my leave.

Tot. Have I given you your description I pray,
fir,
Be secret in 't.

Ruff. I shall be loath to tell it,
Or publish it to any.

Tot. Yet you are not gone : Know then you have
incur'd
The Kings wrath first, our high displeasure next,
The least of which is death ; yet will you grow
More neare to us, and prove loyall unto my present
purposes

I will not onely pardon you what's past
But multiply my bounties.

Ruff. I am your prisoner.

Tot. Be free, ther's nothing can be cal'd offence,
But that in thee we pardon.

Ruff. I am fast.

Tot. And yet a free man : I am injur'd highly,
And thou must aide me in my just revenge.

Ruff. Were it to combate the most valiantst
Moore

That ever *Fesse, Morocko, or Argiers* bred,
I for your sake would doe it.

Tot. We seeke nor blood,
Nor to expose thee to the least of danger :
I am modest, and what I dare not trust my owne
tongue with,
Or thoughts, Ile bouldly give unto thine eares,
Lift : Do you shake your head, say, Is't done al-
ready?

Ruff. Wrong my friend ?

Tot. Doe you cast doubts or dangers ? Is 'not
our life,
Our honour all in your hand, and will you lavish us,
Or scant that bounty should crowne you with ex-
cesse.

Ruff. Ile pause upon 't.

Tot. Is not your life ours by your insolence ?

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Have not we power to take it ?

Ruff. Say no more, Ile doe it.

Tot. But may I hope.

Ruff. I have cast all doubts, and know how it may be compast.

Tot. Ther's more gold, your secrecie that's all I crave.

Ruff. To prove my selfe in this just cause I have,

An honest man, or a pernicious knave.

Tot. Take the advantage of this night.

Ruff. I shall expect faire end,

All doubts are cast.

Tot. So make a Queen thy friend. *Recorders.*

Enter Mullishneg, Ioffer, and Alcade, Spencer, Goodlack, Bessie, and the rest.

Mul. All musick's harsh, command these discords cease,

For we have war within us.

Bessie. Mighty King,

What is 't offends your highnesse ?

Mul. Nothing *Bessie :*

Yet all things do : Oh, what did I bestow,

When I gave her away.

Bessie. The Queen attends you.

Mull. Let her attend.

Tot. I, King, neglected still,

My just revenge shall wound, although not kill.

Mull. I was a traitor to my own desires,

To part with her so sleightly ; what, no means

To alter these proceedings ?

Spence. Strange disturbances.

Goodl. What might the project be ?

Alc. May it please your Highnesse, shall the Mask go forward,

That was intended to grace this joviall night ?

Mull. Wee'll have none, Let it be treason held
To any man that shall but name our pleasure,
Or that vain word, delight ; The more I gaze,
The more I surfeit ; and the more I strive
To free me from these fires, I am deeper wrapt :
In flames I burne.

Spence. Your discontent, great Prince, takes from
us all
The edge of mirth : these nuptiall ioyes that should
Have sweld our souls with all the sweet varieties
Of apprehensive wishes, with your sadnesse
Grows dull and leaden : they have lost their taste
In this your discontent all pleasures lose their sweet-
nesse.

Beff. Mighty *Fesse*,
Hath any ignorant neglect in us
Bred these disturbances ?

Mull. Offence and you
Are like the warring elements, oppos'd.
And *Fesse*, why a king, and not command thy plea-
sure ?
Is she not within our kingdome ? nay, within our
palace,
And therefore in our power : is she alone
That happinesse that I desire on earth ?
Which since the heavens have given up to mine
hands,
Shall I despise their bounty ? and not rather
Run through a thousand dangers to enjoy,
Their prodigall favours ? dangers ? tush, ther's none :
We are here amidst our people, wall'd with subjects
round,
And danger is our slave : besides, our war
Is with weak woman. Oh, but I have sworn
And seal'd to her safe conduct ; What of that ?
Can a king sweare against his own desires,
Whose welfare is the sinews of his Realm ?
I should commit high treason gainst my self,
Not to do that might give my soul content,

And fatisfie my appetite with fulneffe.

Alcade.

Alcad. My lord.

Mull. Rides the English *Negro* still within our harbour?

Alcad. Some league from land.

Mull. Left that these English should attempt escape,

Now they are laden fully with our bounties,
Cast thou a watchfull eye upon these two.

Alcad. I shall.

Mull. I know their loves so fervent and entire,
They will not part asunder, she leave him,
Or he without her make escape to sea.
Then while the one's in sight our hopes are safe.
Be that thy charge.

Alcad. Ile be an Argus o're them.

Goodl. Vnlesse the King be still in love with
Besse,

Repenting him of their late marriage,
Tis beyond wonder to calculate these stormes.

Mull. How goes the hower?

Alcad. About some fower.

Mul. We rose too soon *Besse* from your nuptiall
feasts,

Something we tasted made us stomack sick,
But now we finde a more contentfull change.

Bess. Your sunshine is our day.

Mul. Dispose your selves

All to your free desires ; to dancing some,
Others to mount our stately Barberie horse,
So famous through the world for swift carere
Stomack, and fierie pace. Those that love arms,
Mount for the tilt : this day is yours, to you tis consecrate.

He commits treason in the highest degree,
Whose cloudy brow dares the least tempest shew
To crosse what we intend : pleasure shall spring
From us to flow on you. -

All. Long live the King.

Exeunt. Manet Goodlack.

Mull. To your free pastimes ; leave us. Captain,
stay.

Captain, I read a fortune in thy brow,
More then the flight presage of augurie,
Which tells me thou, and onely thou art mark't
To make me earthly blest.

Goodl. That I can do't ?

Mull. It lies in thee to raise thy ruin'd fortunes
As high as is a Viceroy's, wreath thy front
Within a circled piramis of gold,
And to command in all our territories,
Next to our person.

Goodl. Golden promises.

Mull. Our words are acts, our promises are deeds,
We do not feed with ayre : it lies in thee,
We two may grapple souls, be friends and brothers.

Goodl. Teach me how.

Mull. I do not find thee comming : in thy looks
I cannot spie that fresh alacritie,
Which with a glad and sprightfull forwardnesse,
Should meet our love half way.

Goodl. You wonder me.

Mull. No, thou art dull, or fearfull, fare thee well,
Thou hadst a fate lade up to make thee chronicled
In thy own Countrey, but thou wilt basely lose it,
Even by thine own neglect.

Goodl. Forepeak me not,
The Sun nere met the summer with more joy
Then I'd embrace my fortunes ; but to you,
Great king, to whom I am so greatly bound,
I'de purchas't with a danger should fright earth,
Astonish heaven, and make all hell to tremble ;
I am of no shrinking temper.

Mull. Proue but as wise as thou art bould and
valiant,
And gain me wholly to thee, half thou hast already.

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Purchaft by this bold answer ; but perform
The reft, and we are all and onely thine.

Goodl. Shew me the way
To gain this royall purchafe, if I do't not,
Divide me from your prefence, from your grace,
And all thofe glorious hopes you have propos'd
Turne into fcorns and fcandalls.

Mull. I am dull,
And drowfie on the fudden : whilst I fleep,
Captain, read there.

He counterfets fleep, and gives him a letter.

Goodl. *To make Befle mine fome fecret means devise,
To thy own height and heart Ile make thee
rife.*

Is not this ink the blood of Bafilisks,
That kills me in the eies, and blindes me fo,
That I can read no further : 'twas compos'd
Of Dragons poyfon, and the gall of Afpes,
Of Serpents venome, or of Vipers ftings,
It could not read fo harfh elfe : Oh my fate ;
Nothing but this ? this ? Had a parliament
Of fiends and furies in a fynod fat,
And devis'd, plotted, parlied, and contriv'd,
They fcarce could fecond this ; This ? 'tis unparallel'd :
To ftrumpet a chaft Lady, injure him
That rates her honour dearer then his life.
T'employ a friend in treafons gainft his friend,
And put that friend to do't : t'impofe on me
The hatefull ftile and blot of pandarifme,
That am a Gentleman : nay, worfe then this,
Make me in this a traytor to my countrey,
In giving up their honours : Who but a Moor,
Of all that beares mans shape, likeft a devill,
Could have devis'd this horror ? Poffible
That he fhould mark out me ? What does my face
Prognoficate, that he fhould finde writ there
An index of fuch treafons ? But beware,
'Twas his own plot, I, and his cunning too :

Ile adde that to his project : but a Viceroy,
And a kings Minion, titles that will shadow
Ills the most base and branded. Not to do it
May purchase his displeasure, which can be
No lesse then death or bondage : heer's propos'd
Honour and perill. But what writes he further ;
*We are impatient of delayes, this night
Let it be done.*

I am doubtfull of my purpose,
And can resolve of nothing.

Mullisheg starts out of his chaire as from a dream.

Mull. If he fail,

Ile have his flesh cut small as winters snow
Or summers attoms.

Goodl. Ha, was that by us ?

Mull. Where was I ? Oh, I dream't upon the
fudden,

How fast was I.

Goodl. A faire warning 'twas, have you the cun-
ning

To speak your thoughts in dreams ?

Mull. Who's i'th next room ?

Goodl. My lord.

Mull. My Captain, was it thou ?

Sleep did surprise my senses, worthy friend,
And in my dreams I did remember thee.

Goodl. How, me my lord ?

Mull. Me thought I had emplotid thee in a busi-
nesse,

In which thou wert or fearfull, or else false,
At which I was so overcome with rage,
That from my dreams I started.

Goodl. Seamen say,

When Halcions sing, look for a storme that day ;
Ther's death in my deniall.

Mull. Did you read,

The scrowl we gave you Captain, ther's wrapt up
A thousand honours for thee, and more gold
Then shouldst thou live a double *Necessity* age.

Thou couldst finde waies to lavish.

Goodl. Add to your work a bufineffe of more danger,

That I may think me worthy, otherwise

This fleght employment will but prize me low

And of defertleffe merit.

Mull. Think'ft thou Captain
It may be eafily compaft ?

Goodl. Dare you trust me ?

Mull. I dare.

Goodl. Then know, befides to dare and can,
I will, though work beyond the power of man,
Ile fet my brains in action.

Mull. Noble friend,
Above thy thoughts our honours fhall extend.

Goodl. I am not to be fhaken.

Mull. Where be our Eunuchs ?

Wee'l crown our hopes and wifhes with more pomp

And fumptuous coft, then *Priam* did his fons,

That night he bofom'd *Hellen* ; thee's as fair,

And wee'l command our pomp to be as rare.

Wee will have torches fhall exceed the ftars

In number and in brightneffe : we will have

Rare change of mufick shrill and high,

That fhall exceed the fpheres in harmonie.

The jewels of her habit fhall reflect,

To daze all eyes that fhall behold her ftate.

Our treasure fhall like to a torrent rufh

Streams of rewards, richer than *Tagus* fands,

To make thefe Englifh ftrangers fwim in gold.

In wilde Moriskoes we will lead the bride :

And when with full fatieties of pleasures

We are dull and fatiate, at her radiant eyes

Kindle fresh appetite, fince they afpire,

T' exceed in brightneffe the high orbs of fire.

Make this Night mine, as we are King of *Fefse*,

Th' art Viceroy, Captain.

Exit Mullifneg.

Goodl. Make my eftate much leffe,

And my attempts more honourable : honour and
vertue,

To me seem things in opposition :
Nor can we with small danger catch at one,
But we must lose the other. Oh my brain,
In what a labyrinth art thou ? Say I could
Be false, as he would make me ; what device ?
What plot ? what train have I to compass it ?
Or with what face can I sollicite her,
In treason towards my friend ?

Enter Ruffman.

Ruff. I am to sollicite *Spencer*
To lie with the Moors Queen ; a businesse, *Besse*
Will hardly thank me for : but howsoever
I have undertane it.

Goodl. Impossibilities all ; the more I wade,
The more I drown in weaknesse.

Ruff. Captain.

Goodl. Oh Lieutenant,
Never was man perplext thus.

Ruff. What, as you ?
Had you but my disturbance in your brain,
'Twould tax a Stoicks wit, or Oedipus.
Why Captain, a whole school of Sophisters
Could not unriddle me.

Goodl. I would we might change businesse.

Ruff. I would give boot so to be rid of mine.

Goodl. Shall we be free and open breasted ?

Ruff. How ?

Goodl. As thus ;
Tell me thy grievances, and unto thee
I will unvail my bosome : both disclos'd
Ile beg in mine thy counsell and assistance,
Thy cause shall mine command.

Ruff. A heart, a hand.

Goodl. I am to woo fair *Besse* to lie with *Mulli-
shag.*

Ruff. And I woo *Spencer* to embrace the Queen.

Goodl. Is't possible ?

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Ruff. 'Tis more then possible, 'tis absolutely past.

Goodl. Ther's not a hair to chofe, canst counsell me ?

Ruff. Can you advise me ?

Goodl. I am past my wits.

Ruff. And I beyond all fenfe.

Goodl. Wouldst thou do't, here lay the way plain before thee.

Ruff. What, for gold

Betray my friend and countrey, would you Captain ?

Goodl. What and wear a fword

To guard my honour and a Christians faith,
I'de flesh it here first.

Ruff. Nobly resolved.

Goodl. We are not safe Lieutenant, Moors are trecherous.

Nay come, thy counsell, *Fesse* hath proferd me
The honour of a Viceroy ; and withall,
If I should fail performance, cunningly
Hath threatned me with death.

Ruff. You still propose

The danger, but you shew no way to clear them.

Goodl. Brain, let me waken thee, s'foot hast thou no project ? dost thou pertake my dulnesse ?

Ruff. The more I strive, the more I am intangled.

Goodl. And I too. Not yet ?

Ruff. Nor yet, nor ever.

Goodl. 'Twas comming here, and now again 'tis vanish.

Ruff. Cal't back again for heavens sake.

Goodl. Again.

Ruff. Thanks heaven.

Goodl. And now again 'tis gone.

Ruff. Can you not catch fast hold on't ?

Goodl. Give me way,

Let's walk Lieutenant : Could a man propose
A stratagem to gull this lustfull Moor,
To supply him, and then to satiate her ?

Ruff. Good.

Goodl. Next, out of all these dangers secure us,
And keep our treasure safe.

Ruff. 'Twere excellent.

Goodl. But how shall this be done?

Ruff. Why Captain, know not you?

Goodl. Think'ft thou it in the power of man to
work it?

Yet come, Ile try, I owe my fate a death,
Be fwaid by me in all things.

Ruff. Noble Captain,
I do not wish to outlive thee.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Spencer, Bessie, and Clem.

Spencer.

THe King was wondrous pleasant: Oh my *Bessie*,
How much am I indebted to his highnesse,
Onely for gracing thee.

Bessie. Could my *Spencer*
Think that a barbarous Moor could be so train'd
In humain vertues?

Clem. Fie upon't: I am so tir'd with dancing with
these same black shee-chimney-fweepers, that I can
scarce fet the best leg forward, they have so tir'd me
with their Moriscoes, and I have so tickled them with
our Countrey dances, *Sellengers* round, and *Tom Tiler*:
we have so fiddled it.

Spenc. Sirrah, what news will you tell to your
friends when you return into *England*.

Clem. Brave news, which though I can neither write nor read, yet I have committed them to my tables and the rest of my memory.

Spenc. Let's heare some of your novelties.

Clem. First and foremost I have observed the wifdome of these Moors, for some two dayes since being invited to one of the chief *Bashaws* to dinner, after meat, sitting by a huge fire, and feeling his shins to burn, I requested him to pull back his chaire, but he very understandingly sent for three or four *Mafons* and removed the chimney: the same *Morian* intreated me to lie with him, and I according to the state of my travells, willing to have a candle burning by, but he by no meanes would grant it; I ask't him why? No, sayes he, wee'll put out the light that the fleas may not know where to finde us.

Enter Goodlack and Ruffman.

Spenc. No storm at sea could be so tyrannous,
Nor half th' affright beare in his forehead bare,
As I spie in that look.

Besse. Let not your looks preface more terrours
then
Your tongues can speak; out with't at once Lieu-
tenant.

Spenc. Captain speak.

Goodl. W'are all lost.

Ruff. All shipwrak't.

Clem. Are we ashore, and shall wee be cast away?

Spenc. Great *Mullisheg* is royall.

Goodl. Falso to you.

Besse. Gracious and kinde.

Ruff. Disloyall to us all.

Spenc. Wrap me not in these wonders worthy
friend,
The very doubt of what the danger is,
Is more then danger can be.
Besse. Be it death,

So we may dye together : hecr's a heart
Fear never could affright.

Goodl. The king still loves your *Besse*.

Spenc. Ha?

Ruff. The Queen your *Spencer*.

Bess. How?

Goodl. This night he must enjoy her.

Ruff. And she him.

Spenc. A thousand deaths are in that word contriv'd.

Ile make my passage through the blood of kings,
Rather then suffer this.

Bess. I through hell,

Or were there place more dangerous.

Goodl. Else all die.

Clem. Die, 'sfoot this is worse then being made an Eunuch as I was.

Spenc. We have yet life, and therefore cherish hope.

Goodl. All hopes are banisht in the deep abyfse
Of our perplexed thoughts.

Ruff. All things run retrograde.

Bess. Why Captain? why Lieutenant? had you the skill

To bring my ship thus far, to wrack her here?

Past you the Ocean, to perish in the harbour?

Thou, *Tom Goodlack*, wert ever true and just

To my designs, and canst thou fail me now?

Goodl. I studie for you.

Bess. Hast thou brought me but

To see my *Spencers* shadow, and not enjoy

The substance : for what more have I yet had

From him, then from his picture that once hung

In my Chamber. Gentlemen, amongst you all

Rescue an innocent maid from violence :

Or do but say it cannot be prevented :

I begin, he that best loves me follow.

Spenc. What means *Besse*?

Goodl. If it could be fashion'd to my thoughts,

And have successe, 'twere brave.

Spenc. What, noble friend?

Goodl. To thrive but as we purpose.

Spence. Have you way?

Goodl. 'Tis but a desperate course; and if it fail

The worst can be but death: and I, even I,
That laid the plot, will teach them how to dye.
Ile lead them on.

Spenc. If thou hast any project.

Bess. Ioy or comfort.

Ruff. And if not comfort, counsell.

Goodl. Say it thrive?

Spenc. What Captain? what?

Goodl. You'll rip it from the wombe

Ere it be fully hatch't now:

If it prosper but to my desire and wishes,

'Twere admirable.

Spenc. No longer hold us in suspense, good Captain,

But free us from these fears.

Goodl. You noble friend,

This night cast gracious eyes upon the Queen:

Bess. And prove to me disloyall?

Goodl. Still you crosse me,

And make the birth abortive. You fair *Besse*,

With amorous favours entertain the King.

Spenc. And yeeld her self to his intemperate lust?

Goodl. You still prevent me; either give me way
To shew you light unto your liberties,
Or still remain in darknesse.

Ruff. Heare him out.

Goodl. You footh the Queen, Ile flatter with the King,

Let's promise fayre on both sides: say, 'tis done
All to their own desires.

Spenc. The event of this?

Goodl. A happy freedome, with a safe escape

Vnto our ship this night.

Beff. Oh, could this be.

Goodl. Fortune affits the valiant and the bold,
Wee'll bid fare for't. I had forgot my self,
Wher's *Clem*?

Clem. Noble Captain.

Goodl. Post to the ship, bid *Forset* man the long
Boat

With ten good Musketiers, and at a watchword,
If we can free our passage, take us in.
Nay make haste, one minuts stay is death.

Clem. I am gone in a twinkling.

Goodl. To compasse the Kings signet; then to
command

Our passage, scape the gates and watches too :
For that I have brain. The King's upon his en-
trance;

Howers waft, revells come on,
A thousand projects of death, hopes, and fears,
Are warring in my bosome, and at once.
Eye you the Queen, and humour you the King ;
Let no distast nor discontented brow
Appeare in you : their lust Ile make the ground,
To set all free, or keep your honour sound.
Disperfe, the King's on comming. *Flourish.*

Enter Mullisheg, Tota, Ioffer, and Alcade.

Mull. We consecrate this evening, beautious
Bride,
To'th honour of your nuptials.—Is all done?

Goodl. Done.

Tot. Is he ours?

Ruff. Yours.

Tot. And wee ever thine.

Goodl. I, and so cast, that she shall grasp you
freely,
And think she hugs her *Spencer*.

Ruff. And when he bosoms you, thinkes he in-
folds

His lovely *Besse*.

Tot. Thou mak'st a Queen thy fervant.

Goodl. Your highnesse Signet to command our
passage from chamber to chamber.

Mull. 'Tis there.

Goodl. The word.

Mull. 'Tis *Mullisheg*.

Goodl. This must bring us safe aboard.

Mull. We keep the Bride

Too long from rest now, she is free for bed.

Tot. Please her to accept it,

In honour of her beauty, this night Ile do her any
service.

Besse. Mighty princeesse,

Excuse my breeding from such arrogance,

And overbold presumption, you nor yours

Can owe me any duty : 'tis besides

The fashion of our countrey, not to trust

The secrets of a nuptiall night like this,

To the eyes of any stranger.

Tot. At your pleasure.

Besse. With our first nights unlacing, mighty
Queen,

We dare not trust our husbands, 'tis a modestie

Our English maids professe.

Mull. Keep your own customes as you shall think
best,

So for this night we leave you to your rest.

Tot. Remember.

Ruff. 'Tis writ here.

Mull. Captain.

Exeunt. Manet Goodlack.

Goodl. I am fast,

Now is my task in labour, and is plung'd

In thousand throes of childebirth, dangerous it is

To deal where kings affaires are questiond,

Or may be parled. But what's he so base,

That would not all his utmost powers extend,

For freedome of his countrey and his friend.
When all the Court is silent, sunk in dreams,
Then must my spirits awake. By this the King
H'as tane his leave of bride and bridegroome too :
And th' amorous Queen longs for some happy news
From *Ruffman*, as great *Fesse* expects from us.
My friend and *Besse* wrapt in a thousand fears,
To finde my plot in action : and it now
Must take new life : auspicious fate thy aide,
To guard the honour of this English maid. *Exit.*

Enter Ruffman ushering the Queen.

Ruff. Tread soft, good Madam.

Tot. Is this the Camber.

Ruff. Ile bring him instantly.

He thinks this bed provided for his *Besse*,
And that she lodges here, while she poore fowl
Embraceth nought but ayre.

Tot. Thou mak'st a Queen thy servant.

Ruff. Beware, be not too loud lest that your
tongue
Betraines you.

Tot. Mute as night,
As silent and as secret. Wrongs should be
Paid with wrongs, for so indeed 'tis meet,
My just revenge, though secret yet 'tis sweet.
Haste time, and hast our bounty.

Ruff. Queen I shall.

So now were we all safe and in our Negro shipt,
Might'st thou lie there till dooms day, lustfull Queen.
Exit.

Enter Goodlack and the King.

Goodl. My lord the custome is in England still
For maids to go to bed before their husbands,
It saves their cheek from many a modest blush.

King. And in the dark.

Goodl. We use it for the most part.

King. Soft may their bones lie in their beds of ashes

That brought this custome into England first.

Goodl. This is the place where *Besse* expects her *Spencer*.

King. Thou Viceroy of Argiers, for Captain, that Is now thy title ; thou hast won a King,
To be thy breast companion.

Goodl. Not too loud.

Why enters not your highnesse ? you are safe.

King. With as much joy as to our prophets rest.
But what thinks *Spencer* of this ?

Goodl. I have shifted in her place
A certain Moor, whom I have hir'd for money,
Which (poore soul) he entertains for *Besse*.

King. My excellent friend.

Goodl. Beware of conference, lest your tongue reveals

What this safe darknesse hides.

King. I am all silent.

Oh, thou contentfull night, into thy arms,
Of all that ere I tasted, sweetest and best,
I throw me, more for pleasure then for rest.

Exit King.

Goodl. One fury claspe another, and there beget
Young devills between you : so fair *Besse* be safe.
I have here the kings signet, this will yeeld us
Way through the court and city, *Besse* being mask't,
How can she be discride, when none suspect,
Our flight this day not dream't on : now to execute
What was before purpos'd, which if it speed,
He say the heavens have in our fates agreed. *Exit.*

Enter Besse, Spencer, and Ruffman.

Spenc. How goes the night ?

Ruff. Tis some two howers from day.

Besse. Yet no news from the Captain.

Ruff. I have done a Midwives part, I have brought the Queen to bed, I could do no more.

Enter Goodlack.

Spenc. The Captain is come.

Besse. Thy news.

Goodl. All safe, faith wench, I have put them to it for a single combate, I have left them at it.

Besse. King and Queen.

Goodl. The same.

Ruff. Now for us.

Goodl. I, ther's all the danger, ther's one Bafhaw Whose eye is fixt on *Spencer*, and he now Walks e'ne before our lodging.

Besse. Then what's past,
Is all yet to no purpose.

Goodl. He and I
May freely passe the Court : and you fair *Besse*,
I would disguise : but then for *Spencer* ?

Besse. Why that's the main of all : all without his
freedome
That we can aime at's, nothing.

Spenc. It shall be thus, which alter none that loves
me.
With this signet you three shall passe to'th ship
Whil't I'me in fight she will not be suspected :
My escape, leaue to my own fair fortunes.

Besse. How that ?

Spenc. Through twenty Bafhaws I will hew my
way
But I will see thee e're morning.

Besse. Think'st thou *Spencer*
That I will leave thee ? thinkst thou that I can ?
Thou maist as well part body from the soul,
As part us now : It is our wedding night,
Would'st now divide us ?

Spenc. Yeeld to times necessities,
And to our strict disasters.

Goodl. Words are vain,
We now must cleave to action : our stay's death,
And if we be not quick in expedition,
We all perish.

Spenc. *Besse*, be swaid.

Besse. To go to sea without thee,
And leave thee subject unto a tyrants cruelty ?
Ile dye a thousand deaths first.

Spenc. First save one,
And by degrees the rest. When thou hast past
The perills of this night, I am half safe,
But whilst thou art still invirond, more then better
Half of my part's indanger'd.

Goodl. Talk your selves
To your deaths, do : will you venter forth ?
Leave me to the Bashaw.

Ruff. Or me, Ile buffet with him for my passage.

Spenc. Neither, in what I purpose I am constant.
Conduct her safe ; th' advantage of the night
Ile take for my escape : and my sweet *Besse*,
If in the morning I behold thee not
Safe within my Negro, be assur'd
I am dead. Nay, now delaies are vain.

Besse. Sir, did you love me,
You would not stay behinde me.

Spenc. Ile ha't so.
Gentlemen, be charie of this jewell
That throws herself into the armes of night,
Vnder your conduct. If I live, my *Besse*,
To morrow Ile not fail thee.

Besse. And if thou diest to morrow, be assur'd
To morrow Ile be with thee.

Spenc. Shall thy love
Betray us all to death.

Besse. Well, I will go,
But if thou dost miscary, think the Ocean
To be my Bride-bed.

Spenc. Heaven for us,
That power that hath preserv'd us hitherto,

Will not let's sink now. And, brave gentlemen,
Of the Moors bounty beare not any thing
Vnto our ship, lest they report of us,
We fled by night and rob'd them.

Goodl. Nobly resolv'd.

Spenc. Now embrace and part ; and my sweet
Besse,

This be thy comfort gainst all future fears,
To meet in mirth that now divide in tears :
Farewell *Besse*, Ile back into my chamber.

Besse. Can I part with life
In more distracted horreur ?

Goodl. You spoil all
That we before have plotted.
Will you mask your self, and to the Porter first,
Ho, Porter.

Enter Porter.

Porter. Who calls ?

Goodl. One from the King.

Porter. How shall I know that ?

Goodl. This token be your warrant, behold his
fignet.

Porter. That's not enough, the Word.

Goodl. *Mullisheg.*

Port. Passe freely : some weighty businesse is in
hand

That the kings fignet is abroad so late ;
But no matter, this is my discharge, Ile to my rest.

Exit Porter.

Enter Alcade.

Alcad. I much suspect,
These English 'mongst themselves are treacherous :
I have observ'd, the king had conference with the
Captain : many whisperings and passages I have ob-
served, but that which makes me most suspect is,

because the King hath removed his lodging, and it may be to prostitute the English Maid : Ha, suspect said I ; nay, examine things exactly, and 't must needs be so, the King is wondrous bountifull, and what it's gold cannot. Troth I could even pittie the poore forlorn Englishman, who this night must be forc't lie alone, and have the king taste to him.

Enter Spencer.

Spenc. Sure this Moore hath been made private to the Kings intents, which if I finde, Ile make him the instrument for me to passe the Court gates. This man, whose office was to keep me, shall be the onely means to free me.

Alcad. On his marriage night, and up at this hower ? nay, if I once suspect, 'tis as firme as if it were confirmed by *Alkaron*, or *Mahomet* himself had sworn it :

Ile sport my self with his distast and sorrow.

Spenc. Thus abus'd.

Alcad. What up so late and on your bridall night When you should lie lul'd in the fast imbrace Of your fair Mistriffe. I hope I have given't him soundly.

Spenc. s' possible,
To lodge my bride in one place, and dispose me
To a wrong chamber : she not once send to me,
That I might know to finde her.

Alcad. Excellent.
Nay, if I once suspect, it never fails.

Spenc. Ile not tak't
At th' hands of an Empresse, much lesse at hers.

Alcad. Why what's the businesse, Sir ? Oh, I guesse
the cause of your grieve.

Spenc. And Sir, you may, but Ile be reveng'd.

Alcad. Troth and I would.

Spenc. Ile besome some body,
Be it the common'st Curtezan in *Fesse*,

If not for love, to vex her.

Alcad. Can you do less?

Spenc. To leave me the first night.

Alcad. Oh, 'twas a signe she never dearly lov'd
you

Spenc. I perceive Bashaw *Alcade* you understand
my wrongs.

Alcad. In part, though not in whol.

Spenc. Your word is warrant, passe me the court
gate,

Ile to some loose Burdello, and tell her when I have
done.

Alcad. Were it my cause, Ide do this, and more.

Spenc. Make me wait thus !

Alcad. Oh Sir, 'tis insufferable.

Spenc. Troth I dally my revenge too long, what
ho, *Porter*.

Port. How now, who calls ?

Alcad. Her's Bashaw *Alcade*, turn the key.

Port. His name commands my gate, passe freely.

Spenc. Sir, I am bound to you,

To take this wrong I should be held no man.

Now to the watch, scape there as I can. *Exit.*

Alcad. Ha, ha, so long as she sleeps in the arms
of *Fesse*, let him pack where he pleases : *Porter*,
now hee's without, let him command his entrance
no more, neither for reward nor intreaty, till day
breaks.

Port. Sir, he shall not.

Alcad. 'Tis well we are so rid of him : *Mullisheg*
will give me great thanks for this.

Ile to his chamber, there attend without,

Till he shall waken from his drowsie rest,

And then acquaint him with this fortunate jest.

Alarum.

Enter Ioffer, Lieutenant, Spencer prisoner and wounded.

Ioff. Sir, though we wonder at your noble deeds,

Yet I must do the office of a subject,
 And take you prisoner : by that noble blood
 That runs in these my veins, when I behold
 The slaughter you have made, which wonders me,
 I wish you had escap'd, and not been made captive
 To him, who though he may admire and love you,
 Yet cannot help you.

Spenc. Your stile is like your birth, for you are
Ioffer,
 Chief Balhaw to the king, and him I know
 Lord of most noble thoughts. Speak, what's my
 danger ?

Ioff. Know Sir, a double forfeit of your life :
 Your outrage first is death, being in the night,
 And gainst the watch ; but those that you have slain
 In this fierce conflict, brings 'em without all bounds
 Of pardon.

Spenc. I was born too't, and I embrace my
 fortune.

Ioff. Sir, now I know you
 To be that brave and worthy Englishman,
 So highly grac't in court, which more amazeth me
 That you should thus requite him with the slaughter
 Of his lou'd subjects.

Spenc. I intreat you Sir,
 As you are noble question me no further,
 I have many private thoughts that trouble me,
 And not the fear of death.

Ioff. We know your name,
 And now have prov'd your courage, both these moves
 us

To give you as easie bondage as our loyalty
 To the king can suffer, you are free from irons.

Spenc. When this news shall come to her,

Ioff. Lieutenant, lead the watch some distance of,
 Bid them remove these bodies lately slain,
 I must have private conference with this prisoner,
 Leave him to my charge.

Sir think me though a Moore,

A nation strange unto you Christians,
Yet that I can be noble : but in you
I have observ'd strange contrarieties,
Which I would be resolv'd in.

Spenc. Speak your thoughts.

Ioff. When I confer'd the noblenesse of your
blood,

With this your present passion, I much muse,
Why either such a small effuse of blood,
These your sleight wounds, or the pale fear of death,
Should have the power to force a teare from such
A noble eye.

Spenc. Why thinkst thou Bashaw, that wounds,
blood, or death
Could force a teare from me, thou noblest of thy
nation,

Do not so farre misprise me : I tell thee Bashaw,
The rack, strapado, or the scalding oyl,
The burning pincers, or the boyling lead,
The stakes, the pikes, the caldron, or the wheel,
Were all these tortures to be felt at once,
Could not draw water hence.

Ioff. Whence comes it then ?

Spenc. From that whose pains as far surmounts all
those

As whips of furies do the Ladies fans,
Made of the plumes o'th Estridge : this like the
Sunne,

Extracts the dew from my declining soul,
And swims mine eyes in moist effeminacie.

O *Besse, Besse, Besse, Besse.*

Ioff. Dead pitty you have wakened in my bosome,
And made me with you like compassionate.
Freely relate your sorrows.

Spenc. Sir, I shall :

If you have ever loved, or such a maid,
So fair, so constant, and so chaste as mine,
And should fortune to lamentable fortune,
Betray her to a black abortive fate,

How would it wring you? Or if you had a heart,
Made of that mettall that we white men have,
How would it melt in you?

Ioff. Sir, you confound me.

Spenc. I will be brief; the travells of my *Besse*,
To finde me out, you have pertook at full,
In presence of the King, these I omit.
Now when we came to summe up all our joy,
And this night were entring to our hoped blisse,
The king, Oh most unworthy of that name,
He quite fell off from goodnesse.

Ioff. Who *Mullisheg*?

Spenc. His lust out-waid his honour: and as if his
soul

Were blacker then his face, he laid plots
To take this sweet night from me: but prevented
I have convai'd my beautilous bride aboard,
My Captain and Lieutenant.

Ioff. Are they escapt?

Spenc. Safe to my *Negro*. Thus farre fortune led
me

Through many dangers till I past this bridge,
The last of all your watches. And muse not
Bashaw, that I thus single durst oppose my self,
I wore my Mistris here, and she, not I,
Made me midway a conquerour.

Ioff. She being at sea,

And safe, why should your own fates trouble you?

Spenc. Renowned Moor, there is your greatest
error;

When we parted, I swore by the honour of a Gentle-
man,

And as I ever was her constant friend,

If I surviv'd, to visit her aboard

By such an houre: but if I fail, that she

Should think me dead: now, if I break one minute,

She leaps into the sea: 'tis this, great Bashaw,

That from a souldiers eyes draws pearly tears:

For my own person I despise all fears.

Ioff. You have deeply touch't me : and to let you know

All morrall vertues are not solely groundd
In th' hearts of Christians, go and passe free ;
Keep your appointed houre, preserve her life :
I will conduct you past all danger : but withall
Remember my head's left to answer it.

Spenc. Is honour fled from Christians unto
Moors,

That I may say in Barbarie I found
This rare black Swan.

Ioff. And when you are at sea,
The winde no question may blow fair, your ankors
They are soon waid, and you have sea-roome free
To passe unto your countrey : 'tis but my life,
And I shall think it nobly spent to save you,
Her, and your train from many sad disasters.

Spenc. Sir, I thank you,
Appoint me a fixt hower, if I return not,
May I be held a scorn to Christendome,
And recreant to my countrey.

Ioff. By three to morrow.

Spenc. Binde me by some oath.

Ioff. Onely your hand and word.

Spenc. Which if I break.

What my heart thinks, my tongue forbears to
speak.

Ioff. Ile bear you past all watches. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus secundus.

*Actus tertius. Scena prima.**Enter Mullisheg.**Mull.*

THrough satiate with the pleasures of this night,
The morning calls me from the sweet embraces
Of the fair English Damsell.

Tot. The English stranger
Is stoln from forth mine arms. I am at full revenged :
Were I again to match, I'd marry one
Of this brave nation, if a Gentleman,
Before the greatest Monarch of the world,
They are such sweet and loving bedfellows.
Now to my chamber, darknesse guide my way,
Left what none yet suspect, the night betray.
Let all like me wrong'd in their nuptiall bed,
Not aim at th' heart, but rather strike at th' head.

Mul. Venetian Ladies, nor the Persian Girles,
The French, the Spanish, nor the Turkish Dames,
Ethiope nor Greece can kisse with half that art
These English can, nor entertain their friends
With' tenth part of that ample willingnesse
Within their arms.

Alcad. Your highnesse call'd ?

Mul. To tell thee that none shall partake but thou.
Oh. I have had the sweetest nights content
That ever king enjoy'd.

Alcad. With the fair English bride.

Mul. Nor envy if I raise the Captain for't,
For he shall mount.

Alcad. And he deserves it : but to me you owe
Part of that honour, I had a hand in't too,
Although perhaps you thought me ignorant
In what is past.

Mul. Hadst thou no more

Then half a finger in this nights content,
It shall not be forgot, but thou as he
Shalt be rais'd one step higher.

Alc. Observing what had past, I spide the bride-
groom

As still mine eies were fixt on him, up and late,
Then by a trick,
A pretty sleight, a fine fetch of mine own,
I past him forth the gates, and gave command,
He should not have his entrance back again,
Neither for reward nor intreaties, till day broke.

Mull. Your aim in that?

Alc. For fear lest he by some suspitious jealousy
Should have disturb'd your rest.

Mull. Thy providence
Shall not die unrewarded: shift him hence,
And with his will too, this makes thee of our counsell.

Alcad. 'Tis an honour
My wisedome hath long aim'd at, and I hope
Now shall receive his merit.

Enter a Negro.

Negr. Pardon great king that I thus rudely
presse
Into your private bed-chamber.

Mull. Speake, thy news.

Negr. The English Captain, with the lovely Bride,
with her Lieutenant hath secretly this night, with your
highnesse signet and the word, past the Court-gates,
past all the watches, and got aboard their *Negro*, and
I was sent to know your highnesse pleasure.

Mull. Ha, this night? *Alcade*, seek, search
I left her sleeping in our royall bed.

Alcad. I shall my lord, I half suspect.

Mull. But was not *Spencer* with them?

Negr. Onely they three: and we, by vertue of
your highnesse signet, past them the court-gates without
trouble.

Enter Alcad.

Mull. We are amazed. *Alcade*, whom find'st thou there ?

Alc. Nothing, my Lord, but empty sheets,
A bed new toft, but neither English Lady,
Nor any Lady elfe.

Mull. We ftand astonish't,
Not knowing what to answer.

Enter a fecond meffenger.

Mefs. Pardon great king if I relate the news
That will offend you highly.

Mull. That the English Captain, lady, and Lieutenant are efcapt.

Mefs. But that's not all.

Mull. Can there be worfe behinde ?

Mefs. Yes ; if the lofs of your dear fubjects lives
Be worfe then their efcapc. *Spencer*, without
The fignet or the word, being left behinde.

Mull. You call'd the porter up,
And let him after.

Alc. Pardon great King.

Mull. Was this your trick, your fleight, your stratagem ?

As we are king of *Fefse*, thy life fhall pay
The forfeit : thine own tongue fhall fentence thee.
But to the reft.

Mefs. Then paft he to the bridge,
Where flood armed men, in number forty.
Maugre all their ftrength, with his good fword
He would have made through all :
And in this fierce conflict, fix, to the maze
Of all the reft, were flain : nor would he yeeld,
Till fuddenly we rais'd a loud alarm,
At which the Captain of the watch came down,
And fo there furpriz'd him.

Mull. Is he prifoner, then ?

Mefs. In custody of the great Bashaw *Ioffer*,
With whom we left him.

Mull. Command our Bashaw
To bring him clog'd in irons.—These English Pirates
Have rob'd us of much treasure ; and for that
His traitorous life shall answer.—But for thee,
Traitor, thou hadst a hand in his escape ;
Thou shalt be sure to pay for't.

Alc. Alas, my lord,
What I did was meerly ignorance.

Mull. Nay bribes,
And I shall find it so.—Bear him to guard.--
What dissolute strumpet did that traitorous Captain
Send to our sheets ? But all our injuries
Upon that English prisoner wee'll revenge :
As we in state and fortune hope to rise,
A never heard of death that traitour dies.

Enter Captain, Bessie, Ruffman, Clem.

Bess. No news from *Forset* yet that waits for
Spencer,

The long boat's not return'd ?

Goodl. Not yet.

Bess. *Clem*, to the main top, *Clem*, and give us
notice

If thou see'st any (like them) make from the shore :
The day is broke already.

Clem. With all my heart, so you will give me
warning before the Gunner shoots, lest I tumble down
again, and put my neck a second time in danger.

Bess. Prethee, begon : let's have no jesting now.

Clem. Then I'll to the main top in earnest.

Goodl. How fares it with you *Bessie* ?

Bess. Like a hartlesse creature, a body without
motion.

How can I chose, when I am come to sea,
And left my heart ashore ? What, no news yet ?

Goodl. None.

Befs. I prithee, *Ruffman*, step into my Cabin,
And bring me here my houre glasse.

Ruff. That I shall.

Goodl. To what end would you use it ?

Befe. Shall I tell thee Captain,
I would know how long I have to live :
That glasse once turn'd, the sandy houre quite run,
I know my *Spencer's* dead, and my life's done.

Enter Ruffman with the glasse.

Ruff. Your glasse.

Befs. Gramercy good Lieutenant :
'Tis better then a gaudy looking-glafs,
To deck our faces in : that shews our pride,
But this our ends those glasses seek to hide.
Have you been all at prayers ?

Both. We have.

Befs. I thank you gentlemen.
Never more need : and you would say as I do,
Did you but know how near our ends some are.
Dost thou not think, Captain, my *Spencer's* slain ?

Goodl. Yet hope the best.

Befs. This is the hower he promist : Captain,
look,
For I have not the heart, and truly tell me
How farre 'tis spent.

Goodl. Some fifteen minutes.

Befs. Alas ! no more ? I prethee, tak't away ;
Even just so many have I left to pray,
And then to break my heart-strings. None that loves
me

Speake one word to me of him, or any thing.
If in your secreet cabbins you'l bestow
Of him and me some tears and hearty prayers,
We, if we live shall thank you. Good gentlemen,
Ingage me so far to you.

Enter Clem.

Clem. News, news, news.

Befs. Ha, good or bad ?

Clem. Excellent, most excellent ; nay, super excellent. *Forset* and all his companions are rowing hither like madmen ; and there is one that sits i'th' stern, and does not row at all ; and that is,—let me see who is it ? I am sure 'tis he, noble *Spencer*.

Befs. *Spencer* ?

Heart, let me keep thee ; thou wast up to heaven
Half way in rapture.—Art thou sure ?

Clem. I think you'll make a man swear his heart
out.

Befs. Teach me but how

I shall receive him when he comes aboard ;
How shall I beare me, Captain, that my joy
Do not transcend my foul out of this earth,
Into the aire with passionate extasie ?

Enter Spencer.

Goodl. Now farewell *Barbarie*, king *Mullishag*,
We have sea room and winde at will, not ten
Of thy best Gallies, arm'd with Moors,
Can fetch us back.

Ruff. For *England* gentlemen.

Befs. Oh, where's the gunner :
See all the ordnance be straight discharged,
For joy my *Spencer* lives : let's mist ourselves
In a thick cloud of smoak, and speak our joyes
Vnto the highest heavens in fire and thunder.

Ruff. To make the Queen vex and torment herself.

Befs. To make the King tear his contorted
locks,

Curl'd like the knots of furies : Oh this musick
Doth please me better then th' effeminate strings
Tun'd to their wilde Moriskoes : dance my foul,
And caper in my bosome, joyfull heart,
That I have here my *Spencer*.

Goodl. Come, waigh anchor,

Hoist fail : we have a faire and gentle gale
To beare us to our country.

Spenc. Captain, stay.

Beff. I did not heare my *Spencer* speak till now :
Nor would my sudden joy give me that judgement,

To spy that sadnesse in thee I now see ;
Good, what's the cause? canst thou conceal't from me?

What, from thy *Besse*? Whence came that sigh?

You will not tell me. No, do not :

I am not worthy to partake your thoughts.

Do you repent you that you see us safe

Imbark't for England, to enjoy me there :

Is there some other whom you better love?

Let me but know her, and for your sweet sake

Ile serve her, too. Come, I will know the cause.

Spenc. Know all in one :

Now I have seen you, I must leave you, *Besse*.

Beff. Leave me? Oh, fatal.

Spenc. Speak, my *Besse*: it is thy *Spencer* tells thee.

Beff. That he will leave me. If the same tongue

That wounded me, gives me no present cure,

It will again intrance me.

Spenc. Arm your self :

It must be spoke again, for I must leave you.

My honour, faith, and country, are engag'd,

The reputation of a Christian's pawn'd ;

And all that weare that sacred livery

Shall in my breach be scandal'd. Moors will say,

We boast of faith, none does good works but they.

Beff. I am nor sleep nor waking, but my senses
All in a confus'd slumber.

Goodl. Sir, resolve us ;

You wrap us in a Labyrinth of doubts,
From which I pray unloose us.

Spenc. I shall ;

I made my way through slaughter ; but at length
The watch came down and took me prisoner
Unto a noble Bashaw : for my valour,
It pleas'd him to admire me ; but when sorrow
To disappoint my *Beffe*, strok me in passion,
He urg'd me freely to relate my griefs,
Which took in him such deep impressiōn,
That on my word and promise to return
By such an hower, he left himself in hostage,
To give me my desires.

Goodl. 'Twas nobly done ;

But what's the lives of twenty thousand Moors,
To one that is a Christian ?

Rough. We have liberty and free way to our coun-
treys :

Shall not we take th' advantage that the heavens
Have lent us : but now, as if we scorn'd
Their gracious bounty, give up ourselves
To voluntary bondage.

Buff. Prize you my love no better, then to
rate it

Beneath the friendship of a barbarous Moör ?
Can you, to save him, leave me to my death ?
Is this the just reward of all my travells ?

Spene. I prize my honour, and a Christians faith,
Above what earth can yeeld. Shall *Feffe* report,
Unto our countreys shame, and to the scandall
Of our religion, that a barbarous Moor
Can exceed us in noblenesse ? no ; Ile die
A hundred thousand deaths first.

Beff. Oh, my fate, was ever maid thus crost,
That have so oft been brought to see my blisse,
And never taste it ?
To meet my *Spencer* living after death,
To join with him in marriage, not enjoy him ?
To have him here free from the barbarous Moors,
And now to lose him ? Being so oft rais'd

Unto the height of all felicity,
 To make my ruine greater. If you needs
 Will hazzard your own perfon, make me partner
 In this thy present danger : take me with thee.

Spence. Not for the world : no living foul shall
 bleed

One drop for me.

Beff. Canst thou be fo unkinde ? Then false man
 know

That thou haft taught me harfhneffe. I without
 Thee came to *Momarah*, and to my countrey back
 I will return without thee. I am here,
 In mine own veffell, mine own train about me ;
 And fince thou wilt forfake me, to embrace
 The Queen of Moors, though coyning ftrange ex-
 cufe,
 E'ne at thy pleasure be it : my waies into my coun-
 trey.

Farewell, Ile not fhed one teare more.

Spenc. My partings death ;
 But honour wakens me. The hower draws nigh ;
 And if I fail one minute, he muft die.

The long boat now. Farewell *Beffe.* *Exit.*

Beff. Why, farewell

Spencer, I always lov'd thee but too well,
 Captain, thine eare,
 This I have vow'd, and this you all fhall fwear.

Exeunt.

Enter Mullisheg, Queen, Ioffer, Headfman.

Mull. Produce your prifoner, Bashaw.

Ioff. Mighty King,
 Had you beheld his prowefse, and, withall,
 But feen his paffions, you would then like me,
 Haue pittied his difafters.

Mull. We know no pittie for an injury
 Of that high nature, more then our revenge,

We have vow'd his death, and he shall therefore die.
Go, bring him forth.

Ioff. Spare me, my lord, but some few howers, I shall.

Mull. The least delay is death.

Ioff. Then know, my lord, he was my prisoner.

Mull. How, was? and is not?

Ioff. By promise,

Mull. Not in gyves?

Ioff. He's gyv'd to me by faith, but else at liberty.

Mull. I pray unriddle us, and teach us that Which we desire to know, where is the English prisoner?

Ioff. I presum'd, my lord,
Such noble valour could not be log'd alone,
Without some other vertues, faith and honour :
Therefore I gave him freedom to his ship,
Onely upon his promise to return ;
Now if there be such nobleness in a Christian,
Which being a Moor, I have exprest to him,
He will not see me perish.

Mull. Foolish Bashaw
To jeast away thy head : you are all conspiratours
Against our person : and you all shall die.
Why? canst thou think a stranger so remote
Both in cuntry and religion, being imbark't
At sea, and under sail, free from our bands
In the arms of his fair bride,
His Captain and his saylors all aboard,
Sea room and winde at will, and will return,
To expose all these to voluntary dangers,
For a bare verball promise?

Ioff. If he comes not,
Be this mine honour, King, that though I bleed,
A Moor a Christian thus far did exceed.

Mull. The hower is past; the Christian hath
broke faith.
Off with his head.

Enter Spencer.

Spenc. Yet come at last.

Mull. Ist possible? can *England*, so farre distant,

Harbour such noble vertues?

Ioff. I beshr'w you, sir,

You come unto your death, and you have tane

Much honour from me, and ingroft it all

To your own fame; 'twould have lived longer by me

Then any monument can last, to have lost

My life for such a noble stranger,

Whose vertue even in this last act appears,

I with this blood, which now are friendly tears.

You are come unto your death.

Spenc. Why, 'twas my purpose;

And by that death to make my honour shine.

Great *Mullisheg*, cherish this noble Moor,

Whom all thy confines cannot parallell

For vertue and true noblenesse. Ere my ship,

Should with such black dishonour beare me safe

Into my countrey by thy Bashaws death,

I would have bent my ordnance gainst her keel,

And sunk her in the harbour.

Mull. Thou hast slain

Six of our subjects.

Ioff. Oh, had you seen

But with what eminent valour.

Mull. Nought that's ill

Can be well done: then Bashaw, speake no more.

His life is meerly forfeit, and he shall pay it.

Spenc. I am proud, *Fesse*, that I now owe thee nothing,

But have in me ability to pay.

If it be forfeit, take it, lay all on me;

Ile pay the debt, then set the Bashaw free.

Mull. Besides, misprising all our gracious favours,

To violate our laws, infringe our peace,
Disturbe our watch by night, and now perhaps
Having rob'd us of much treasure, stoln to sea.

Spenc. In that thou art not royal, *Mullihez*.
Of all thy gold and jewels lately given us,
Ther's not a doit imbark't ;
For finding thee dishonourably unkinde,
Scorning thy gold, we left it all behinde.

Tota. If private men be lords of such brave
spirits,
How royall should their Princes be ?

Mull. Englishman,
Ther's but one way for thee to save thy life,
From eminent death.

Spence. Well, propose it.

Mull. Instantly
Send to thy *Negro*, and surrender up
Thy Captain and thy fair Bride ; otherwise,
By all the holy rights of our great Prophet,
Thou shalt not live an hower.

Spenc. Alas, good King,
I pittie and despise thy tyranny :
Not live an hower ? And when my head is off,
What canst thou do then ? Call'st thou that re-
venge,

To ease me of a thousand turbulent griefs,
And throw my soul in glory for my honour.
Why, thou striv'st to make me happy but for her,
Wert thou the King of all the kings on earth,
Couldst thou lay all their scepters, roabs, and
crowns,

Here at my feet, and hadst power to install me
Emperour of th' universall Emperie,
Rather then yeeld my basest ship-boy up,
To become thy slave, much lesse betray my Bride
To thee and to thy bruitish lust, know king
Of *Fesse*, I'de die a hundred thousand deaths first.

Mull. Ile try your patience. Off with his head.

Enter Bessie, Goodlack, Ruffman.

Bessie. Her's more work.—Stay.

Spence. What make you here?

You wrong me above injury.

Bessie. If you love blood,
That river spare, and for him take a flood,
Be but so gracious as save him alone:
And, great King see I bring thee three for one.
Spare him, thou shalt have more,
The lives of all my train. What sayst thou to't?
And with their lives my ship and all to boot.

Spence. I could be angry with you above measure,
In your four deaths I die, that had before
Tasted but one.

Mull. Captain, art thou there? Howe're these
fare,
Thou shalt be fure to pay for't.

Goodl. 'Tis my least care,
What's done is mine, I here confes't:
Then seize my life in ranfome of the rest.

Tot. Lieutenant, you are a base villain.
What groom betrai'd you to our sheets?

Ruff. Please keep your tongue; I did you no dishonour.

Tot. Whom did you bring to our free embraces?

Ruff. 'Twas the King; conceal what's past.

Tota. Howe're my minde, then yet my bodie's
chast.

Ruff. Make use on't.

Spence. Dismiss, great King, these to their ship
again;
My life is solely forfeit, take but that,
I shall report thee mercifull.

Bessie. It were no justice, King, to forfeit his,
And to spare mine, I am as deep as he,
Since what my *Spencer* did was all for me.

Goodl. Great King, if any faulted, then 'twas I :
I led them on, and therefore first should die.

Ruff. I am as deep as any.

Ioff. Oh, had my head

Excus'd all these, I had been nobly dead.

Beff. Why pause you king? Is't by our noble
vertues,
That you have lost the use of speech? or can you
think

That *Spencer* dead, you might inherit me.

No, first, with Roman *Portia*, I'de eate fire,

Or with *Lucretia* character thy lust

'Twixt these two breasts. Stood I engag'd to death,

I'de scorne for life to bend a servile knee ;

But 'tis for thee, my *Spencer*, what was his fault?

'Twas but to save his own, rescue his dear Bride
From adulterate sheets, and must he die for this?

Mull. Shall lust in me have chief predomi-
nance ?

And vertuous deeds, for which in *Fesse*

I have been long renown'd, be quite exilde ?

Shall Christians have the honour

To be sole heirs of goodness, and we Moors

Barbarous and bloody. Captain, resolve me,

What common Curtezan didst thou convey

Into our royall bed ?

Tot. I can excuse him, pardon me, great King :
I having private notice of your plots,
Wrought him unto my purpose, and 'twas I
Lodg'd in your arms that night.

Mull. These English are in all things honourable,
Nor can we tax their waies in any thing,
Unlesse we blame their vertues. English maid,
We give thee once more back unto thy husband,
Whom likewise freely we receive to grace :
And, as amends for our pretended wrongs,
With her wee'll tender such an ample dower,
As shall renown^{our} our bounty : but we fear
We cannot recompence the injurious losse,

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Of your last nights expectations.

Besse. 'Tis full amends,
Where but the least part of your grace extends.

Mull. Captain, we prize thy vertues to thy friends,
Thy faith to us, and zeal unto our Queen.

And Bashaw, for thy noblenesse to a Gentleman

Of such approved valour and renown,

We here create thee Viceroy of Argiers,

And do esteem thee next our Queen in grace.

Y' have quench't in mee all lust, by which shall
grow

Vertues which *Fesse*, and all the world shall know.

Spenc. We shall report your bounties, and your
royalties

Shall fly though all the parts of Christendome.

Bess. Whilst *Besse* has gold, which is the meed of
baies,

Shee'l make our English Poets tune thy praise.

And now my *Spencer* after all our troubles,

Crosses and threatnings of the seas rough brow,

I ne're could say thou wert mine own till now.

Mull. Call this your harbour, and your haven of
joy ;

For so wee'll strive to make it, noble strangers,

Those vertues you have taught us by your deeds,

We futurely will strive to imitate.

And for the wrongs done to the hop't delights

Of your last nights divorce, double the magazine

With which our larges should have swel'd your ship.

A golden Girl th' art cal'd ; and, wench, be bold.

Thy lading back shall be with pearl and gold.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. I Magine *Bessie* and *Spencer* under sail :
But the intelligence of their great wealth
Being bruited 'mongst the Merchants, comes to th' eares
Of a French Pirate, who with two ships well rig'd,

*Way laies them in their voyage. Long they fought,
And many slain on both sides ; but the Frenchmen,
Proud of their hopefull conquest, boarding twice,
Are twice blown up ; which addes courage to the
English ;*

*But to the Frenchmen fear. Just as they buckeld,
Spencer and Goodlack, with two prooffe targets arm'd,
Into the French ship leap, and on the hatches
There make a bloody slaughter : but at that instant,
The billows swell'd, the windes grew high and loud,
And as the soul and body use to part,
With no less force these lovers are divided,
He wafts to her, and she makes signes to him :
He calls, and she replies :—they both grow hoarse
With shrieking out their last farewell. Now she
fswounds,*

*And sinks beneath the arms of Ruffman. Spencer,
Upon a chest gets hold and safe arrives
I'th Marquis of Farara's country : the like adventure
Chanc'd Goodlack : upon a mast he pierces Italie,
Where these two Dukes were then at ods. Spencer is
chosen*

*Farara's Champion : Mantua makes Goodlack his.
What happen'd them if you desire to know,
To cut off words, we'll act it in dumb show.*

Dumb Show.

*The Dukes by them atton'd, they graced and prefer'd
Take their next way towards Florence.—What of
Besse,*

*Ruffman, and Clem becomes, must next succeed.
The seas to them like cruell proves, and wracks
Their Negro on the coast of Florence, where
They wander up and down 'mongst the Bandetties.
More of their fortunes we will next pursue,
In which we mean to be as brief as true.*

Exit.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Bessie, Ruffman, and Clem.

Bess. All is lost !

Ruff. Save these our selves.

Clem. For my part, I have not so much left as a
clean Shirt.

Bess. And *Spencer* too, had the seas left me
him,
I should have thought them kinde ; but in his
fate,

All wishes, fortunes, hopes of better daies
Expire.

Ruff. *Spencer* may live.

Clem. I that he may, if it be but in a sea-water
green suit, as I was, among the haddocks.

Bess. How many bitter plunges have I past,
Ere I could win my *Spencer* ? who no sooner
Married, but quite divorst ; posselt for some few
daies,

Then rent afunder ; as soon a widow as I was a
Bride :

This day the mistress of many thousands,
And a begger now, not worth the clothes I wear.

Ruff. At the lowest ebbe
The tides still flow ; besides, being on the ground,
Lower we cannot fall.

Bess. Yes, into the ground, the grave.
Ruffman, would I were there ; till then I never
Shall have true rest. I fain would know
What greater misery heaven can inflict,
I have not yet indur'd :
If there be such, I dare it, let it come.

Enter Captain Bandetties, and others.

Band. Cease, and surprize the prisoners : thou art mine.

Ruff. Villain, hands off, knowst thou whom thou offendest ?

Band. Binde her fast, and after captive him.

Ruff. I will rather die,
Then suffer her fustein least injury.

Ruffman is beaten off.

Befs. What's thy purpose ?

Band. In all my travells and my quest of blood,
I ne're encountred such a beauteous prize :
Heavens, if I thought you would accept his thanks
That trades in deeds of hell, I would acknowledge
My self in debt to you.

Befs. What's thy intent,
Bold villain, that thou mak'st this preparation ?

Band. I intend to ravish thee.

Befs. All goodnesse pardon me, and you blest
heavens,

Whom I too boldly challeng'd for a misery
Beyond my *Spencers* losse. What, rape intended ?
I had not thought there had been such a mischief,
Devis'd for wretched woman. Ravish me ?
'Tis beyond shipwrack, poverty, or death :
It is a word invented first in hell,
And by the devills first spew'd upon earth :
Man could not have invented to have given
Such letters found.

Band. I trifle howers too long ;
And now to my black purpose. Envious day,
Gaze with thy open eyes on this nights work,
For thus the Prologue to my lust begins.

Befs. Help, murther, rape, murther.

Band. Ile stop your mouth from bawling.

Enter Duke of Florence, and a train, and Merchant.

Flor. This way the cry came. Rescue for the lady,

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Hold thy desperate fury, and arm thy self
For my encounter.

Band. Hell prevented.

Flor. Vnbinde that beautilous lady, and pursue
The Ruffin : he that can bring his head shall have
A thousand crowns propos'd for his reward :
He should be Captain of those bloody theeves
That haunts our mountains, and of our dear subjects
Hath oft made outrage. Go, see this proclaim'd.

Befs. Ere I, the happy wishes of my soul,
My orizons to heaven, or make free tender
Of a most bounden duty, grace my misery,
To let me know, unto what worthy person,
Of what degree or state, I owe the service
Of a most wretched life, left in my ignorance,
I prove a heretick to all good manners,
And harshly so offend.

Flor. Fairest of thy sex, I need not question
thine,
Because I read a noblenesse in thy forehead :
But, to resolve thee, know, I am stil'd, the Duke
Of *Florence*, and of this countrey Prince.

Befs. Then from my knees I fall flat on my
face,
In bound obeyfance.

Flor. Rise,
That earth's too base for such pure lips to kisse.
They should rather joyn with a Princes, as at first
Made for such use : nay, we will have it so.

Mer. That lady, if my memory be faithfull
Vnto my judgement, I should have seen e're now,
But where, what place, or in what countrey, now
I cannot call to minde.

Flor. Where were you bred ?

Befs. In *England* royall Sir.

Mer. In *England* ?

Flor. By what strange adventure then,
Happened you on these coasts ?

Befs. By shipwrack.

Flor. Then churlish were the waves t' expose you
to
Such danger. Whence didst embarkt you last ?

Befs. From *Barbarie*.

Flor. From *Barberie* ? our merchant, you came
lately thence.

Mer. 'Tis she, I now remember her.
She did me a great curtesie, and I am proud,
Fortune, how ever enemy to her,
Has given me opportunity to make
A just requitall.

Flor. What occasion
Fair lady, being of such state and beauty,
Drew you from your own countrey, to expose you
To so long travell ?

Mer. Mighty Sovereign,
Pardon my interruption, if I make bold
To put your grace in minde of an English Virgin,
So highly grac'd by mighty *Mullisheg*.

Flor. A legend, worthy to be writ in gold,
Whose strangeness seem'd at first to exceed belief :
And had not thy approved honesty
Commanded our attention, we should have doubted
That thou therein hadst much hyperboliz'd.

Mer. What would your grace give
To see that miracle of constancie,
Shee who reliev'd so many Christian captives ;
Redeem'd so many of the Merchants goods ;
Beg'd of the king so many forfeitures ;
Kept from the Gallies some, and some from slaughter ;
She whom the king of *Fesse* never denied,
But she deni'd him love ; whose chastity
Conquer'd his lust, and maugre his incontinence,
Made him admire her vertues.

Flor. The report
Strikes us with wonder and amazement too :
But to behold the creature were a project
Worthy a theatre of Emperours ;
Nay, gods themselves to be spectators.

Mer. Behold that wonder. Lady, know you me ?

Befs. Not I, I can assure you, sir.

Mer. Ile give

You instance, then ; I was that Florentine,
Who, being in *Fesse*, for a strange outrage there,
Six of my men were to the Gallies doom'd ;
But, at your intercession to the king,
Freely releast : for which, in this dejection,
I pray accept these thousand crowns, to raise
Your ruin'd fortunes.

Besse. You are gratefull, sir, beyond my merit.

Flor. I cannot blame great *Fesse*

To become inamour'd on so fair a creature.
You had a friend much grac'd by that same Moor,
Whom, as our Merchant told us, you were espous'd to
In the Court of *Fesse* : wher's he ?

Besse. I cannot speak it without tears.

Flor. Why, is he dead ?

Besse. I cannot say he lives.

Flor. How were you sever'd ?

Besse. It asks a sad relation.

Flor. We'll finde a fitter time to hear't. But now,
Augment your griefs no further. On what coast
Pray, were you shipwrackt ?

Befs. Upon these neighbouring shoars ; where all
the wealth

I had from *Barbarie* is perish't in the sea.

I that this morn commanded half a million,

Have nothing now but this good merchants bounty.

Flor. You are richer

In our high favour, then all the royalty

Fesse could have crown'd your pearlesse beauty with :

He gave you gold, but we your almost forfeit chastitie.

Befs. A gift above the wealth of *Barbarie*.

Flor. Conduct this Lady to the City streight,

And bear this our signet to our treasurer :

Command for her ten thousand crowns immediately.

Next to our wardrobe, and what choise of habit

Best likes her, 'tis her own ;

Onely, for all this grace, daign, beauteous Lady,
That I may call you servant.

Befs. Pardon me, fir ;

You are a Prince, and I am here your vassall.

Flor. Merchant,

As you respect our favour see this done.

Befs. What must my next fall be ? I that this
morning

Was rich in wealth and servants, and e're noon
Commanded neither ; and next doom'd to death ;
Not death alone, but death with infamy.
But what's all this unto my *Spencers* loss ?

Flor. You to the city ; we'll pursue the chase.

Madam, be comforted ; we'll send, or see you :
All your fortunes are not extinct in shipwrack ;
The land affords you better, if you'll be swai'd by us.
As first you finde us, wee'll be still the same :
Oft have I chac't ne're found so fair a game. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clem solus.

Clem. Where are my Bashaw's now ? Let me see ;
what shall I do ? I have left my Mistress ; where
shall I have my wages ? She's peppered by this : but
if the Captain of the Bandetties had had but that
grace and honour that I had when I was in *Barbarie*,
he would not have been so lusty. She scapt drowning,
which is the way of all fish, and by this is gone the
way of all flesh. My Lieutenant, he's sure cut to
pieces among the Bandetties : and so had I been, had
not my Bakers legs stept a little aside. My noble
Captain and *Spencer*, they are either drowned i'th
tempest, or murdered by the Pirates ; and none is
left alive but I, *Clem*, poor *Clem* : but poor *Clem*, how
wilt thou do now ? What trick have you to satisfie
Colon, here in a strange countrey ? It is not now
with me as when *Andrea* liv'd. Now I bethink me, I
have a trade ; and that, they say, will stick by a man
when his friends fail him. The City is hard by, and

Ile see and I can be entertained to my old trade of drawing wine ; if't be but an under skinker, I care not : better do so then like a prodigall feed upon husks and acorns.

Well, if I chance to lead my life under some happy signe,

To my Countreyemen still Ile fill the best wine. *Exit.*

Enter Ruffman bleeding.

Ruff. Wounded, but scapt with life ; but *Beffes* los ; that's it that grieves me inward. Ravish't, perhaps, and murdered. Oh, if *Spencer* and *Goodlack* survive, how would they blame my cowardice ? A threed spun, may be untwined, but things in nature done, undone can never be. She's lost, they are perish't : they are happy in their deaths, and I surviving left to the earth most miserable. No means to raise myself ? I met a Pursuivant even now, proclaiming to the man who could bring the head of the *Bandetties* Captain, for his reward a thousand crowns : If not for gain of gold, yet for he injur'd *Beffe*, that shall be my next task. What, though I die ?

Be this my comfort, that it chanc't me well,

To perish by his hand by whom she fell. *Exit.*

Enter Duke of Florence, Merchant.

Flor. Our Merchant, have you done to th' English Lady

As we commanded ? Did she take the gold ?

Mer. After many complements, circumstances, Modest refusalls, sometimes with repulse, I forc't on her your bounty. Had you seen What a bewitching art she striv'd to use ; Betwixt deniall and disdain, contempt and thankfulnessse,

You would have said, that out of a meer scorn

T'accept your gift, she exprest such gratitude,

As would demand a double donative.

Flor. And it has don't; it shall be doubl'd
straight,

Arising thence unto an infinite,
If she'll but grant us love. How for her habit?

Mer. With an inforst will, wilfull constraint,
And a meer kinde of glad necessity,
She put it on but to lament the death
Of her lost husband.

Flor. Why, is he lost?

Mer. By all conjectures never to be found.

Flor. The lesse her hope is to recover him,
The more our hopes remains to conquer her.
Bear her from us this jewell, and withall
Provide a banquet. Bid her leave all mourning;
This night in person we will visit her.

Mer. I shall.

Flor. Withall more gold.
And if thou canst by way of conference,
Get from her how she stands affected towards us:
It shall not be the furthest way about
To thy preferment and our speciall favour.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. The two bold Dukes of *Mantua* and *Farara*,
after many bloody garboils, have entred league, and
within these two days mean to visit *Florence*, to make
your Court a witnesse of their late concluded amity.

Flor. Wee'll receive them,
As Princes that in this would honour us.

Mess. These letters will speak further.

Flor. Bear them streight
Unto our Secretary, and withall, give order
That all our Court may shine in gold and pearl,
They never could have come in a happier season,
Then when the great and high magnificence,
Without suspect we would have shewn to her,
Will be accounted honour done to them.

In fates despight,
We will not lose the honour of this night. *Exit.*

Enter Spencer, Goodlack.

Spencer. *Farara* was exceeding bountifull.

Goodl. So was the Duke of *Mantua*. Had we staid

Within their confines, we might, even till death
Have liv'd in their high favour.

Spenc. Oh, but Captain,
What would their Dukedomes gain me without
Beffe,

Or all the world t' enjoy it without her :
Each passage of content or pleasing fortune,
When I record she has no part in it,
Seems rather as an augmentation
Of a more great disease.

Goodl. This be your comfort, that by this
Shee's best part of her way for England, whither
She is richly bound, then where she is most hope-
lesse

Of this your safety,
With your survivall to receive us gladly,
With an abundant treasure.

Spenc. But for that,
I had sunk ere this beneath the weight of war,
And chus'd an obscure death, before the glorie
Of a renowned fouldier. But we are now
As farre as *Florence* onward of our way :
Were it best that we made tender of our service
To the grand Duke ?

Goodl. 'Tis the greatest benefits of all our travells
to see forraigne Courts, and to discourse their fashions :
let us by no means neglect that duty.

Spenc. Where were we best to lodge ?

Goodl. Hard by is a Tavern : let's first drink
there, and after make inquiry who's the best host for
strangers.

Spenc. Come, ho! where be these Drawers?

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, I draw none myself, but Ile fend some.

Enter Clem with wine.

Clem. Welcome Gentlemen. Score a quart.

Spenc. Ha?

Goodl. How?

Clem. No, no; I am an affe, a very animall; it cannot be.

Spenc. Why dost thou bear the wine back? The slave thinks belike we have no money?

Goodl. What dost thou think us to be such casher'd soldiars that we have no cash. Tush, it cannot be he.

Spenc. How should he come here?—Set down the wine.

Clem. I will, I will, fir.—Score a quart of—Tricks, meer fantasmes. Shall I draw wine to shadows? so I might run o' th score, and find no substance to pay for it.

Spenc. Left we not him a shipboard on his voyage towards *England* with my

Goodl. With *Besse*, true. Sirra, set down the wine.

Clem. Some Italian Mountebanks: upon my life, meer jugling.

Goodl. Upon my life 'tis *Clem*.

Clem. Ca, Ca, Cap. Captain? Maister *Spencer*?

Spenc. *Clem*?

Clem. I am *Clem*.

Spenc. And I am *Spencer*.

Goodl. And I *Goodlack*, but cannot think thee *Clem*.

Clem. Yes, I am *Clem* of *Foy*, the Bashaw of

398 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Barbarie, who, from a Courtier of *Fesse*, am turned a Drawer in *Florence*. But let me clear my eies better : now I know you to be the same whose throats the Pirates would have cut, and have spoiled your drinkings.

Spenc. Oh, tell us, and be brief in thy relation, What hapend you, after the sudden tempest Sever'd our ships ? or what's become of *Besse* ?

Goodl. Where did our *Negro* touch ?

Clem. Ile give you a touch, take it as you will. The *Negro*, and all that was in her, was wrack't on the coast of *Florence* ; she, and all the wealth that was in her, all drownd i' th bottome of the sea.

Spenc. No matter for the riches ; wher's she, worth more then ship or goods ?

Goodl. Wher's *Ruffman* ? For thou we see art safe.

Spenc. Nay, speak ; wher's *Besse* ?
How my heart quails within me ?

Clem. She, *Ruffman*, and I were all cast ashore safe, like so many drowned Rats ; where we were no sooner landed, but we were set upon by the Bandetties, where she was bound to a tree, and ready to be ravish't by the Captain of the Outlaws.

Spenc. Oh, worse then shipwrack could be.

Clem. I see *Ruffman* half cut in pieces with rescuing her ; but whether the other half be alive, or no, I cannot tell. For my one part, I made shift for one, my heels doing me better service then my hands ; and comming to the City, having no other means to live by, got me to my old trade to draw wine, where I have the best wine in *Florence* for you Gentlemen.

Spenc. Ravish't.

Goodl. And *Ruffman* slain.

Spenc. Oh hard news ; it frets all my blood,
And strikes me flisse with horror and amazement.

Goodl. It strikes me
Into a marble statue, for with such

I have like fenſe and feeling.

Spenc. Tell me Captain,
Wilt thou give me leave at length to deſpair,
And kill myſelf: I will diſclaim all further
Friendſhip with thee, if thou perſwad'ſt me live.
Raviſht!

Goodl. Perhaps attempted but prevented,
Will you before you know the utmoſt certainty,
Deſtroy your ſelf?

Spenc. What is this world? what's man? are we
created
Out of flint or iron, that we are made to bear this?

Goodl. Comfort, fir.

Clem. Your onely way is to drink wine, if you
be in grief, for that's the onely way, the old proverb
ſaies, to comfort the heart.

Goodl. Hark where we lie, and I prethee *Clem*
let's hear from thee; but now leave us.

Clem. I will make bould inquire you out; and if
you want money (as many travellers may) as long as
I have either credit, wages, or any coyne i'th
world, you ſhall not want, as I am a true Eunuch.

Exit Clem.

Enter Florence, uſſuaring Beſſe; Train.

Goodl. Let's ſtand aſide, and ſuffer theſe Gallants
paſs, that with their ſtate take a whole ſtreet before
them.

Flor. Our coach, ſtay; we'll back ſome half houre
hence;
Onely conduct this lady to her lodging.
Ha, ſtarted you ſweet? Whence fetcht you that ſigh?
Our train lead on:
W' have other buſineſſe now, to think upon. *Exeunt.*

Beſſe caſts a jewell.

Goodl. Sure this was ſome great Lady.

Spenc. But obſerv'd you not this jewell that ſhe
caſt me? 'tis a rich one.

Goodl. Believe me, worthy your wearing.

Spenc. What might she be to whom I am thus bound ?

I'me here a stranger : never till this day
Beheld I *Florence*, nor acquaintance, friend ;
Especially of Ladies.

Goodl. By their train,
The man that did support her by the arm
Was of some speciall note ; and she a Lady
Nobly descended. Why should she throw you this,
Being a meer stranger ?

Spenc. There's some mystery in't,
If we could finde the depth on't ; sure there is.

Goodl. Perhaps some newly faine in love with you,
Now at first sight, and hurl'd that as a favour.

Spenc. Yet neither of us
Had or the wit or sence to enquire her name :
He weare it openly and see if any
Will challenge it : the way to know her best.

Goodl. And I would so.

Spenc. He truce awhile with sorrow for my *Besse*,
Till I finde th' event.

Goodl. And at best leasure
Tender our service to the Duke,
Whom fame reports to be a bounteous prince,
And liberall to all strangers.

Spenc. 'Tis decreed.
But howsoe're his favours he impart,
My *Besses* losse will still sit near my heart. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter *Florence*, *Mantua*, *Farara*.

Flor. This honour you have done me, worthy
Princes,
In leaving of your Courts to visit me,
We reckon as a trophie of your loves,
And shall remain a future monument
Of a more firme and perfect amitie.

Mant. To you, as to the greatest, most honoured,

And most esteemed Prince of Italy,
After a tedious opposition,
And much effuse of blood, this Prince and I,
Late reconcil'd, make a most happy tender
Of our united league.

Farar. Selecting you
A royall witnesse of this union ;
Which to expresse, we come to feast with you,
To sport and revell, and in full largesse,
To spend our royall bounty through your Court.

Flor. What neither letters nor ambassadours,
Soliciting by factions, or by friends,
Heavens hand hath done by your more calmer
temper.

Mant. All resistalls,
Quarrels, and ripping up of injuries,
Are smother'd in the ashes of our wrath,
Whose fire is now extinct.

Farar. Which who so kindles,
Let him be held a new *Herostratus* ;
Who was so hated throughout *Ephesus*,
They held it death to name him.

Flor. Nobly spoke.
And now, confederate Princes, you shall finde,
By our rich entertainment, how w' esteem
Your friendship.—Speak ; have we no ladies here
To entertain these princes ?

Enter Bessie.

Mant. Methinks I spie one beauty in this place,
Worth all the sights that I have seen before.
I think, survey the spacious world abroad,
You scarce can finde her equall.

Farar. Had not wonder
And deep amazement curb'd my speech in,
I had forestall'd this Prince in approbation
Of her compareless beauty.

Flor. Taste her, Princes.

This surfets me, and adds unto my love,
That they should thus admire her.

Mant. Beautilous lady,
It is not my least honour to be first
In this most wish'd follicite.

Besse. I stand a statue,
And cannot move but by another's will,
And as I am commanded.

Farar. I should have wraisted for priority,
But that I hold it as a blessing to
Take off that kifs which he so late laid on.

Flor. Now tell me Princes,
How do you like my judgement in the choice
Of a fair mistress?

Mant. You shall choose for me.

Farar. More happy in this beauty, I account
you,

Then in your richest treasure.

Flor. Wer't not clouded o're
With such a melancholy sadness, I'de
Not change it for the wealth of Italy.
Sweet, cheer this brow, whereon no frown can sit,
But it will ill become you.

Bess. Sir, I bleed.

Flor. Ha ! bleed ?

I would not have a sad and ominous fate
Hang o're thee for a million :
Perhaps 'tis custom with you.

Bess. I have observ'd,
Even from my childhood, never fell from hence
One crimson drop, but either my greatest enemy
Or my dearest friend was near.

Flor. Why, we are here,
Fix't to thy side, thy dearest friend on earth.
If that be all, fear nothing.

Bess. Pardon, sir ;
Both modesty and manners pleads for me,
And I must needs retire.

Flor. Our train attend her :

Let her have all obfervance. By my royalty,
I would not have her taſte the leaſt diſaſter
For more then we can promiſe.

Exit.

Farar. You have onely ſhewed us a rich jewel,
ſir,
And put it in a caſket.

Mant. Of what countrey,
Fortune, or birth, doth ſhe proclaim herſelf ?
For by her garb and language we may gueſſe
She was not bred in *Florence*.

Flor. Seat you, Princes ;
He tell you a ſtrange project.

Enter Spencer and Goodlack.

Spenc. I have walk't the ſtreets, but finde not any
that will make challenge of this jewell. Captain,
now we'll try the Court.

Goodl. Beware of theſe Italians,
They are by nature jealous and revengefull,
Not ſparing the moſt baſeſt opportunity
That may procure your danger.

Spenc. Innocence
Is bold and cannot fear. But ſee the Duke ;
We'll tender him the ſolemnſt reverence
Of travellers and ſtrangers.—Peace, proſperitie,
And all good fates attend your royalty.

Goodl. Behold, w' are two poor Engliſh gentle-
men,
Whom travell hath enforc't through your Dukedom,
As next way to our countrey, proſtrate you
Our lives and ſervice : 'tis not for reward
Or hope of gain we make this tender to you,
But our free loves.

Flor. That which ſo freely comes,
How can we ſcorn ? What are you, gentlemen ?

Mant. He ſpeake for this.

Farar. And I for him,

Well met renowned Englishman,
 Here in the Court of *Florence*. This was he,
 Great Duke, whom fame hath for his valour blazon'd,
 Not onely through *Mantua*,
 But through the spacious bounds of *Italy*,
 Where 'twas shown.

Farar. Hath fame been so injurious to thy merit,
 That this great Court is not already fill'd
 With rumour of their matchless chevalrie ?

Flor. If these be they, as by their outward semblance,
 They promise not much less, fame hath been har-
 binger
 To speak their praise beforehand. Noble gentle-
 men,
 You haue much grac't our Court : we thank you
 for't ;
 And, though no way according to your merits,
 Yet will we strive to cherish such brave spirits.

Spenc. Th' acceptance of our smallest service, sir,
 Is bounty above gold : w' are poor gentlemen,
 And though we cannot, gladly would deserve.

Goodl. 'T as pleas'd these princes to bestow
 on us
 Too great a character and gild our praises
 Far above our deserts.

Flor. That's but your modesty.
 English gentlemen, let fame speak for you.

Farar. Gentlemen of *England*, we pardon you all
 duty ;
 We accept you as our friends and our compa-
 nions :

Such you are, and such we do esteem you.

Spenc. Mighty Prince,
 Such boldnesse wants excuse.

Flor. Come, we'll ha't so.
 Amazement, can it be ? Sure 'tis the self same
 jewell

I gave the English lady : more I view it,
More it confirms my knowledge. Now is no time
To question 'it.—Once more renowned English-
men,
Welcome to us and to these Princes.

Enter Ruffman.

Ruff. Can any man shew me the great Duke of
Florence?

Mer. Behold the Prince.

Ruff. Daigne, thou renowned Duke, to cast thy
eyes

Upon a poor dejected gentleman,
Whom fortune hath dejected even to nothing.
I have nor meat nor money : these rags are all my
riches.

Only necessity compells me claim
A debt owing by you.

Flor. By us ?

Let's know the summe, and how the debt accrues.

Ruff. You have proclaim'd to him could bring the
head

Of the Bandetties Captain, for his reward,
A thousand crowns. Now I being a gentleman,
A traveller, and in want, made this my way
To raise my ruin'd hope.

I singled him, fought with him hand to hand,
And from his bloody shoulders lopt this head.

Flor. Boldly and bravely done. Whate're thou
be,

Thou shalt receive it from our treasure.

Ruff. You shew yourself as fame reports you,
A bounteous Prince, and liberall to all strangers.

Flor. From what country

Do you claim your birth ?

Ruff. From *England*, royall sir.

Flor. These bold Englishmen,

I think are all compos'd of spirit and fire ;
The element of earth hath no part in them.

Mant. If, as you say, from *England*, we retein
Some of your countrey-men. Know you these Gentle-
men ?

Ruff. Let me no longer live in extasie ;
This wonder will confound me : Noble friends,
Bootleffe it were to ask you why, because
I finde you here. Illustrious Duke, you owe
Me nothing now ; to shew me these, is reward
Beyond what you proclaim'd : the rest I pardon.

Flor. What these are we know,
And what thou art we need not question much :
That head though mute can speak it.
Princes, once more receive our royall welcome.
Oh, but the jewell : but of that at leasure ;
Now we cannot stay.—Our train, lead on. *Floriss.*
Exeunt Dukes.

Spenc. Oh, that we three so happily should meet,
And want the fourth.

Ruff. I left her in the hands
Of rape and murther ; whence, except some deity,
'Twas not in the power of man to rescue her.
However, a good office I have done her,
Which even in death her soul will thank me for,
Reveng'd her on that villain.

Goodl. It hath exprest the nobleness of thy spirit ;
For it we still shall owe thee.

Ruff. But what adventure hath prefer'd you,
And brought you thus in grace ?

Goodl. You shall hereafter
Partake of that at large. But, leaving this discourse,
With our joint perswasions let's strive to comfort him,
That's nothing but discomfort.

Ruff. Would I had brought him news of that rare
vertue.

Yet you have never heard of our late shipwrack.

Goodl. *Clem* reported it.

Ruff. How, *Clem*, where's he ?

Goodl. He has got a service hard by, and draws wine.

Ruff. His master may well trust him with his maids ;

For since the Bashaws gelded him, he has learn'd
To run exceeding nimble.

Enter Merchant.

Mer. Sir, 'tis to you, I take it,
My message is directed.
The Duke would have some conference with you,
But it must be in private.

Spenc. I am his servant, still at his command.
Where shall's meet anon.

Goodl. At *Clems.*

Spenc. Content.

Goodl. Where we'll make a due relation of all our
desperate fortunes.

Ruff. 'Tis concluded.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke of Florence and Spencer.

Flor. I Cannot rest till I am fully resolv'd
About this jewell. Sir, we sent to stay you,
And wean you some small season from your friends ;
And you above the rest, because your presence
Doth promise good discourse.

Spenc. Sir, I am all yours.

Flor. How long hath been your sojourn here in
Florence ?

Spenc. Two daies ; no more.

Flor. Have you, since your arrival,
Retain'd no beauteous Mistriffe ? Pardon me,
Sir, that I am come thus near you.

Spenc. On my foul,
Not any, royall Sir.

Flor. Think it my love that I presume thus farre
To question you. Have you observ'd no Ladie
Of speciall note, courted or discourst with any
Within these two daies.

Spenc. Upon my honour, none.

Flor. You are a souldier and a gentleman,
And should speak all truth.

Spenc. If otherwise, I should disclaim my gentry.

Flor. I beleeve you, sir. You have a rich jewell
here,

Worthy a Princes wearing : twere not modestie
To ask you how you came by it, or from whom.

Spenc. Nor can I, Sir, resolve you, if you did ;
But it was cast me by a Lady, of whom,
As then I took small notice of, my minde
Being troubled.

Flor. 'Tis even so.

Spenc. Perhaps your grace, by knowing of this
jewell,

May know the beauteous flinger, and so you might
Engage me deeply to acquaint me with her,
To prove her gratefull debtor.

Flor. No such thing,
You know none in this city ?

Spenc. Worse then scorn,
Or ful disgrace befall me if I know
Any you can call woman.

Flor. Be not moved ;
I spoke but this in sport. Sure this strange Lady,
Casting her eye upon this Gentleman,
Grew straight of him inamour'd, which makes her

Keep off from my embraces ; but Ile found all,
Yet my own wrongs prevent. Sir, I staid you,
But to another purpose, to commit
A weighty secret to you.

Spenc. Wer't of millions,
I'de prove your faithfull steward.

Flor. I have a Mistriffe that I tender dearer
Then mine own eyes—Observe me, dearer sir,
Whom neither courtship moves, favours can work,
Nor no preferment tempt.

Spence. How rich were he
Could call himself lord of such a jewell.

Flor. My intreaties, friends, perswasions, impor-
tunities
Of my chaste ladies cannot prevail at all.
Now would I chose a stranger, selecting thee,
To bear to her these few lines which contain
The substance of my minde.

Spenc. And Sir, I shall.

Flor. In thy aspect
I read a fortune that should destine me
To strange felicities. Wilt thou be faithfull ?

Spenc. As to my soul.

Flor. But thou shalt swear before thou undertak'st
it,
(Though I suspect not falsehood in thy visage)
Not once to cast on her an amorous look,
Speak to her no familiar syllable,
Not to embrace her, nor to kisse her hand,
Nor her free lip by no means.

Spenc. Well, I swear.

Flor. But that's not all.
Swear, by thy faith and thy religion,
Not to taste the least small favour for thyself,
Touch, or come near her bosome ; for, fair stranger,
I love her above measure, and that love
Makes me thus jealous.

Spenc. By my honesty,
Faith, and religion, without free release

From your own lips, all this will I perform.

Flor. And so return the richest Englishman,
That ever pierst our Dukedom. Instantly
Thou shalt about thy task. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bessie, Merchant.

Bessie. You have tir'd our ears with your long discourse :

Leave us to rest.

Mer. Dream on your best desires.

Bessie. If at some half houre hence you visit us,
We shall be free for language.

Mer. Soft rest with you.

Bessie. If my soft sleepe presents me any shadow,
Oh, let it be my *Spencers* : him whom waking
I cannot see, I may in dreams perhaps
Converse with. My sudden bleeding and my drowfinesse,
Should not preface me good. Pity Heaven the
Duke

Prove loyall to mine honour : Howsoever
Death will end all ; and I presume on this
'Tis way to *Spencer*, and my haven of blifs.

Shee lies to sleep.

Enter Spencer.

Spenc. What beauty should this be, on whom the
Duke

Is grown so jealous ? Sure 'tis some rare piece.
He told me she was fairer

Then I could either judge, or yet imagine.

Would *Bessie* were here, to wager beauties with her,
For all my hopes in *England*. This is the Chamber.

Ha, thus far off she seems to promise well,

Ile take a nearer and more free survey :

This taper shall assist me. Fail my eyes ?

Or meet I nothing else but prodigies ?

Oh heavens, it is my *Bess*. Oh, sudden rapture !
Let me retire to more considerate thoughts.
What should I think, but presently to wake her,
And, being mine, to seize her where I find her ?
Oh, but mine oath, that I should never, never
Lie with her being my wife, nor kiss her, touch her,
Speak to her one familiar syllable.
Can oaths binde thus ? My honesty, faith, and religion,
Are all engag'd ; there's no dispencc for them.
And yet, in all this conflict to remember
How the Duke prais'd her vertue, chastitie,
And constancie, whom nothing could corrupt,
Adds to my joyes. But on the neck of this,
It laies a double torture on my life,
First to forswear, then leave so fair a wife.

She starts.

Bess. I am all distraction. In my sleep
I saw him : could I but behold him waking,
That were a heaven. Ha,
Do I dream still ? or was I born to see
Nothing but strange illusions. *Spencer* : Love.

Spenc. I am neither.

Bess. Thou hast his shape, his gate, his face, his language ;
Onely these words of thine, and strange behaviour,
Never came from him. Let me embrace thee.

Spenc. No.

Bess. Then kiss me.

Spenc. No.

Bess. Yet speak me fair.

Spenc. I cannot.

Bess. Look on me.

Spenc. I must not, I will not. Fare thee well :
Yet first read that.

Bess. I have read too much already,
Within thy change of looks.

Spenc. Oh me my oath :
Ide chop off this right hand to cancell it.

Befs. But if not now, when then ?

Spenc. Never.

Befs. Not kisse me ?

Spenc. No.

Befs. Not fold mee in thine arms ?

Spenc. Not.

Befs. Nor cast a gracious look upon thy *Besse* ?

Spenc. I dare not.

Befs. Never.

Spenc. No ; never.

Befs. Oh, I shall die. *She fwoonds.*

Spenc. She faints ; and yet I dare not for my oath,

Once to support her ; dies before mine eies,

And yet I must not call her back to life.

Where is the Duke ? Some help, no Ladies nigh ?

Are you all, all asleep or dead,

Ther's no more noife in Court ?

Enter Duke and his train.

Flor. Ha, what's the business, noble friend, what news ?

How speed you with my Mistrisse ?

Spenc. You may see

There on the ground, half in the grave already.

So fare you well :

What grief mine is, those that love best can tell.

Flor. Support her. Speak, love : look up, divinest Mistrisse.

Befs. You said you would not speak, nor look, nor touch

Your *Besse*.

Flor. Who, I ?

By all my hopes, I ne're had such a thought.

Befs. Oh, I mistook.

Flor. Why do's you look so gashly about the room ?

Whom do your eyes enquire for ?

Befs. Nothing ; nay, no body.

Flor. Why do you weep ?

Befs. Hath some new love possest him, and excluded

Me from his bosome ? Can it be possible ?

Flor. All leave the chamber.

Befs. But Ile be so reveng'd as never woman was :

Ile be a president to all wives hereafter,
How to pay home their proud neglectfull husbands ;
'Tis in my way ; I've power, and Ile do it.

Flor. What is't offends you ?

Befs. 'Tis you have don't.

Flor. Wee ?

Befs. If you be the Prince,
Ther's but one man I hate above all the world,
And you have sent him to torment me here.

Flor. What satisfaction shall I make thee for't ?

Befs. This, and this onely. If you have any interest

In him, or power above him : if you be a Prince
In your own countrey, have command and rule
In your own dominions, freely resigne his person
And his state solely to my disposeure.

Flor. But whence grows
The ground of such inveterate hate ?

Befs. All circumstance to omit,
He, and onely he ravish't me from my countrey :
He was the cause of all my afflictions,
Tempests, shipwrack, fears. I never had just cause
Of care and grief but he was author of it.
Speak, is he mine ?

Flor. What interest I can claim, either by oath ?
Or promise, thou art Commandresse of.

Befs. Then I am yours ;
And to morrow, in the publike view of all
The stranger Princes, Courtiers, and Ladies,
I will expresse myself. This night I intreat
I may repose my self in my own lodging
For private meditations.

Flor. What we have promist,
Is in our purpose most irrevocable,
And so we hope is yours.

Befs. You may presume, my lord.

Flor. Conduct this Lady to her chamber:
Let her have all observance.—We will lay
Our strict command on him, lest he should leave
Our city before our summons: 'tis to-morrow, then,
Shall happy thee, make us most blest of men.

Exit Duke.

Befs. Now shall I quite him home. Th' ingrate
shall know,
'Tis above patience to be injur'd so.

Mer. Will you walk, lady, or take your coach?

Befs. That we the streets more freely may survey,
We'll walk along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clem with his pots.

Clem. Let me see, three quarts, two pottles, one
gallon, and a pinte; one pinte, two quarts more, then
I have my load: thus are we that are under-journey-
men put too't. Oh the fortune of the seas; never
did man that marries a whore so cast himself away, as
I had been like i'th last tempest: yet nothing vexes
me so much, that after all my travels, no man that
meets me but may say, and say very truly, I am now
no better then a pot companion.

Enter Bessie, Merchant.

Befs. That should be *Clem* my man.—Give me
some gold.—
Here, firra; drink this to the health
Of thy old Mistris.—Vther on:
We have more serious things to think upon.

Clem. Mistris *Bessie*, Mistris *Elizabeth*, 'tis she.
Ha, gold: hence, pewter pots; Ile be a pewter
porter no longer. My mistris turn'd gallant; and shall

I do nothing but run up-staires and down staires with, Anon, anon, fir? No; I have gold, and anon will be as gallant as the proudest of them. Shall I stand at the Bar to bar any mans casting that drinks hard? No; Ile send these pots home by some porter or other, put myself into a better habit, and say, The case is altered: then will I go home to the bush where I drew wine, and buy out my time, and take up my Chamber; be served in pomp by my fellow prentifes.

I will presently thither,

Where I will flaunt it in my Cap and my Feather.

Enter Goodlack, Spencer, Ruffman.

Goodl. You tell us of the strangest wonderment
That ever came within the compas of my know-
ledge.

Spenc. I tell you but what's true.

Goodl. It cannot finde example. Did you leave
her

In those extremities of passion?

Spenc. I think dying, or the next way to death.

Goodl. To chear you,
The Dukes own witnesse of her constancy
And vertue, arm'd against all temptations,
Part of your griefs should lessen.

Spenc. Rather friend,
Augment my passions, to be forc'd to lose
And quite abjure so sweet a bedfellow.
Oh, it breeds more distraction.

Goodl. Wer't my cause,
Ide to the Duke, and claim her; beg for justice,
And through the populous court clamour my wrongs,
If he detain her from you.

Spenc. But my oath
Ties me from that. I have quite abjur'd her;
I have renounc'd her freely; cast her off;
Disclaim'd her quite: I can no more
Interest claim in her, then *Goodlack*

Thou, or *Ruffman* thou.

Goodl. 'Tis most strange, let's examine all our brains

How this may be avoided.

Ruff. How now *Clem*, you loyter here, the house is full of guests, and you are extreemly call'd for.

Clem. You are deceived my Lieutenant, Ile assure you, you speak to as good a man as myself. Do you want any money ?

Goodl. Canst thou lend me any ?

Clem. Look ; I am the lord of these mines, of these Indies.

Ruff. How camest thou by them ?

Clem. A delicate sweet Lady, meeting me i' th street, like an Ass groaning under my heavy burthen, and being inamour'd of my good parts, gave me this gold. If you think I lie, examine all these pots, whose mouthes, if they could speak, would say as much in my behalf. But if you want any money, speak in time ; for if I once turn Courtier again, I will scorn my poor friends, look scurvily upon my acquaintance, borrow of all men, be beholding to any man, and acknowledge no man ; and my Motto shall be, *Base is the man that paies.*

Ruff. But *Clem*, how camest thou by this gold ?

Clem. News, news, though not the lost sheep, yet the lost shrew is found—my Mistress, Mistress *Elizabeth*, 'tis she. She, meeting me i' th street, seeing I had a pot or two too much, gave me ten pounds in a purse to pay for it, *Ecce signum.*

Enter a Lord.

Lord. The Duke hath summond your appearance,
Gentlemen,

And laies his power of love, not of command,
To visit him in Court.

Clem. I am put into the number, too.—If he be a tall man, tell him we will attend his highnesse.

Lord. Fellow, my language was not aim'd at you.

Clem. But, fir, Ile make bold to come at first bidding.

Lord. Sir, your reward stays for you at Court, For bringing of the outlaw'd Captain's head : There's order tane for 't from the treasurie.

Ruff. The Duke is just and royal. We'll attend you.

Clem. And Ile go furnish myself with some better accoutriments, and Ile be with you to bring presently.

Enter Florence, Mantua, and Farara.

Mant. There is not in your looks renowned

Florence,

That sommers calme, and sweet alacritie
That was wont there to shine : a winters storm
Sits threatening on your discontented brow.
May we desire the cause.

Flor. Which you shall know.

Princes, the fierce and bloody moors, have late
Committed outrage on our seas, especially
One mightie Bashaw, 'gainst whom w' have sent
Petro Deventuro, one of our best Sea Captains ;
And till we hear of his successe w' are bard
Of much content.

Enter Merchant.

Mer. My lord, good news. *Petro Deventuro* is return'd,

With happy victory, and many noble prisoners,
And humbly laies his conquest at your feet.

Enter Petro, Bashaw.

Flor. *Petro*, welcome. This thy service shall not

die unrewarded. Freely relate the manner of thy sea fight.

Petro. Then thus, great Duke.
This noble Bashaw : noble I must call him,
For he deserves that worthy attribute,
Did lord o're these our seas, appointed well ;
Laden with many a rich and golden spoil,
Not weak to us in number ; being in ken,
We had him and his Gallies straight in chase :
Hè ne're set sail, or fled : afar our ordnance plaid :
Coming more near, our muskets and our small shot,
Like showers of hail begun the slaughter ;
There this Bashaw then perceiving straight
That he must either yeeld or die, his semiter
He pointed to his breast, thinking thereon
To perish, had not my coming staid him.

Ioffer. Nor think, bold Christian,
That I can commend, or thank thee for't ;
For who that's noble will not prize brave death
Before a slavish bondage : had I died
By mine own hand, 't had been a soldiers pride.

Flor. Although a prisoner captive and a Moor,
Yet use him like the noblest of his nation.
And now withdraw with him, till we
Determine of his ranfome.

Exit.

*Enter Merchant and Bessie : also Spencer, Ruffman,
Goodlack.*

Mer. Way there for the Dukes Mistriffe.

Spenc. Ha, the Dukes Mistris, said he ?

Goodl. It was harsh.

Bessie. Keep off : we would have no such rubs as
these,

Trouble our way, but have them swept aside,
A company of base companions,
To do no reverence to a Princes Mistris.

Spenc. Heare you that ?

Mer. Give back : you trouble the presence.

Goodl. This cannot be *Besse*, but some *Furie* hath stoln her shape.

Ruff. It seems strange.

Spenc. But unto me most horrid.

Bess. Great Duke, I come to keep my promise with you, if you keep your word with me.

Flor. These kinde regreets are unto me more welcome

Then my late victory got at sea.

Will 't please you take your seat ?

Mer. Is not yon *Spencer*, and that the Captain of the *Negro* ?

Spenc. What shall we next behold ?

Flor. Yet are you mine ?

Bess. From all the world, great *Florence*, witnesse this,

You ne're had yet a voluntary kifs.

Spenc. 'Sfoot I could tear my hair off.

Flor. Second your kindnesse : let these Princes see

Your tempting lips solely belong to me.

Bess. There's one again. It surfets me 'bove measure,

To be a Princes darling, and choice treasure.

Spenc. Hold me, *Goodlack*, or I shall break out Into some dangerous outrage.

Goodl. Shew in this your wisdom, and quite suppress your fury.

Flor. Princes, I fear you have mistook yourselves In these two strangers ; for I have little hope To finde them worthy your great character.

Mant. There must be great presumption that must force belief to that.

Farar. Nay more then presumptions, proofs, Or they will win small credit.

Flor. You had from us Lady, a costly jewel ; It cost ten thousand crowns : speak, can you shew it ?

Bess. I kept it chary

As mine own heart, because it came from you ;
 But hurrying through the freet, some cheating fellow
 Snatcht it from my arm, therefore, my fuit is,
 With whomfo'e're the jewell may be found,
 The slave may die.

Flor. His sentence thine, we never will revoke it.
 Our Merchant, search all our Courtiers, and such
 Strangers as are within our Court.

Mer. Here's one of no mean lustre that this
 Gentleman wears in his hat.

Flor. Reach it the Lady.

Goodl. This cannot be *Besse Bridges*, but some
Medusa,
 Chang'd into her lively portrature.

Besse. Princes, the thief is found. What e're he
 be,

That's guilty of this felony, I beg
 That I may be his sentencer.

Flor. Thou shalt.

Besse. If you have any intrest in his blood,
 His oaths, or vows, freely resigne them, him
 And all at my dispose.

Flor. Have we not don't'?

Farar. Who can with the least honour speak for
 him,
 The theft being so apparant ?

Clem. Now if she should challenge me with the
 purse she gave me, and hang me up for my labour, I
 should curse the time that ever I was a courtier.

Besse. Let me descend ; and ere I judge the
 Fellow,

Survay him first. 'Tis pittie ; for it seems
 He hath an honest face. ' *The word was never.*

Goodl. What, *Besse*, forget yourself ?

Besse. An indifferent proper man, and take these
 courtes.

*You said you would not speak, nor look upon, nor touch
 your Besse.*

Spenc. I could be a new *Sinon*, and betray

A second *Troy*, rather then suffer this.

Besse. Good outward parts ; but in a forraign
clime,

Shame your owne country. *Never think of that.*

Spenc. I fear my heart will break,

It doth so struggle for eruption forth.

Flor. When do you speak his sentence, Lady ?

Besse. You'll confirm 't, whate'er it be.

Flor. As we are Prince, we will.

Besse. Set forth the prisoner.

Mer. Stand forward Englishman.

Bess. Then hear thy doom, I give thee back thy
life,

And in thy arms throw a most constant wife.

If thou hast rashly sworn, thy oaths are free,

Th' art mine by gift, I give myself to thee.

Flor. Lady, we understand not this.

Bess. Shall I make it plain ?

This is, great Duke, my husband,

Whose vertues even the barbarous Moors admir'd.

This the man for whom a thousand dangers I've en-
dur'd ;

Of whom the most approved Croniclers

Might write a golden legend.

Mer. My lord, I know that Gentleman

For *Spencer*, and her husband ; for mine eyes

Saw them espous'd in *Fesse*. That gentleman

As I take it, was Captain of the *Negro* ;

Th' other his Lieutenant.

Clem. And do not you know me ?

Mer. Not I, sir.

Clem. I am Bashaw of *Barbarie* : by the same
token I could certain precious stones to purchase the
place.

Flor. Lady, you told us he was the author
Of all your troubles, cares, and fears.

Besse. I told true : his love was cause of all,
It drew me from my Countrey in his quest,
When I despair'd : and finding him in *Fesse*,

Oh do but think, great Duke, if e're you lov'd,
 What might have bought him from you. Had my
Spencer

Been an *Euridice*, I would have plaid
 The *Orpheus*, and found him out in hell.

Flor. We now perceive
 The cause of all these errours, his unkindnesse,
 Grounded on his rash oath, which we release ;
 And all those vertues, honours, and renowns,
 Which e'ne the barbarous Moors seem'd to admire,
 Wee'll dignifie, and raise their suffrage higher.

All. *Florence* is honourable.

Flor. Bring in the Bashaw, call *Venturo* forth.

Enter Joffer, Venturo.

Joff. Duke, I am prisoner ;
 Put me to rancome or to death ; but to death, rather ;
 For methinks, a foldier should not outlive bondage.

Spenc. Bashaw *Joffer* ?
 Leave my embraces, *Besse* ; for I of force am cast
 Into his arms. My noble friend ?

Joff. I know you not, and I could wish you
 did not know me, now I am a prisoner, a wretch,
 a captive, and such a one as I would not have my
 friends to know. I pray stand off.

Spenc. Because you are in durance,
 Should I not know you ? no :
 For then the noblest mindes should friends best know.
 Have you forgot me, Sir ?

Joff. No : were I in freedome, and my princely
 honours,
 I should then be proud to call you *Spencer*,
 And my friend ; but now

Spenc. An English vertue thou shalt try,
 That for my life once didst not fear to die.
 That for this noble office done to me,
 Embrace him, *Besse*, dear *Goodlack*, and the rest,
 Whilst to this Prince I kneel. This was the Bashaw,

King *Mullisheg* made him great Viceroy of Argiers,
I know not, Prince, how he is faln so low ;
But if my self, my friends, and "all my fortunes
May redeem him home, unto my naked skin
Ile sell myself: and if my wealth will not
Amount so much, Ile leave myself in hostage.

Far. 'Tis the part of a most noble friend.

Mant. And in these times worthy admiration.

Flor. I wonder not the Moors so grac'd this
nation,

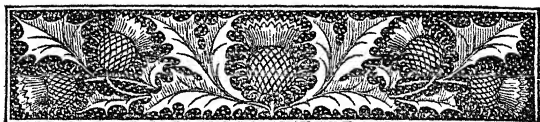
If all the English equall their vertues.

For this brave stranger, so indear'd to thee,
Passe to thy country, ransomlesse and free.

All. Royall in all things is the Duke of *Florence*.

Foff. Such honour is not found in *Barbarie*.
The vertue in these Christians hath converted me,
Which to the world I can no longer smother,
Accept me then a Christian and a brother.

Flor. Princes, these unexpected novelties,
Shall add unto the high solemnity
Of your best welcome. Worthy Englishman,
And you, the mirrour of your sex and nation,
Fair English *Elizabeth*, as well for vertue
As admired beautie, we will give you cause,
Ere you depart our Court, to say great *Fesse*
Was either poor, or else not bountifull.
Bashaw, we'll honour your conversion
With all due rites. But for you beauteous Lady,
Thus much in your behalf we do proclaim,
The fairest Maid ne'er pattern'd in her life,
So fair a Virgin, and so chaste a wife.



Epilogue.

S Till the more glorious that the creatures
be,
They in their native goodnesse are more free
To things below them ; so the Sun we find
Vnpartially to shine on all mankind,
Denying light to none. And you we may
Great King, most justly call our Light, our
Day :
Whose glorious 'course may never be quite
run,
Whilst earth hath Soveraigne, or the heaven
a Sun.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE I

The Fayre Mayde of the Exchange.

This play, together with the tragi-comedy of *Fortune by Land and Sea*, was edited by Mr. Barron Field for the Shakespeare Society in 1846.

PAGE 4.

And proud quothurnicke action shall devise
From *cothurnus*, the buskin.

PAGE 10.

Enter Mall Berry.

In the days when this play was written, all words of one syllable, written with an *a*, had the broad pronunciation which we now give to those spelt with an *o*; a custom still retained in Scotland and the North of England. "Mall" was therefore pronounced as it is now written "Moll."

PAGE 17.

ile have one venny with her tongue.
i. e. a fence, encounter, passage of arms, thrust.

Ib.

yonder wad of groanes.
A *wad* is a bundle.

PAGE 20.

What's her haire? faith two Bandora wiars, ther's not the simile.

A bandora was a guitar (see Hawkins's *History of Music*, III. 345); and, however strange this similitude may now seem, ladies'

hair was often compared to wires by the Elizabethan poets
Thus Lodge, in *England's Parnassus* :—

“ Her hair not truſs'd, but ſcatter'd on her brow,
Surpaſſing Hybla's honey for the view,
Or ſoften'd *golden wires*.”

And Carew :—

“ I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy moſt curious hair,
Tho' the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threads of lawn.”

PAGE 20.

*ſhall I deſie hat-bands, and tread
garters and ſhoe-ſtrings under my feet.*

Frank has given us this deſcription of a lover's habits before (p. 16), in almoſt the ſame words. It conſiſts in a general indifference to the ligatures of dreſs, and an exchange of the foppery of neck-ruffs for the plainneſs of falling bands, ſuch as divines, lawyers, and charity boys now wear. “ Ruffin ” (ruffian) “ is,” Mr. Barron Field thinks, “ a poor pun. There is,” he adds, “ a good deal of humour in ‘ ſhoo-ſtrings ſo and ſo ’ (p. 21) ; as if Frank had exhausted the eloquence of his paſſion.”

The hatband was a very diſtinguiſhing feature of the nobility and gentry of thoſe times, on the adornment of which comparatively large ſums were expended.

PAGE 21.

well Crowde, what ſay you to Fiddle now ?
It is well known that a Crowd is a Fiddle.

PAGE 22.

hee intreates me to meet him at the ſtarre in cheapſide.

The firſt edition reads “ Cheape,” ſo that during the thirty years that elapſed between that and the republication, the place probably received its later and preſent cognomen.

It.

maſter Fiddle is my name, ſir Laurence Syro was my Father.

So both the old editions : Mr. Barron Field reads “ Sir Laurence Lyre.”

PAGE 24.

CRIP. *What firra didst thou lie in the Knights ward, or on the Masters side?*

BOW. *Neither, neither yfaith.*

CRIP. *Where then, in the Hole?*

Three different departments of a prison, in which debtors were confined, according to their ability to pay for their accommodation. All three are described by Fenner in the *Compters Commonwealth* (1617). So in *The Miserie of Inforced Marriage* "I was inforced from the Mitre in Bread-Street, to the Counter in the Poultry ; for mine owne part, if you shall think it meet, and that it shall accord with the state of gentry, to submit myself from the featherbed in the master's side, or the flock-bed in the Knight's ward, to the straw-bed in the hole, I shall buckle to my heels, instead of gilt spurs, the armour of patience and do't."

PAGE 26.

your shilling prov'd but a harper.

i. e. an Irish shilling, worth only nnepence.

PAGE 29.

thus, thus, thou shouldst have railde :

The forfeit of his bond, &c.

The later edition of 1637 reads "raide" without the colon ; and Mr. Barron Field adopts this reading, we think somewhat too hastily. The reader will observe that the Cripple has already given vent in the previous page to the exclamation, "The forfeit of his bond !" The word "railde," as it stands in the first edition, is fully appropriate ; the Cripple has been teaching Master Berry how to *rail* with a vengeance : whereas to "raide the forfeit" is not a very intelligible expreffion.

PAGE 30.

Why then attend you Hilles and Dales, and stones so quicke of hearing.

This sounds very like two lines of an old song.

PAGE 31.

I should be now devising sentences

And Caveats, for posteritie to carve

Vpon the inside of the Counter wall.

Sentences are fententious maxims, and *caveats* are cautions to

posterity against running into debt or becoming surety, such as imprisoned debtors scribble on their walls.

PAGE 32.

At length impald Loue with a Laurell wreath.

And later on :

Till some faire saint impale him with a crowne.

So Shakespeare in 3 King Henry VI., III. 2 :—

“ Until my misshap’d trunk, that beares this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.”

PAGE 34.

farre off, and ne’re the neere.

The proverb is, *Early up, and never the nearer* ; but in old plays it is generally printed, “ ne’er the near,” whether for verse or for prose. Our forefathers often flurred the letter *r*. They called it the dog’s letter. “ Ne’er the near ” made a better jingle : for there is little doubt that both words were then pronounced (as they were frequently written) alike. See *King Richard II.* act v. sc. 1 :—

“ Better far off, than, near, be near the near.”

It was to avoid the *r* that *more* was called *moe*.

PAGE 35.

Will I write downe in bloody Characters

That is, in letters written with his own blood, as extravagant lovers used to do.

PAGE 54.

I will intimate her mother

In my behalfe.

This is a very unusual sense of the verb to “ intimate ; ” but it is countenanced by the following passage from Spenser’s *Faerie Queene*, booke vi. canto 3, stanza 12

“ So conspiring gan to intimate
Each other’s grieve with zeale affectionate.”

PAGE 55:

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steed
Come sit thee downe where never serpent hisses
And being set ile smother thee with kisses.

From Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*, stanza 3. The reader

will scarcely require to be told that most of the other quotations on this page are from the same poem, of whose popularity they afford strong evidence.

PAGE 56.

ile beare the bucklers hence away.

Clypeum abjicere was the Roman phrase for to yield. To bear them away is therefore to conquer.

PAGE 57.

'tis most tolerable, and not to be endured.

The later edition of 1637 reads "intolerable;" but in Shakespeare's comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*, which was first printed in 1600, seven years before the present play, Dogberry says (act. 3, sc. 3), "for the watch to babble and talk *is most tolerable and not to be endured.*" There is little doubt that Heywood intended to raise a laugh by repeating a well-known blunder of this popular character of his great contemporary; and that whoever made the alteration in the later edition had forgotten or knew nothing of the allusion.

PAGE 69.

What are you cursing too? then we catch no fish:

Comes there any more, here's two Snights to a dish.

Mr. Barron Field reads "two *Knights* to a dish!" "Both the original copies," he says, "have '*Snights*,' an obvious misprint. But I have never met with this proverbial phrase before. Two knights on one horse we have heard of."

PAGE 73.

For all thou hast borne Bowdler still in hand.

*"Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, with the hope of action."*

Measure for Measure, I.

— "Whereat grieved

That fo his sickness, age, and impotence

Was falsely borne in hand."—*Hamlet*, ii. 2.

In Dr. Walter Pope's *Life of Bishop Seth Ward* (1697, p. 104), is the following passage:—"My lord, I might bear you in hand,

a western phrase, signifying to delay or keep in expectation, and feed you with promises, or at least hopes," &c.

PAGE 89.

A Woman Kild with Kindness.

This play, together with *The Royall King and the Loyall Subject*, was printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1850, with an Introduction and Notes by Mr. Payne Collier. When editing this play Mr. Collier had not access to the first edition, but made use of the third (published in 1617). Although a few cancels were afterwards issued, the errors that arose were only in part rectified, and this play is even more unreliable in text than others of Heywood published by the same Society.

PAGE 93.

The shaking of the sheetes.

This was the name of a very popular tune, to which many ballads of the time were written : it was called *The Shaking of the Sheet, or the Dance of Death* ; and a full account of it may be seen in Chappell's *National English Airs*.

PAGE 94.

Then my imperfect beauty.

"Clearly wrong, according to the next line," says Mr. Collier, who reads "beauties."

PAGE 97.

The tunes here mentioned, such as "Rogeró," "The beginning of the World," "John, come kifs me now," "Tom Tiler," "The hunting of the Fox," &c., were well known, and are often mentioned in old writers ; and those who wish to learn all that is now known about them, have only to consult Chappell's *National English Airs*. We do not recollect that "Put on your smock on Monday" is mentioned elsewhere, but nothing can well be more common than notices of "Sellenger's Round."

PAGE 99.

Rebecke her not.

Here, and afterwards, we have a curious collection of the terms used in falconry, which are not now very intelligible, such,

particularly, as "at the querre" and "at the ferre:" "jeffes" are more common, and are mentioned in *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

PAGE 110.

Sir you are much beholding to my husband.

This was the almost invariable mode of expression; and Shakespeare constantly so uses the word, though his editors have as constantly substituted *beholden*. The active participle is required, and the substitution of the passive is not merely unnecessary, but grammatically wrong.

PAGE 113.

Since he came miching first into our house.

i.e., since he came *sneaking* or *stealing* first into our house. This very applicable line has not been quoted by the commentators on *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

PAGE 121.

A paire of Cards.

Or, as we now say, a *pack* of cards. The expression was then common.

PAGE 127.

You play best at Noddy.

The enumeration of games at cards in this scene, and the application of them to the business of the play, are remarkable. They are Noddy, Double-ruff, Knave out of doors, Lodam, Saint, Post-and-pair, and Vide-ruff, which last is the game chosen. Most of these are described in Mr. Singer's work upon Playing-cards, and it is needless to enter into any explanation of them here.

PAGE 132.

to be more remisse.

* The sense is that Frankford might induce his brother to be "more remis," or less vigorous, in his hard dealing with Sir Charles Mountford.

PAGE 143.

Some barbarous Out-law, or uncivil Kerne.

The word "kern," is here employed to signify generally an

uncivilized person : it is usually applied to the wild and savage inhabitants of Ireland, and occurs often in Shakspeare.

PAGE 147.

or Rebato wier.

i.e., a wire to stiffen or set a rebato, which was the name for a species of ruff worn round the neck, and frequently mentioned by old writers.

PAGE 154.

Enter Miltris Frankford, in her bed.

In the simplicity and poverty of our ancient stage, it often happened that a bed was thrust upon the scene, in order that it might represent a sleeping-room instead of a sitting-room. In this instance, Mrs. Frankford was in the bed, when it was brought before the audience.

PAGE 159.

THE FOURE PRENTISES OF LONDON, 1615.

In Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, printed in 1613, which, as Warton maintained, was intended to ridicule this play, occurs the following allusion to it :—"Read the play of the Four Prentises, where they tofs their pikes so." Mr. Gilchrist thought it evident from this that there was an earlier edition of the *Four Prentises* than that of 1615 ; though no such edition has hitherto been discovered. "If we are to understand Fletcher literally," he says, the words quoted "must necessarily refer to an earlier copy than the one here printed from. Heywood's preface to the *Four Prentises* informs us that it was written as early at least as 1600, and Warton seems to refer to an edition of 1612.

PAGE 169.

I left my Tankard to guard the Conduit.

In Stow's *Annales* (1631) we learn that "it was the general use and custome of all apprentizes of London, mercers only excepted, to carry the water tankerd, to serve their masters, from the Thames, and the common conduits of London."

PAGE 178.

may bring them altogether.

The edition of 1632 reads, "may bring them once to meet."

PAGE 181.

To giue mee hunts-up.

The *hunts-up* was the name of a tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together.

PAGE 183.

Take possession of them in Gods name, that came to vs in the devils name.

The later edition reads, *in Jove's name*. The name of "God" is, indeed, carefully eliminated from the edition of 1632, and replaced by "Heaven," "Jove," as in the present instance, or some other synonym. As a general rule, we have restored the reading of 1615.

Ib.

And yee shall do me an exceeding grace.

The edition of 1632 reads "pleasure."

PAGE 192.

Make legs, and curt'ies.

The edition of 1615 reads "cringes."

Ib.

You share with me in love.

The earlier Edition reads "end."

PAGE 196.

What meane these hafty Princes thus to iarre.

The Edition of 1632 reads "Christian Princes."

PAGE 198.

Go on, by heauen you shall.

"Go on, indeed you shall." Ed. 1632.

PAGE 204.

I thus : tis easier sport then the Balooe.

i.e., football *Balon*, Fr. In the time of Heywood this was a princely amusement, as we learn from Prince Henry's orders for his highnes Court, given at Richmond, the 16th October, 1610, in which he enjoins, "that when he is himself at the tennys play, *the ballon*, or such exercife, two of his guards be presently appointed to attend about the dore until his departure thence."

PAGE 204.

Robert and the Palatine cast their Warders.

Warders appear to have been a kind of truncheons carried by the person who presided at these single combats. On its being thrown down, both the parties were obliged to cease fighting. So, in the account given by Hall of the duel between the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Hereford, it is said, "The Duke of Norffolke was not full fet forward when the King cast doune his *warder*; and the herauldes cried ho, ho. Then the King caused their speres to be taken from them."

PAGE 205.

bard and kept from loues satiety.

The Edition of 1632 reads "*society*." We take it, however, that *satiety* is used in the sense of satisfaction; and that "*society*" does not by any means imply what is here meant.

. PAGE 213.

Our gownes to armour, and our shels to plumes.

Warburton observes that the chief places of devotion being beyond the sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion.

PAGE 229.

Which Titus and Vespasian once brake downe:

Henslowe, in his Diary, under date the 11th April, 1591, mentions the performance of a play called *Titus and Vespasian*.

PAGE 241.

Be thine the Guidon.

A standard, ensign, or banner, under which a troop of men of arms serve.

Ib.

The Camifado shall be given by me.

(From the Spanish, *Cameisa*, a shirt :) a sudden assaulting, or surprisal of the enemy; so termed, because the soldiers who execute it most commonly wear *shirts* over their armour, or take their enemies in their shirts.

PAGE 242.

Captaine of the Spyons.

Espions, Fr. spies, troops of observation.

Trench Maisters, and carriage Maisters.

Digges in his *Stratagems* (1590) says that the trench-master "hath commaundement over all the pioners, and is to give direction particularly for all earth workes (whether they be trenches for inclosing the camp, or sconces to be made against the enemy, or defences for the artillerie." The office of the carriage-master "is chiefly to see good order observed both in the marching and lodging of the carriages, that they clog not up the wayes, nor hinder another in marching."

Ib.

*Stockadoes, Palizadoes, stop their waters.
Bulwarkes and Curtaines all are batterd downe
And we are safe entrencht by Pyoners.
Our Cafe-mates, Cavaliers, and Counterscarfes,
Are well suruey'd by all our Enginers.
Fortifications, Ramparts, Parapets.*

Palizadoes are a defence, or wall of pales, or stakes, or the pointed stakes in a fortification, which hinder the enemy from scaling the work. The term is also used for great posts set up in the entry to a camp for a defence against great shot.

Curtains are that part of the wall or rampart that lies between two bastions.

Casemates (from the Fr *chasmate*), "a loop-hole in a fortified wall to shoot out at;" or in fortification, a place in a ditch out of which to plague the assailants.

Cavaliers in fortification are heaps or masses of earth, raised in a fortress to lodge the cannon for scouring the field, or opposing a commanding work. These cavaliers are sometimes of a round, sometimes of a square figure, the top being bordered with a parapet to cover the cannon therein mounted. A *Cavalier* is sometimes called a double bastion.

A *Counterscarf*, or *contramure*, is an out-wall compassing the walls of the city, and placed before them for the more safe-guard.

A *parapet* is a wall or defence breast high, on the upper part of a rampire, to defend from the enemies' shot.

A notable dissembling lad, a Cracke.

Tyrwhitt says "this is an old Icelandic word, signifying a boy

or child. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called Hrolf, was surnamed *Krake*. The word is often used by the Elizabethan dramatists. So in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat* (act i. sc. 1) :

“ Here's a *crack* !

I think they suck this knowledge in their milk.”

PAGE 255.

The Faire Maid of the West.

The two Parts of this play were printed for the Shakespeare Society, with an Introduction and Notes by Mr. Payne Collier, in 1850.

PAGE 260.

This list is prefixed to the old copy, and we have not in any respect varied from what we may suppose to have been the author's arrangement of the characters of his play. Of the performers, whose names follow the parts they represented, such particulars as have come down to us have been collected and printed by the Shakespeare Society.

Ib.

The Earl of Effex going to Cales.

“ Cales ” was the old mode of spelling *Cadiz* ; and it is often necessary to preserve it for the sake of the measure of the verse. The Earl of Effex, strictly speaking, was not “ going to Cales ” this voyage ; for the Expedition to Cadiz had been sent out in the preceding year. The expedition of 1597 was against the Azores, and the Spanish East and West India fleets : it was commonly called “ the Island voyage.”

PAGE 261.

Prologue.

The Prologue and Epilogue (see p. 424) to the *Faire Maid of the West*, appear in a corrected form in the Prologues and Epilogues included in Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*. Lond. 1637, pp. 236—237. The text of the two versions has been carefully collated, and what seemed to be the preferable reading has been adopted where they differ.

PAGE 263.

When puts my Lord to Sea ?

The lord spoken of as about to put to sea, when the wind

should be fair, was, of course, the Earl of Effex, the great and unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who was appointed leader of the expedition of 1597. It failed in August of that year; so that the time of action in this play is very clearly ascertained.

PAGE 268.

Goe, let your master snick-up.

To "go snick-up" has been usually considered equivalent to *go hang*; but here it should seem that it has reference to drawing wine for the guests.

PAGE 272.

With your deceased hopes.

We have ventured the insertion of the word "with," which does not appear in the original. Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce have both pointed out that something seemed to be wanting to this passage to complete the sense, but neither risked a conjecture as to what it was.

Ib.

For new supply from thence.

The old copy reads corruptly "*From new supply from thence.*" It was perhaps written by the author "*Some new supply from thence.*"

PAGE 275.

A dumbe Show.

The dumb show was of course intended to denote the departure of the General (the Earl of Effex) and his followers on their Island voyage. The liberality and punctuality of Effex in his payments are distinctly evinced by the discharge of the debts owing by him and his officers, previous to his final departure on 17th August. The "Hautboys" mentioned in the stage-direction played, as was not unusual, during the dumb-show and the passage of the characters across the stage.

Ib.

Enter Forset and Roughman.

The scene here changes to Foy, where Bess Bridges is mistress of the Windmill tavern.

PAGE 276.

Hath turn'd over your yeares to me.

i.e., Clem's years of servitude : to turn over an apprentice from one master to another is still the expression.

PAGE 277.

Marry the last deare yeare.

We learn from Stow, (*Annales*, p. 1279) that in 1596, wheat was six, seven, and eight shillings per bushel: the dearth continued and increased in 1597; so that, in August of that year, the bushel of wheat was sold for thirteen shillings.

PAGE 280.

I can tell them what is to be-tall.

A pun founded upon the German word *bezahlen*, which signifies to *pay*. Clem says that he can tell them what is to pay with one word of his mouth.

*Ib.**Were I not with so many futors pestered.*

The old edition reads "with so my futors," and Mr. Collier makes no emendation or note to the passage! The reading in the text, sufficiently obvious in itself, was suggested by Mr. Dyce. (MSS. Notes at the end of his copy of the original play in the Dyce Library, South Kensington Museum.)

PAGE 281.

Enter Spenner and Goodlacke.

The scene here changes to Fayal, in the Azores, after the taking of the place.

PAGE 282.

Sir, you have no commission, &c.

Ought we not to read, in this line, "Sir, *I* have no commission but my counsel?"

PAGE 284.

Mary Ambree, or Westminster Long Meg.

Mary Ambree was a man-dressing heroine, often mentioned by our old dramatists, whose achievements are celebrated in a well-known ballad in the second volume of Percy's *Reliques*. Long Meg of Westminster, another masculine damsel, said to be of large dimensions, has had her exploits celebrated in prose in a tract printed anterior to the close of the reign of Elizabeth, and reprinted in 1635.

PAGE 291.

Little Davy, Cutting Dick.

Two characters of the time, celebrated for their bravado and exploits.

PAGE 297.

The Kings lieutenant.

The Mayor ought to have said, the *Queen's* lieutenant, the time being 1597 ; but, when this play was written, the Mayor of Foy was the King's lieutenant.

PAGE 298.

Most dissolutely.

So Shakespeare, in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. 1—"I am freely dissolved and *dissolutely*."

PAGE 301.

Peter-see-mee.

So called, from Pedro Ximenes, or Peter Simon, (as the name has been corrupted) who imported vines from Germany into Spain, and planted them near Malaga.—Henderfon's *History of Ancient and Modern Wines*, page 193. Peter-see-me is mentioned times out of number in our old dramatists.

*Ib.**Ile furnish you with bastard.*

The pun upon this sweet wine (from the Mediterranean, and so called from the species of grape) could hardly be avoided at any time.

PAGE 302.

rotten egges.

From this, and other authorities, we learn that eggs were used in the burning of sack.

PAGE 303.

So I may keepe that still.

The original reads, "So I *make* keepe," and Mr. Collier silently repeats the error. Mr. Dyce suggested the emendation in the text.

PAGE 304.

As this poore table.

i.e., picture : the word was not so usually applied to a portrait.

A picture was called a table (*tavola*, *tableau*), because it was generally painted on a board.

PAGE 306.

A ginge of lusty lads.

"Ging" is the old form of *gang*, and it occurs in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. sc. 2. It is also met with in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, though Gifford thought fit to change it to *gang*—"An I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole *ging* of 'em." Middleton uses it twice; and Mr. Dyce very properly preserves it, as one of the ancient words of our language. It may be found in other dramatists of the time of Shakespeare.

PAGE 309.

I have chang'd my copie.

A common expression, in our old writers, to indicate an important or entire change.

PAGE 311.

Poore-john.

The ordinary name for salt-fish, and particularly for hake, salted and dried.

PAGE 312.

Hoboyes long.

Such is the stage-direction; meaning, no doubt, that the instruments are to play for a long time, in order to give opportunity for preparation, and a change of scene from Foy to Fez. The first speech of the first speaker conveys this needful intelligence to the auditory.

PAGE 315.

A peece.

i.e., a piece of artillery is discharged from the ship, against the church at Fayal.

PAGE 316.

Up with your fights.

Fights were, technically, defences placed round the ship, to protect the crew on deck.

PAGE 317.

Now, you Don Diegoes.

The allusions to this dirty exploit of a Spaniard in St. Paul's

are innumerable in our old dramatists, and for many years it continued a subject of reproach and laughter. See Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable*, act iv. sc. 3; Dekker and Webster's *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 1607; Beaumont and Fletcher's *Captain*, act iii. sc. 2, &c. See also Notes to Dekker's *Dramatic Works*, vol. iii. p. 372.

PAGE 320.

Act long.

The words "Act long" are inserted to show that, in order to make due preparation for what follows, the interval between the fourth and fifth acts was longer than ordinary. On p. 312 we have had "Hoboyes long."

PAGE 324.

When this eternal substance, &c.

These three lines (with the substitution of Fez for Spain) form the commencement of Kyd's celebrated drama, *The Spanish Tragedy*, portions of which have been quoted by so many authors that it is impossible to enumerate them. It was a great popular favourite, and seems to have been especially so with all apprentices.

PAGE 327.

Ballast home with gold.

Perhaps more properly spelt *ballac'd*, from the verb *to ballace* we now say ballasted. Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, act iii. sc. 2, uses "ballast" in the same way as Heywood. Fitzgeoffrey, in his sermon on the death of Sir A. Rous, 1622, gives us the verb in its infinitive—"and to ballace their knowledge with judgment."

PAGE 328.

With a moorian.

Clem here seems attempting a sort of play upon the word *murrain*.

PAGE 330.

No more of your cutting honour.

The word "of" is omitted in the old copies; but Clem's previous speech beginning "No more of your honour" enables us to supply it.

PAGE 355.

Sellengers round, and Tom Tiler.

Two popular "fiddler's tunes:" Sellenger's round was also called "The Beginning of the World," and is mentioned by many authors. Tom Tiler is one of the dances played by "Old Father Rosin, chief Minstrel of Highgate," in Ben Jonson's *Talk of a Tub*, act 1., sc. 2.

PAGE 382.

His life is merely forfeit.

In our old writers, "merely" is commonly used for *absolutely*, as in this instance.

PAGE 385.

character thy lust.

i.e., write thy lust in *characters*, or letters, upon my breast—and by no means unusual application of the word. So *Humble* act 1., sc. 3—

"And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou *character*."

PAGE 387.

Dumb show.

We are to suppose that these various events were represented in some way, however imperfectly, to the eyes of the audience.

PAGE 388.

All is lost!

Bess and her two companions enter, as after shipwreck, on the coast of Tuscany, here called "the coast of Florence."

PAGE 393.

That I may call you servant.

The sense ought rather to be, "that I may call *me* you servant," or lover, which was the frequent meaning of "servant" at that time. The answer of Bess warrants our interpretation of the text; and omitting "me," in the next hemistich, into which it perhaps escaped from the line above, the measure is complete.

However, Heywood's verse is often so confused and irregular, that the metre is a very unfure guide.

PAGE 393.

Enter Clem, solus.

The *exit* of Clem had taken place, probably, when the banditt got the better of Ruffinan, but it is not marked in the old copy. We must suppose that Clem comes sneaking in again when he sees the coast clear, not being aware of what had passed between the prince of Ferrara, Bels, &c., after the banditti had been driven away.

Ib.

- to satisfy Colon.

The name of the principal intestine, and often used by our early dramatists for the stomach: thus Middleton, in *More Dissemblers besides Women*, act iii.—“For *colon* is sharp set oftentimes”

Ib.

It is not now with me as when Andrea liv'd.

Clem has quoted this line before (p. 324), but without the obvious interpolation of “with me.”

PAGE 394.

an under skinker.

i.e., an under-drawer. A *schenker*, in Dutch, means a person, who fills the cups or glasses.

Ib.

Enter Ruffman bleeding.

Ruffinan had been beaten off the stage by the banditti, on p. 389; and he, like Clem, returns to it, ignorant of what had subsequently happened.

PAGE 405.

*Upon a poor dejected Gentleman,
Whom fortune hath dejected even to nothing.*

The word “dejected” is in all probability wrong in one or the other of these lines; but we have no clue which would enable us substitute the right word.

PAGE 415.

In those extremities of passion?

The word "in" seems to have been accidentally battered out of the type, but a small part of the letter i is still visible.

PAGE 416.

Base is the man that paies.

So Pistol, in *Henry V.*, act ii. sc. 1—"Base is the *slave* that pays." Steevens supposed, with reason, that the expression was proverbial.